MARION WEEKLY STAR.

Price, $1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

BY W. G. HARDING.

16 Pages
2 Parts.
PART ONE 8 PAGES.
PART TWO 8 PAGES.

SATURDAY - - - - - - MARCH 2

REPUBLICAN CITY CONVENTION.

The Republican voters of the city of Marion will assemble in delegate convention at the court room in the city of Marion on

Friday evening, March 15, 1901.

at seven thirty (7:30) o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating the following officers, to-wit:

One candidate for mayor.

One candidate for marshal.

One candidate for city solicitor.

One candidate for city commissioner.

One candidate for member of board of education.

One candidate for sealer of weights and measures.

To be balloted for at the municipal election to be held on the first Monday in April, A. D., 1901.

The committee has made the following apportionment of delegates and alternates from each precinct in Marion city, based on the vote cast at the November election, 1900, for William McKinley for president, which is as follows:

First ward, precinct A	6
First ward, precinct B	8
Second ward	7
Third ward, precinct A	8
Third ward, precinct B	6
Fourth ward, precinct A	7
Fourth ward, precinct B	3
Fifth ward, precinct A	6
Fifth ward, precinct B	6
Sixth ward, precinct A	5
Sixth ward, precinct B	7
Total	68

WARD CAUCUSES.

The Republicans of the six wards in the city of Marion will meet in ward caucus on

Thursday Evening, March 14, 1901.

at seven (7) o'clock p. m., poles to remain open one hour, at the following places, to-wit:

First ward at sheriff's office, court house.

Second ward at the law office of Harry J. Nichols.

Third ward at the mayor's office in the city hall.

Fourth ward at the law office of Copeland & Bartram.

Fifth ward at the office of the Implement Manufacturing company.

Sixth ward at the Peoples livery barn, Center street.

At each of said ward caucuses candidates for the following offices will be named, to-wit:

One councilman for two years.

One ward assessor.

Also each precinct will choose the number of delegates and alternates, indicated above, to represent the said precincts at the city convention.

Also one committeeman will be chosen to represent each precinct for the ensuing year.

By order of the committee.

Arthur N. Williams, chairman.

French Crow, secretary.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

Marion Township.

The Republicans of Marion township will meet in mass convention at the mayor's office in the city of Marion, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, March 9, 1901, to nominate one justice of the peace, one treasurer, one trustee, one assessor and four supervisors for Marion township.

T. Gettys, Committeeman.

Big Island.

The Republicans of Big Island township will meet at the township house, Friday evening, 7:30 o'clock, March 15, 1901, to nominate a ticket for the township offices.

Fred Hoch, Committeeman.

Pleasant.

The Republicans of Pleasant township will meet at the township house on Monday evening, March 11, at 7:30 p. m., to nominate officers for the spring election and attend to such other matters as may come before the meeting.

Jos. Klinefelter, Committeeman.

Green Camp.

The Republican electors of Green Camp township will meet at the township house on Thursday evening, March 7, 1901, to nominate candidates for township offices. Republicans are requested to meet promptly at 7 p. m. Corporation caucus immediately after.

H. J. Moore, Committeeman.

Election Notice—School Board.

Notice is hereby given that the annual election of members of the board of education of the Marion Union School District, Marion county, Ohio—one member to be elected for one year and two members for three years, from the third Monday succeeding their election and until the election and qualification of their successors—will be held on Monday, April 1, 1901, at the usual voting places in said school district.

M. D. Dickerson,
Clerk of Board of Education.

When Kansas finds out what the public sentiment of that state is on the question of prohibition the law can be enforced or repealed. At present both sides are teaching disrespect of law, in addition to occupying absurd positions.

Kenton is offering the welcome hand to an interurban electric railway, and other towns are organizing their business forces to encourage electric line projects. It will be interesting to watch the outcome of the present stir—how many of the proposed roads will ever become a reality? Marion, being the objective point of quite a number of the paper roads, would naturally be supposed to be especially interested. With all her advantages, progress, prosperity, and her alluring future, Marion cannot afford to miss any of the good things that a little enthusiasm, hustling and encouragement will bring.

Be patient. The Carrie Nation crusade will not last forever. The hatcheteer will exhaust herself in due time, and sensible women and conservative men will take up the subject of reform and carry it along to a reasonable and legitimate conclusion. When the cyclone is past and the fury of the storm is over there will be an effort to save the pieces and settle down to a basis of a common sense theory that all kinds of people, with differing sentiments and varying ideas as to right and wrong, compose the world. Keep cool. Spasmodic reforms have their uses. They serve a purpose. Fanatics can start a reform, but common sense and well-balanced minds must prosecute it to legitimate ends if any wholesome and permanent good is to be accomplished. The temperance crusade of the seventies was of universal extent. It differed from the Carrie Nation hatcheteering onslaught in that it was participated in by devout women, who prayed instead of smashing right and left. They appealed to the latent goodness that all men are supposed to possess, and at least commanded respect and protection. The amount of good they succeeded in doing is not easily estimated. Anyhow that crusade wore out, and saloons continued to do business, because men continued to patronize them. The good women did not pray the appetite out of men, nor change the sentiment that makes it possible for the saloonkeeper to dispose of his liquids at the old stand. Mrs. Nation's hatchet commands and is entitled to less respect than the prayers of the crusaders of the seventies. Until she desists in her attempts to right one wrong by committing another the jail is a good place for her.

If the public had become tired of the Sampson-Schley controversy, or rather the controversy between the respective friends of Sampson and Schley there will be a revival of interest which will not be to the advantage of Admiral Sampson, since has written his letter on the subject of promotions. He has certainly selected a most inopportune time to play the character of a snob, in addition to assuming to advise the secretary of the navy, making the ridiculous blunder of running counter to one of that official's own recommendations.

From a lofty position Admiral Sampson objects to eight enlisted men being made ensigns and thereby becoming eligible to higher grades, if successful in their examinations. His reasons are based on the fear that these men, not being graduates of Annapolis, do not possess enough refinement to represent the United States abroad in time of peace. The horror of the thought must be most appalling to the sensitive soul of Admiral Sampson, or he could not, at this particular time, feel called upon to offer the navy department advice, and arouse the American spirit of fair play against him. The men whom it is proposed to promote served with distinction in the Spanish-American war—some of them while Sampson was ten miles away from the fighting. Their promotions are proposed as a reward for their services. They were undoubtedly good fighters, but Admiral Sampson says that "once commissioned, they will have the same social standing as other officers, and no distinctions could be properly made in extending general invitations." This situation will not strike the average American as a crisis. The average American thinks of the men of the United States navy as fighters, and doesn't worry his soul about the question whether they will shine socially or not. The average American is not a snob, in other words, in which he differs greatly from Admiral Sampson, who has invited an investigation of his own antecedents and opened the way for the public to get a view of him as he was before he stood as the self-appointed guardian of the navy's social status abroad. The admiral, it turns out, had quite an humble beginning himself, which, though not to his discredit, will have the effect to render his airy attitude toward worthy men of the navy more conspicuous.

Even the admiral's friends must feel chagrined at his bad break.

McLean tactics are in evidence already.—Mansfield News.

What, is the barrel open so soon?

The Cincinnati Enquirer proposes to let Mr. Hanna have a little rest for a few days. This is an unlooked-for suggestion and may worry Mr. Hanna, who has never courted kind treatment from his political enemies.

The Ohio woman as well as the Ohio man, may be depended upon to win. Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, wife of Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, has been elected president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, after a very interesting contest, in which there was as much political wire pulling as characterizes the average convention where the fate of the sterner sex is concerned. Mrs. Fairbanks, like her distinguished husband, is a native of Ohio. She is a daughter of Union county, a next-door neighbor of Marion.

The Enquirer, always in the van, has the honor to be the first in the field with the suggestion that Hon. Seth Brown be well distributed over the state in the spellbinding of this year.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

By all means. Let him be distributed, but distribute him for the Democrats. Recollections of the spellbinding of Hon. Webster Davis, Hon. Frank S. Monnett and other floppers crowd up on memory. The flopper, particularly the flopper who flops because of political disappointment, carries little influence with him. He does not turn the tide of ballots against the party he opposes. The Enquirer should give Hon Seth Brown all the encouragement he requires, and if possible get him to go on the stump for the Democrats this fall.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt is said to have returned from his lion-sticking in the West "as strong as a moose and as fit as a fiddle." With this strength and good circulation there must be a clear mind and a confidence for the duties that are before him in the office of vice president of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt's outing has been the theme of no end of fun. The cartoonists and the paragraphers have all had their amusement and the public has lacked nothing in the way of appreciation of their efforts. Nevertheless the Roosevelt type of American has its admirers. Strong and vigorous, a lover of health-giving exercise, Roosevelt commands respect, but it is not such respect that will preclude the American idea of good-natured fun at his expense. He comes back laden with trophies of his strenuous life in the "wooly West," fit for duty to the public which has smiled at the exaggerated stories of his encounters the imaginative correspondents have related. Back of all the fun, however, is admiration for Teddy, and there is no want of confidence in him as a representative American citizen.

"PROFIT BY THE EXPERIENCE OF OTHERS"

WEAR Hawes HATS

Our exclusive right to sell the HAWES HATS in Marion gives us incalculable advantage with good dressers.

The styles are distinctive, yet neat.

The quality is the best ...no better hat made at any price.

The price, $3, makes the Hawes Hat within the reach of all.

We are now showing all proportions and colors in the new spring Shapes.

Kleinmaiers,

ON THE CORNER.

Spring politics is here.

Have you seen the new star?

Upon sober second thought Cuba will very likely avoid a fight with Uncle Sam.

One surprising thing is where the steel combine found enough water for so much stock.

The steel combine has only something like thirty shares of stock. The poor, weak thing!

Indiana is again due for a session on the lynching habit. Meanwhile the negro is quite dead.

Jerry Simpson says he has retired from politics. The other name for it is a political knock-out.

The heads of Yankee soldiers are quoted at $10 apiece at Filipino rebel headquarters, but there are no offerings.

The general verdict seems to be that Admiral Sampson has succeeded in making an ass of himself without much trouble.

Nothing having been heard of John Lentz for a few days, the suspicion forces itself that he is out in the graveyard looking for a fresh mound.

Wouldn't it be terrible if Admiral Sampson should be compelled to socially recognize the man who aimed the gun that killed the Matanzas mule?

The whisky advertisers all took extra space in the Carrie Nation edition of the Peoria Herald. Probably they wanted to show that there was no feeling.

A great deal is being said about the good sense of Mrs. Eddy in advising her followers to submit to vaccination. But why not? A sore arm doesn't hurt a Christian Scientist.

The Marysville Journal says that John Sherman was always on all sides of all questions. How disappointed the people who repeatedly honored the dead statesman will be when they read of Editor Hare's post-mortem discovery.

The Fostoria Times tips off Tom Johnson as the next mayor of Cleveland, the next governor of Ohio and the next president of the United States. If this comes true there is no reason why Editor Grimes should not be the next postmaster of Fostoria.

There is precedent for Senator Hanna riding in the inaugural parade with President McKinley. Besides precedent, however, Uncle Mark has a great many claims as the man who did considerable toward making the inauguration of Mr. McKinley possible.

Senor Cisneros is now occupying the most conspicuous attitude of all the ungrateful Cuban agitators against the United States. "We will soon be together again to fire at the Americans, as the time for that is approaching." Incendiary language like that will add to the doubt of Cuba's capacity for self-government.

The chaplain of the Arkansas house of representatives, in a recent prayer, offered this sentiment: "O, Lord, we thank Thee that we are not in the lunatic asylum this morning, nor considered fit subjects for the same." To this the New York Sun suggests that the innuendo seems to be that some other morning the case might be different.

If the limited number of announcements for office in the Marion Star Star can be taken as a criterion, the Republicans of that valiant burg, do not take a very hopeful view of the situation.—Fostoria Times.

Never mind Marion Republicans. An unseemly scramble for office doesn't necessarily mean that the political situation is roseate with promise. There will, however, be no lack of material out of which to select nominees for local offices.

Is it Spring again in Ohio?
Is the sleep of the Winter over?
Far in the heavens the bluebird,
Low in the marshland the plover,
Anear, in the orchard, the redbreast:
Wherever one look, the hover
Of wings—wherever one listens,
The note of the homing rover!
Is it Spring again in Ohio?
—Edith M. Thomas in March Lippincott.

We most respectfully refer Edith to the weather indications.

Another danger threatens us. It is not an octopus. It is worse. The circus men are plotting to deprive us of many joys of the summer season. At Indianapolis the other day these vile conspirators, improvident of the delights of the dear people and unmindful of our recurring taste for red lemonade, met for the purpose of dividing up territory for the coming season. What does this mean? That prices will be kept up and that each community will be forced to get along with but one circus during the coming season, simply this and nothing more. Is this not monopoly of the worst sort, an infringement upon the rights and privileges of the people? Where is the statesman who will rise to the occasion and bring the circus men to a realizing sense of their duty to the public?

OHIO REPUBLICANS

Unanimous for the Re-Election of Nash and Foraker for Governor and Senator.

LITTLE HOPE FOR DEMOCRACY

Expected Division Among Republicans Does Not Materialize—Democratic Aid From Anti-Saloon League Won't Be Realized—Nash's Backbone Has Won Him Friends.

Columbus, O., Feb. 27.—The unanimity of feeling among Ohio Republicans in favor of the re-election of Nash as governor, and the return of Foraker to the senate, has demoralized the Bryanized Democracy of the Buckeye state, which had been hoping for divisions in the party which have not come, and expected aid from the state anti-saloon league, which will not be realized.

The former expectation was built upon false hopes, and an alliance between the Democratic party and a reform organization is so unnatural that it could not be. Rev. P. A. Baker, the head and front of the state anti-saloon league, however, has some feeling against Senator Foraker on account of a personal newspaper controversy a few months ago, but this feeling is not shared in by his co-laborers in the anti-saloon work, and his attacks upon Senator Foraker and other leading Republicans find no sympathizers among them.

* * *

A meeting of the board of directors of the league was held some time ago, and Rev. Baker very much desired the sanction of the board in his purpose to antagonize Senator Foraker's re-election, but the members sat down and reasoned together. The question of temperance legislation in Ohio was taken up and gone over in detail, and the relation of the two great parties thereunto, discussed at great length. The record disclosed that all temperance measures gracing the Ohio statutes today were placed there by Republican general assemblies, and usually against the protests and votes of the Democratic members, or the great majority of them at least. This record included the Clark local option bill which was passed in the house by Republican votes and defeated in the senate by Democratic votes. And yet in the face of all this Rev. Baker wanted to hold Senator Foraker responsible for the defeat of the bill. It appears that a single senator asked Foraker whether he would vote for the bill if he were a member of the senate, and he told him he would not.

* * *

All of these things were discussed at the meeting of the board, and while some of the members regretted that Senator Foraker had done even so little, the just conclusion was reached that the league would be considered ungrateful to antagonize the leading candidate of a party which had done so much for the cause, and thus aid a party which had done so little or nothing as the Democratic party. To be consistent and yet obtain the end for which the league is laboring, it was decided not to oppose anyone for senator, but rather to direct their efforts along the line of securing the nomination of men for legislative honors by both parties, who are friendly to temperance legislation, without regard to whom they may support for senator. This rule applied to the two parties, could not be otherwise than beneficial to Foraker for the reason that Democrats are more generally opposed to temperance legislation.

* * *

Rev. Baker has not followed the letter of his instructions. While he has not directly attacked Senator Foraker, he has assailed Hon. Charles L. Kurtz, and in this way seeks to direct attention to Foraker. His excuse for attacking Mr. Kurtz is that some one had informed him that Kurtz is to have charge of the senator's campaign. If this proves to be true, the Republicans of Ohio will commend the selection made. Mr. Kurtz's answer to Mr. Baker's attack upon him was that the Republicans of Ohio know him and he hopes that they know Baker. He did not seem to think further comment necessary. At any rate, Senator Foraker can not be held responsible for the mistakes of other men. He is only accountable for his own acts. He stands out in the open in God's sunlight, with head erect and garments clear, his record in private and public life challenging the admiration of friends and foes alike, and itself a defiance to the Democratic party as such, to find a flaw which it can use to its advantage and his disadvantage. There are many things, of course, in his record to which the Democrats will take exceptions. There is nothing else for them to do. They could not commend and hope to win; besides it is more Democratic to criticise or condemn something or somebody. Senator Foraker has occupied a commanding position in the senate and councils of the great party leaders from the time he took his seat. His reputation which had preceded him, was his introduction to men in public life at the national capital. His patriotic devotion to public duty and the flag, and his loyal support of the administration, have given him a place in the hearts of his countrymen, and so greatly endeared him to his Ohio constituents that they are willing to forget and forgive any little wrongs which he may have done, in order that they may further honor him in recognition of the splendid service he has rendered his country and party.

Open Every Night. M'CLAINS Open Every Night.
Y. M. C. A. BLDG.

MANY CALLERS

are in to see our display of ELASTIC BOOK CASES. You know you build these book cases as you need them, and pay as you please.

* * *

Governor Nash is another official whose record the Republicans of Ohio can point to with pride. He has performed his duty honestly and fearlessly. His action in preventing the Jeffries-Ruhlin prize fight which was to have taken place in Cincinnati, is to be commended and will, no doubt, be approved by all law-abiding citizens at the polls in November. He has shown that he has a good deal of backbone when backbone is needed. That is what the people like in a public official more than anything else. The back-bone is usually missing in most public officials. Governor Nash is unlike many officials in another respect. There is no sickly sentimentality in his make up, at least, for murderers or other criminals, who have transgressed the laws of the state. He has granted no holiday pardons to prisoners, and has refused to interfere with the death sentence in the case of Rosslyn H. Ferrell, murderer of Express Messenger Charles Lane last August. The people have very little sympathy for a man who plans and commits deliberate murder, such as Ferrell confessed to, his ones object being the little booty that he might secure, and with which he was to prepare for his marriage to Miss Lillian Costlow, an innocent and beautiful young lady who had trusted and believed in him. The leading of this young woman to the altar, his hands stained with the life blood of the man he had so foully murdered, would have been even a worse crime than the one he will expiate in the electrocution chair early Friday morning. The sympathy of the people goes out to his heart-broken mother, who plead so piteously and in vain with Governor Nash to spare the life of her boy, but they also remember the pale-faced widow of Express Messenger Lane, and the heartaches which she endured and still endures on account of the sudden and violent taking away of the one she loved, and whose love for her in return was the star of her hope for blissful life. And there too, was the innocent babe, which was not old enough to know papa, and which now never will, in this world at least.

* * *

The many friends of Congressman Charles Dick will be pleased to learn that he is speedily recovering from his recent severe illness at the national capital. His condition was so critical for several days that all visitors, and there were many of them, were denied permission to see him. Ohio loves all her great men, but none more than General Dick, for whom the people of the state has higher and greater honors in store if his life is spared him, and he recovers and retains his health.

SQUIBBS.

SCOTT TOWN

Contributes Items of Interest to the Week's Grist of News.

Scott Town, Feb. 28.—Many people in and about Scott Town are suffering from the grip.

Mrs. Avy Peters has been very ill from spinal meningitis; but we are glad to hear of improvement in the last few days.

Wm. Hatfield is gradually improving.

Wm. Burns, commonly known as "Uncle Billy" who is now here on a furlough from the soldiers' home, is very ill.

Mr. Webb is making plans for a new restaurant in the room adjoining his meat shop and also intends building a room for Mr. Kinsler's harness store.

The literary meetings at Rhoads' school are achieving success.

It is rumored that there will be two new buildings erected by spring.

Washington's birthday was celebrated by the Ladies' Aid society with an old fashioned taffy pulling at the pleasant home of Mrs. F. M. Wood.

Mr. Jay Patridge will close a very successful term of school next Friday.

New York—Victor Fletcher has issued invitations to 200 of his friends to dine with him on Saturday night at the Victoria hotel. The engraved invitations say that the feast is in celebration of two narrow escapes from death in railroad wrecks.

MARCH TWENTIETH

Is the Date Set for Institution of a Khorassan Temple Here.

The date of the institution of Koreish Temple, No. 104, Dramatic Order of the Knights of Khorassan, has been changed to March 20.

The charter list has reached one hundred and fifty names, and will doubtless be greater by the time decided upon for the institution. Arrangements have been made for the degree team from Sidney to be present, and confer the degrees, and at a meeting held Wednesday evening a committee was appointed to supervise everything pertaining to the work of the day and evening. The committee consists of Messrs. William C. Rapp, Frank E. Coon, William Gorton, John J. Crawley and Frederick W. Peters.

On the afternoon or evening of March 20 a street parade will be given preliminary to the establishing of the new order, and members from the temples throughout the state are expected to be present and take part, and officers from the supreme palace are also expected to be present.

JACOB KRAHL

Dies Suddenly at His Home in West Marion Thursday.

Jacob Krahl, of the Fair dry goods force, died quite suddenly at his home on Scioto street Thursday shortly before noon. For about a week he had been feeling badly, but death was totally unexpected. At the time stated he felt worse, and got up from his chair to go to bed. Just as he was about to get into bed he fell dead. Heart failure aided by weakness and old age, is the cause assigned.

Mr. Krahl was about sixty years of age, and leaves three children. His wife died some seven years ago.

The funeral will be held at the late home of the deceased in West Marion Saturday morning and the remains will be taken to Upper Sandusky for burial.

Probate Court.

J. A. Snyder, Jr., administrator of the estate of Jacob A. Snyder, deceased, Saturday filed his report of final distribution. It was approved and the administrator discharged.

J. T. Lodwig was Saturday appointed guardian of the person and property of Elizabeth J. Welch, an imbecile.

John W. Baker, guardian of Earl Baker and Emma G. Baker, Saturday filed a petition to sell the real estate. The hearing was assigned for March 24.

The mandate from the common pleas court for the settlement of the estate of Isaac F. Guthery, of which Upton K. Guthery is administrator, was filed Saturday. The matter was appealed to common pleas court from the probate court.

Jonathan Bell, administrator of the estate of Isaac Noggle, deceased, Saturday filed his report of the private sale of the real estate to B. F. Sager. The report was approved and the deed ordered.

Wm. A. Bartlett and Stella Miller and Oney Call and Fannie Vance have been licensed to marry.

Samuel Burley and Emma Brown have been licensed to marry.

Jonathan Bell, administrator of the estate of Isaac Noggle, deceased, filed his first and final account in probate court Tuesday. The hearing was set for April 2.

Sylvester Likens, administrator of the estate of Wm. Burtsfield, deceased, Tuesday filed the report of the private sale of the real estate. The report was approved and the deed ordered.

David Smith was Tuesday appointed administrator of the estate of Noah Webster Smith, deceased.

Charles Starkey and Elizabeth Weber have been licensed to marry.

A marriage license has been granted to Wm. H. Mack and Lecta Thomason.

Mary A. Mason has been appointed administratrix of the estate of Rebecca Terry, deceased.

Wm. Fies has been appointed guardian of Carl Keller, and others, minors.

Samuel W. Berry of Ashley is in the city buying horses for the eastern markets.

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AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

Published by arrangement with Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, the authorized publishers of these Letters in America.

LETTER XVII.

Dearest—Do I not write you long letters? It reveals my weakness. I have thought (it had been coming on me and now and then had broken out of me before I met you) that, left to myself, I should have become a writer of books—I scarcely can guess what sort—and gone contentedly into middle age with that instead of this as my raison d'etre.

How gladly I lay down that part of myself and say, "But for you I had been this quite other person, whom I have no wish to be now!" Beloved, your heart is the shelf where I put all my uncut volumes, wondering a little what sort of a writer I should have made and chiefly wondering would you have liked me in that character.

There is one here in the family who considers me a writer of the darkest dye and does not approve of it. Benjy comes and sits mournfully facing me when I settle down on a sunny morning such as this to write and inquires, with all the dumbness a dog is capable of, "What has come between us, that you fill up your time and mine with those cat's claw scratchings, when you should be in your woodland dress running [with] me through damp places?"

Having written this sentimental meaning into his eyes and Benjy still watching me, I was seized with ruth for my neglect of him and took him to see his mother's grave. At the bottom of the long walk is our dog's cemetery. No tombstones, but mounds, and a dog rose grows there and flourishes as nowhere else. It was my fancy as a child to have it planted, and I declare to you it has taken wonderfully to the notion, as if it knew that it had relations of a higher species under its keeping. Benjy, too, has a profound air of knowing and never scratches for bones there as he does in other places. What horror were I to find him dragging up his mother's skeleton! Would my esteem for him survive?

When we got there today, he deprecated my choice of locality, asking what I had brought him there for. I pointed out to him the precise mound which covered the object of his earliest affections and gathered you these buds. Are they not a deep color for wild ones?—if their blush remains a fixed state till the post brings them to you.

Through what flower would you like best to be passed back, as regards your material atoms, into the spiritualized side of nature, when we have done with ourselves in this life? No single flower quite covers all my wants and aspirations. You and I would put our heads together underground and evolve a new flower—"carnation, lily, lily, rose"—and send it up one fine morning for scientists to dispute over and give diabolical learned names to. What an end to our cozy floral collaboration that would be!

Here endeth the epistle. The elect salutes you. This week, if the authorities permit, I shall be paying you a flying visit, with wings full of eyes, and, I hope, healing. For I believe you are seedy and that that is what is behind it. You notice I have not complained. Dearest, how could I? My happiness reaches to the clouds—that is, to where things are not quite clear at present. I love you no more than I ought, yet far more than I can name. Good night and good morning. Your star, since you call me so.

LETTER XVIII.

Dearest—Not having had a letter from you this morning, I have read over some back ones and find in one a bidding which I have never fulfilled, to tell you what I do all day. Was that to avoid the too great length of my telling you what I think? Yet you get more of me this way than that. What I do is every day much the same, while what I think is always different. However, since you want a woman of action rather than of brain, here I start telling you.

I wake punctual and hungry at the sound of Nan-nan's drawing of the blinds. Wait till she is gone (the old darling potters and tattles; it is her most possessive moment of me in the day, except when I sham headaches and let her put me to bed); then I have my hand under my pillow and draw out your last for a reading that has lost count whether it is the twenty-second or the fifty-second time, discover new beauties in it and run to the glass to discover new beauties in myself: find them. Benjy comes up with the post's latest, and, behold, my day is begun!

Is that the sort of thing you want to know? My days are without an action worth naming. I only think swelling thoughts and write some of them. If ever I do anything worth telling, be sure I run a pen and ink race to tell you. No, it is man who does things. A woman only "fusses," to adapt a word of diminutive sound for the occasion, unless, good, fortunate, independent thing, she works for her own living, and that is not me!

I feel sometimes as if a real bar were between me and a whole conception of life, because I have carpets and curtains and Nan-nan and Benjy and, last of all, you, shutting me out from the realities of existence.

If you would all leave me just for one full moon and come back to me only when I was starving for you all, for my tea to be brought to me in the morning and all the puddings and cushionings which bolster me up from morning till night, with what a sigh of wisdom I would drop back into your arms and would let you draw the rose colored curtains round me again!

Now I am afraid lest I have become too happy. I am leaning so far out of window to welcome the dawn I seem to be tempting a fall heaven itself to fall upon me.

What do I know truly who only know so much happiness?

Dearest, if there is anything else in love which I do not know, teach it me quickly. I am utterly yours. If there is sorrow to give, give it me. Only let me have with it the consciousness of your love.

Oh, my dear, I lose myself if I think of you so much. What would life have without you in it? The sun would drop from my heavens. I see only by you! You have kissed me on the eyes. You are more to me than my own poor brain could ever have devised. Had I started to invent paradise, I could not have invented you. But perhaps you have invented me. I am something new to myself since I saw you first. God bless you for it!

Even if you were to shut your eyes at me now—though I might go blind—you could not unmake me. "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts." Also that I am yours is a gift of the gods, I will trust, and so, not to be recalled!

Kiss me, dearest, here where I have written this! I am yours, beloved. I kiss you again and again. Ever your own making.

LETTER XIX.

Dearest, Dearest—How long has this happened? You don't tell me the day or the hour. Is it ever since you last wrote? Then you have been in pain and grief for four days—and I not knowing anything about it! And you have no hand in the house kind enough to let you dictate by it one small word to poor me? What heartless merrymakings may I not have sent you to worry you, when soothing was the one thing wanted! Well, I will not worry now, then, neither at not being told nor at not being allowed to come. But I will come thus and thus, oh, my dear heart, and take you in my arms. And you will be comforted, will you not be? when I tell you that even if you had no legs at all I would love you just the same? Indeed, dearest, so much of you is a superfluity. Just your heart against mine and the sound of your voice would carry me up to more heavens than I could otherwise have dreamed of.

I may say now, now that I know it was not your choice, what a void these last few days the lack of letters has been to me. I wondered truly if you had found it well to put off such visible signs for awhile in order to appease one who in other things more essential sees you rebellious. But the wonder is over now, and I don't want you to write, not till a consultation of doctors orders it for the good of your health. I will be so happy talking to you. Also I am sending you books, those I wish you to read and which now you must, since you have the leisure. And I for my part will make time and read yours. Whose do you most want me to read that my education in your likings may become complete? What I send you will not deprive me of anything, for I have the beautiful complete set—your gift—and shall read side by side with you to realize in imagination what the happiness of reading them for the first time ought to be.

Yesterday, by a most unsympathetic instinct, I went out for a long tramp on my two feet, and no ache in them came and told me of you. Over Sillingford I sat on a bank and looked down hill, where went a carter. And I looked up hill, where lay something which might be nothing or not his. Now, shall I make a fool of myself by pursuing to tell him he may have dropped something or shall I go on and see? So I went on and saw a coat with a fat pocket, and by then he was out of sight, and perhaps it wasn't his, and it was very hot and the hill steep. So I minded my own business, making Cain's motto mine, and now feel so bad, being quite sure that it was his. And I wonder how many miles he will have tramped back looking for it and whether his dinner was in the pocket.

These unintentional misdoings are the "sins" one repents of all one's life long. I have others stored away, the bitterest of small things done or undone in haste and repented of at so much leisure afterward and always done to people or things I had no grudge against, sometimes even a love for. They are my skeletons. I will tell you of them some day.

This, dearest, is our first enforced absence from each other, and I feel it almost more hard on me than on you. Beloved, let us lay our hearts together and get comforted. It is not real separation to know that another part of the world contains the rest of me. Oh, the rest of me, the rest of me that you are! So, thinking of you, I can never be tired. I rest yours.

LETTER XX.

Yes, dearest, "patience!" But it is a virtue I have little enough of naturally and most to be taught to pray for as a child. And I remember once really hurting dear mother-aunt's feelings by trying to repay her for that teaching by a little iniquitous laughter at her expense. It was too funny for me to feel very contrite about, as I do sometimes over quite small things, or I would not be telling it you now (for there are things in me I would conceal even from you). I dare say you would not guess it, but the M. A. is a most long person over her private devotions. Perhaps it was her own habit, with the cares of a household sometimes conflicting, which made her recite to me so often her pet legend of a saintly person who, constantly interrupted over her prayers by mundane matters, became a pattern in patience out of these snippings of her godly desires. So, one day, angels in the disguise of cross people with selfish demands on her time came seeking to know where in her composition or composure exasperation began, and, finding none, they let her return in peace to her missal, where for a reward all the letters had been turned into gold. "And that, my dear, comes of patience," my aunt would say, till I grew a little tired of the saying. I don't know what experience my uncle had gathered of her patience under like circumstances, but I notice that to this day he treads delicately, like Agag, when he knows her to be on her knees and prefers then to send me on his errands instead of doing them himself.

So it happened one day that he wanted a particular coat which had been put away in her clothes closet, and she was on her knees between him and it, with the time of her amen quite indefinite. I was sent, said my errand briefly and was permitted to fumble out her keys from her pocket while she continued to kneel over her morning psalms.

What I brought to him turned out to be the wrong coat. I went back and knocked for readmittance. Long sufferingly she bade me to come in. I explained, and still she repressed herself, only saying in a tone of affliction, "Do see this time that you take the right one!"

After I had made my second selection and proved it right on my uncle's person the parallelism of things struck me, and I skipped back to my aunt's door and tapped. I got a low wailing "Yes" for answer, a monosyllabic substitute for the "How long, O Lord?" of a saint in difficulties. When I called through the keyhole, "Are your psalms written in gold?" she became really angry, I suppose because the miracle so well earned had not come to pass.

Well, dearest, if you have been patient with me over so much about nothing I pray this letter may appear to you written in gold. Why I write so is partly that it is bad for us both to be down in the mouth or with hearts down at heel, and so, since you cannot, I have to do the dancing, and partly because I found I had a bad temper on me which needed curing and being brought to the sun go down point of owing no man anything, which, sooner said, has finally been done, and I am very meek now and loving to you and everything belonging to you, not to come nearer the sore point.

And I hope some day, some day, as a reward to my present submission, that you will sprain your ankle in my company (just a very little bit for an excuse) and let me have the nursing of it! It hurts my heart to have your poor bones crying out for comfort that I am not to bring to them. I feel robbed of a part of my domestic training and may never pick up what I have just lost. And I fear greatly you must have been truly in pain to have put off Meredith for a day. If I had been at hand to read to you, I flatter myself you would have liked him well and been soothed. You must take the will, beloved, for the deed. I kiss you now, as much as even you can demand. And when you get this I will be thinking of you all over again. When do I ever leave off? Love, love, love, till our next meeting, and then more love still and more! Ever your own.

LETTER XXI.

Dearest—I am in a simple mood today and give you the benefit of it. I shall become complicated again presently, and you will hear from me directly that happens.

The house only emptied itself this morning. I may say emptied, for the remainder fits like a saint into her niche and is far too comfortable to count. This is C., whom you only once met, when she sat so much in the background that you will not remember her. She has one weakness, a thirst between meals—the blameless thirst of a rabid teetotaler. She hides cups of cold tea about the place as a dog its bones. Now and then one gets spilled or sat on, and when she hears of the accident she looks thirsty, with a thirst which only that particular cup of tea could have quenched. In no other way is she any trouble. Indeed, she is a great dear and has the face of a madonna, as beautiful as an apocryphal gospel to look at and "make believe" in.

Arthur, too, like the rest of them, when he came over to give me his brotherly blessing, wished to know what you were like. I didn't pretend to remember your outward appearance too well; told him you looked like a common or garden Englishman and roused his suspicions by so careless a championship of my choice. He accused me of being in reality highly sentimental about you and with having at that moment your portrait concealed and strung round my neck in a locket. Mother aunt stood up for me against him, declaring I was "too sensible a girl for nonsense of that sort." It is a little weakness of hers, you know, to resent extremes of endearment toward any one but herself in those she has "brooded," and she has thought us hitherto most restrained and proper, as indeed have we not been? Arthur and I exchanged tokens of truce. In a little while off went my aunt to bed, leaving us alone. Then, for he is the one of us that I am most frank with, "Arthur," cried I, and up came your little locket like a bucket from a well for him to have his first sight of you, my beloved. He objected that he could not see faces in a nutshell, and I suppose others cannot, only I.

He, too, is gone. If you had been coming, he would have spared another day, for today was planned and dated, you will remember, and we would have ridden half way to meet you. But as fate has tripped you and made all comings on your part indefinite he sends you his hopes for a later meeting.

How is your poor foot? I suppose as it is ill I may send it a kiss by post and wish it well. I do. Truly you are to let me know if it gives you much pain, and I will lie awake thinking of you. This is not sentimental, for if one knows that a friend is occupied over one's sleeplessness one feels the comfort.

I am perplexed how else to give you my company. Your mother, I know, could not yet truly welcome me, and I wish to be as patient as possible and not push for favors that are not offered. So I cannot come and ask to take you out in her carriage nor come and carry you away in mine. We must try how fast we can hold hands at a distance.

I have kept up to where you have been reading in "Richard Feverel," though it has been a scramble, for I have less opportunity of reading, I with my feet, than you, without yours. In your book I have just got to the smuggling away of General Monk in the perforated coffin, and my sense of history capitulates in an abandonment of laughter. I yield. The Gaul's invasion of Britain always becomes broad farce when he attempts it. This in clever indecorousness beats the unintentional comedy of Victor Hugo's "John-Jim-Jack" as a name typical of Anglo-Saxon christenings. But Dumas, through a dozen absurdities, knows apparently how to stalk his quarry. So large a genius may play the fool and remain wise.

You see, I have given your author a warm welcome at last. And what about you and mine? Tell me you love his women, and I will not be jealous. Indeed, outside him I don't know where to find a written English woman of modern times whom I would care to meet or could feel honestly bound to look up to. Nowhere will I have her shaking her ringlets at me in Dickens or Thackeray. Scott is simply not modern, and Hardy's women, if they have nobility in them, get so cruelly broken on the wheel that you get but the wrecks of them at last. It is only his charming baggages who come to a good ending.

I like an author who has the courage and self restraint to leave his noble creations alive. Too many try to ennoble them by death. For my part, if I have to go out of life before you I would gladly trust you to the hands of Clara or Rose or Janet or, most of all, Vittoria, though, to be accurate, I fear they have all grown too old for you by now.

And you? Have you any men to offer me in turn out of your literary admirations, supposing you should die of a snapped ankle? Would you give me to D'Artagnan, for instance? Hardly, I suspect. But either choose me some proxy here or get well and come to me. You will be very welcome when you do. Sleep is making sandy eyes at me. Good night, dearest.

LETTER XXII.

Why, my beloved, since you put it to me as a point of conscience—it is only lying on your back, with one active leg doing nothing and the other dying to have done aching, which has made you take this new start of inquiring within upon everything—since you call on me for a conscientious answer, I say that it stands to reason that I love you more than you love me, because there is so much more of you to love, let alone fit for loving.

Do you imagine that you are going to be a cripple for life and therefore an indifferent dancer in the dances I shall always be leading you that you have started this fit of self depreciation? Or is it because I have thrown Meredith at your sick head that you doubt my tact and my affection and my power patiently to bear for your sake a good deal of cold shoulder? Dearest, remember I am doctoring you from a distance and am not allowed to come and see my patient, so can only judge from your letters how ill you are. That you have been concealing from me almost treacherously, and only by a piece of abject waylaying did I receive word today of your sleepless nights and so get the key to your symptoms. Lay by Meredith, then, for awhile. I am sending you a cairn of Stevenson instead. You have been truly unkind, trying to read what required effort when you were fit for nothing of the sort.

And lest even Stevenson should be too much for you and wanting very much, and perhaps a little bit jealously, to be your most successful nurse, I am letting my last large share of shyness of you go, and with a pleasant sort of pain, because I know I have let go a thing that will please you: I open my hands and let you have these, and with them goes my last blush. Henceforth I am a woman without a secret, and all your interest in me may evaporate. Yet I know well it will not.

As for this resurrection pie from love's dead letter office, you will find from it at least one thing—how much I depended upon response from you before I could become at all articulate. It is you, dearest, from the beginning who have set my head and heart free and made me a woman. I am something quite different from the sort of child I was less than a year ago when I wrote that small prayer which stands sponsor for all that follows. How abundantly it has been answered, dearest beloved, only I know. You do not!

Now my prayer is not that you should "come true," but that you should get well. Do this one little thing for me, dearest! For you I will do anything. My happiness waits for that. As yet I seem to have done nothing. Oh, but, beloved, I will! From a reading of the Fioretti, I sign myself as I feel your glorious poor little one.

THE CASKET LETTERS.

A.

My Dear Prince Wonderful—Pray God bless —— and make him come true for my sake. Amen. R. S. V. P.

B.

Dear Prince Wonderful—Now that I have met you I pray that you will be my friend. I want just a little of your friendship, but that so much, so much! And even for that little I do not know how to ask.

Always to be your friend. Of that you shall be quite sure.

C.

Dear Prince Wonderful—Long ago, when I was still a child, I told myself of you, but thought of you only as in a fairy tale. Now I am afraid of trusting my eyes or my ears for fear I should think too much of you before I know you really to be true. Do not make me wish so much to be your friend unless you are also going to be true!

Please come true now, for mine and all the world's sake, but for mine especially, because I thought of you first. And if you are not able to come true, don't make me see you any more. I shall always remember you and be glad that I have seen you just once.

D.

Dear Prince Wonderful—Has God blessed you yet and made you come true? I have not seen you again, so how am I to know? Not that it is necessary for me to know even if you do come true. I believe already that you are true.

If I were never to see you again, I should be glad to think of you as living and shall always be your friend. I pray that you may come to know that.

E.

Dear Highness—I do not know what to write to you. I only know how much I must write. I have always written the things I thought about. It has been easy to find words for them. Now I think about you, but have no words—no words, dear highness, for you! I could write at once if I knew you were my friend. Come true for me. I will have so much to tell you then!

F.

Dear Highness—If I believe in fairy tales coming true, it is because I am superstitious. This is what I did today. I shut my eyes and took a book from the shelf, opened it and put my fingers down on a page. This is what I came to:

> All I believed is true!
> I am able yet
> All I want to get
> By a method as strange as new.
> Dare I trust the same to you?

Fate says, then, you are to be my friend. Fate has said I am yours already. That is very certain. Only in real life, where things come true, would a book have opened as this has done.

G.

Dear Highness—I am sure now, then, that I please you and that you like me perhaps only a little, for you turned out of your way to ride with me, though you were going somewhere so fast. How much I wished it when I saw you coming, but dared not believe it would come true!

"Come true." It is the word I have always been writing, and everything has, you most of all. You are more true each time I see you; so true that now I will write it down at last, the truth for you, who have come so true.

Dear highness and great heart, I love you dearly, though you don't know it, quite ever so much, and am going to love you ever so much more; only please like me a little better first. You on your dear side must do something, or, before I know, I may be wringing my hands all alone on a desert island to a bare blue horizon, with nothing in it real or fabulous.

"If I am to have you, nothing but happiness is to be allowed to come of it. So don't come true too fast without one little wee corresponding wish for me to find that you are. I am quite happy thinking you out slowly. It takes me all day long; the longer the better.

I wonder how often in my life I shall write down that I love you, having once written it (I do, I love you!) There [it] is for you, with none to follow after it, and send you my love as I do now into the great emptiness of chance, hoping somehow, known or unknown, it may bless you and bring good to you.

Oh, but 'tis a windy world and I a mere feather in it! How can I get blown the way I would?

Still I have a superstition that some star is over me which I have not seen yet, but shall, heaven helping me.

And now good night, and no more, to more at all. I send out an "I love you" to be my celestial commercial traveler for me while I fold myself up and become its sleeping partner.

Good night. You are the best and truest that I ever dreamed yet.

H.

Dear Highness—I begin not to be able to name you anything, for there is not a word for you that will do! "Highness" you are, but that leaves gaps and oddnesses without end. "Royal," yet much more serene than royal, though by that I don't mean any detraction from your royalty, for I never saw a man carry his invisible crown with so level a head and no haughtiness at all. And that is the finest royalty of look possible.

I look at you and wonder so how you have grown to this—to have become king so quietly without any coronation ceremony. You have thought more than you should for happiness at your age, leaving me, by that one line in your forehead, think you were three years older than you really are. I wish—if I dare wish you anything different—that you were! It makes me uncomfortable to remember that I am—what? Almost half a year your elder as time flies; not really, for your brain was born long before mine began to rattle in its shell. You say quite old things and quietly, as if you had had them in your mind ten years already. When you told me about your two old pensioners, the blind man and his wife, whom you brought to so funny a reconciliation, I felt ('mir war, ich wusste nicht wie') that I would like very much to go blindfold led by you. It struck me suddenly how happy would be a blindfoldness of perfect trust such as one might have with your hands on one. I suppose that is what in religion is called faith. I haven't it there, my dear; but I have it in you now. I love you, beginning to understand why. At first I did not. I am ashamed not to have discovered it earlier. The matter with you is that you have goodness prevailing in you, an integrity of goodness, I mean—a different thing from there being a whereabouts for goodness in you that we all have in some proportion or another. I was quite right to love you. I know it now—I did not when I first did.

Yesterday I was turning over a silly "confession book" in which a rose was everybody's favorite flower, manliness the finest quality for a man and womanliness for a woman, which is as much as to say that pig is the best quality for pork and pork for pig, till I came upon one different from the others and found myself saying "Yes" all down the page.

I turned over for the signature and found my own mother's. Was it not a strange, sweet meeting? And only then did the memory of her handwriting from far back come to me. She died, dear highness, before I was 7 years old. I love her as I do my early memory of flowers, as something very sweet, hardly as a real person.

I noticed she loved best in men and women what they lack most often—in a man a fair mind, in a woman courage. "Brave women and fair men," she wrote. Byron might have turned in his grave at having his dissolute stiff neck so wrung for him by misquotation. And she—it must have been before the eighties had started the popular craze for him—chose Meredith, my own dear Meredith, for her favorite author. How our tastes would have run together had she lived!

Well, I know you fair and believe myself brave constitutionally, so that I can't help it, and this, therefore, is not self praise. But fairness in a man is a deadly hard acquirement, I begin now to discover. You have it fixed fast in you.

You, I think, began to do just things consciously as the burden of manhood began in you. I love to think of you growing by degrees till you could carry your head so and no other way, so that, looking at you, I can promise myself you never did a mean thing and never consciously an unjust thing except to yourself. I can just fancy that fault in you. But, whatever, I love you for it more and more and am proud knowing you and finding that we are to become friends, for it is that and no less than that now.

I love you, and me you like cordially, and that is enough. I need not look behind it, for already I have no way to repay you for the happiness this brings me.

I.

Oh, I think greatly of you, my dear, and it takes long thinking. Not merely such a quantity of thought, but such a quality, makes so hard a day's work that by the end of it I am quite drowsy. Bless me, dearest, all today has belonged to you, and tomorrow, I know, waits to become yours without the asking, just as without the asking I, too, am yours. I wish it were more possible for us to give service to those we love. I am most glad because I see you so often, but I come and go in your life empty handed, though I have so much to give away. Thoughts, the best I have, I give you. I cannot empty my brain of them. Some day you shall think well of me. That is a vow, dear friend—you whom I love so much!

J.

I have not had to alter any thought I ever formed about you, beloved. I have only had to deepen it; that is all. You grow, but you remain. I have heard people talk about you, generally kindly, but what they think of you is often wrong. I do not say anything, but I am glad and so sure that I know you better. If my mind is so clear about you, it shows that you are good for me. Now, for nearly three months, I may not see you again, but all that time you will be growing in my heart, and at the end without another word from you I shall find that I know you better than before. Is that strange? It is because I love you. Love is knowledge—blind knowledge, not wanting eyes. I only hope that I shall keep in your memory the kind place you have given me. You are almost my friend now, and I know it. You do not know that I love you.

K.

Beloved—You love me! I know it now and bless the sun and the moon and the stars for the dear certainty of it. And I ask you now, O heart that has opened to me, have I ever been unhappy or impatient while this good thing has been withheld from me? Indeed my love for you has occupied me too completely; I have been so glad to find how much there is to learn in a good heart deeply unconscious of its own goodness. You have employed me as I wish I may be employed all the days of my life, and now my beloved employer has given me the wages I did not ask.

You love me! Is it a question of little or much? Is it not rather an entire new thought of me that has entered your life, as the thought of you entered mine months that seem years ago? It was the seed then and seemed small; but the whole life was there, and it has grown and grown till now it is I who have become small and have hardly room in me for the roots, and it seems to have gone so far up over my head that I wonder if the stars know of my happiness.

They must know of yours, too, then, my beloved. They are no company for me without you. Oh, today, today of all days! How in my heart I shall go on kissing it till I die. You love me; that is wonderful. You love me, and already it is not wonderful in the least, but belongs to Noah and the ark and all the animals saved up for an earth washed clean and dried, and the new beginnings of time which have ever since been twisting and turning with us in safe keeping through all the history of the world.

"We came over at the Norman conquest," my dear, as people say trailing their pedigree, but there was no ancestral pride about us—it was all for the love of the thing we did it. How clear it seems now! In the hall hangs a portrait in a biggin, but otherwise the image of my father, of a man who flouted the authority of James II merely because he was so like my father in character that he could do nothing else. I shall look for you now in the Bayeux tapestries with a prong from your helmet down the middle of your face, of which that line on your forehead is the remainder. And you love me! I wonder what the line has to do with that.

By such little things do great things seem to come about; not really, I know it was not because I said just what I did say and did what I did yesterday that your heart was bound to come for mine. But it was those small things that brought you consciousness, and when we parted I knew that I had all the world at my feet or all heaven over my head!

Ah, at last I may let the spirit of a kiss go to you from me and not be ashamed or think myself forward since I have your love. All this time you are thinking of me—a certainty lying far outside what I can see.

Beloved, if great happiness may be set to any words it is here! If silence goes better with it, speak, silence, for me when I end now!

Good night, and think greatly of me! I shall wake early.

L.

Dearest—Was my heart at all my own; was it my own to give till you came and made me aware of how much it contains? Truly, dear, it contained nothing before, since now it contains you and nothing else. So I have a brand new heart to give away, and you—you want it and can't see that there it is staring you in the face like a rose with all its petals ready to drop.

I am quite sure that if I had not met you I could have loved nobody as I love you. Yet it is very likely that I should have loved—sufficiently as the way of the world goes. It is not a romantic confession, but it is true to life: I do so genuinely like most of my fellow creatures, and am not happy except where shoulders rub socially—that is to say, have not until now been happy, except dependently on the company and smiles of others. Now, beloved, I have none of your company, and have had but few of your smiles (I could count them all); yet I have become more happy filling up my solitude with the understanding of you which has made me wise than all the rest of fate or fortune could make me. Down comes autumn's sad heart and finds me gay, and the asters, which used to chill me at their appearing, have come out like crocuses this year because it is the beginning of a new world.

And all the winter will carry more than a suspicion of summer with it, just as the longest days carry round light from northwest to northeast, because so near the horizon, but out of sight, lies their sun. So you, beloved, so near to me now at last, though out of sight.

M.

Beloved—Whether I have sorry or glad things to think about, they are accompanied and changed by thoughts of you. You are my diary—all goes to you now. That you love me is the very light by which I see everything. Also I learn so much through having you in my thoughts. I cannot say how it is, for I have no more knowledge of life than I had before; yet I am wiser, I believe, knowing much more what lives at the root of things and what men have meant and felt in all they have done because I love you, dearest. Also I am quicker in my apprehensions and have more joy and more fear in me than I had before. And if this seems to be all about myself, it is all about you really, beloved!

Last week one of my dearest old friends, our rector, died—a character you, too, would have loved. He was a father to the whole village, rather stern of speech and no respecter of persons. Yet he made a very generous allowance for those who did not go through the church door to find their salvation. I often went only because I loved him, and he knew it.

I went for that reason alone last Sunday. The whole village was full of closed blinds, and of all things over him Chopin's funeral march was played—a thing utterly un-Christian in its meaning—wild, pagan grief, desolate over lost beauty. "Balder the beautiful is dead, is dead!" it cried, and I thought of you suddenly; you, who are not Balder at all. Too many thorns have been in your life, but not the mistletoe stroke dealt by a blind god ignorantly. Yet in all great joy there is the Balder element, and I feared lest something might slay it for me, and my life become a cry like Chopin's march—over mown down unripened grass and youth slain in high places.

After service a sort of processional instinct drew people up to the house. They waited about till permission was given and went in to look at their old man, lying in high state among his books. I did not go. Beloved, I have never yet seen death. You have, I know. Do you, I wonder, remember your father better than I mine, or your brother? Are they more living because you saw them once not living? I think death might open our eyes to those we lived on ill terms with, but not to the familiar and dear. I do not need you dead, to be certain that your heart has mine for its true inmate and mine yours.

I love you, I love you, so let good night bring you good morning!

N.

At long intervals, dearest, I write to you a secret all about yourself for my eyes to see, because, chiefly because, I have not you to look at. Thus I bless myself with you.

Away over the world west of this and a little bit north is the city of spires where you are now. Never having seen it, I am the more free to picture it as I like, and to me it is quite full of you—quite greedily full, beloved, when elsewhere you are so much wanted! I send my thoughts there to pick up crumbs for me.

It is a strange blend of notions—wisdom and ignorance combined—for you I seem to know perfectly, but of your life nothing at all. And yet nobody there knows so much about you as I. What you do matters so much less than what you are. You, who are the dearest heart in all the world, do what you will, you are so still to me, beloved.

I take a happy armful of thoughts about you into all my dreams, and when I wake they are there still and have done nothing but remain true. What better can I ask of them?

You do love me—you have not changed? Without change I remain yours so long as I live.

O.

And you, beloved, what are you thinking of me all this while? Think well of me, I beg you. I deserve so much, loving you as truly as I do!

So often, dearest, I sit thinking my hands into yours again as when we were saying goodby the last time. Then it was, under our laughter and light words, that I saw suddenly how the thing too great to name had become true, that from friends we were changed to lovers. It seemed the most natural thing to be, and yet was wonderful—for it was I who loved you first, a thing I could never be ashamed of and am now proud to own—for has it not proved me wise? My love for you is the best wisdom that I have. Good night, dearest! Sleep as well as I love you, and nobody in the world will sleep so soundly.

P.

A few times in my life, beloved, I have had the blue moon hunger for something which seemed too impossible and good ever to come true. Prosaic people call it being "in the blues." I comfort myself with a prettier word for it. Today not the blue moon itself, but the man of it, came down and ate plum porridge with me! Also I do believe that it burned his mouth and am quite reasonably happy thinking so, since it makes me know that you love me as much as ever.

If I have had doubts, dearest, they have been of myself, lest I might be unworthy of your friendship or love. Suspicious of you I never had.

Who wrote that suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds, flying only by twilight?

But even my doubts have been thoughts, beloved—one of you if not always of myself. And if I have looked for you only with downcast eyes, yet I have always seen you in as strong a light as my eyes could bear. Blue moonlight, beloved, is not twilight; no blue moonlight has been the light I saw you by. It is you alone who can make sunlight of it.

This I read yesterday has lain on my mind since as true and altogether beautiful, with the beauty of major, not of minor, poetry, though it was a minor poet who wrote it. It is of a [illegible] whom Apollo has gone in quest of his beloved, and she is not yet to be found.

[illegible]
[illegible] wind haven
And [illegible] hair touching them
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] left and made
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] I leave
[illegible]
[illegible]

That is love in its moonrise, not its sunrise, which, yet you see, beloved, how it takes possession of the dark world, quite as fully as the brighter sunlight could do. And if I speak of doubts, I mean no twilight and no suspicions, nor by darkness do I mean any unhappiness.

My blue moon has come, leading the starlight with her like a song. Am I not happy enough to be patiently yours before you know it? Good things which are to be, before they happen are already true. Nothing is so true as you are, except my love for you and yours for me. Good night, good night. Sleep well, beloved, and wake.

Q.

Beloved—I heard somebody yesterday speak of you as "charming," and I began wondering to myself why that the word which could ever have covered my thought of you. I do not know whether you ever charmed me, except in the sense of enchanting which means magic and spell binding. That you did from the beginning, dearest. But I think I held you at first in too much awe to discover charm in you, and at last knew you too much to the depths to name you by a word so lightly used for the surface of things. Yet now a charm in you, which is not all you, but just a part of you, comes to light, when I see you wondering whether you are really loved or worthy, beloved. I only like you rather well!

Well, if you will be so "charming," I am helpless and can do nothing, nothing, but pray for the blue moon to rise and love you a little better because you have some of that divine foolishness which strikes the very wise ones of earth and makes them kin to weaker mortals who otherwise might miss their "charm" altogether.

Truly, beloved, if I am happy, it is because I am also your most patiently loving

R.

Beloved—The certainty which I have now that you love me so fills all my thoughts I cannot understand you being in any doubt on your side. What must I do that I do not do to show gladness when we meet and sorrow when we have to part? I am sure that I make no pretense or disguise except that I do not stand and wring my hands before all the world and cry, "Don't go!" which has sometimes been in my mind to be kept, not said.

Indeed I think so much of you, dear, that I believe some day, if you do your part, you will only have to look up from your books to find me standing. If you did, would you still be in doubt whether I loved you?

Oh, if any apparition of me ever goes to you, all my thoughts will surely look truthfully out of its eyes, and even you will read what is there at last!

Beloved, I kiss your blind eyes and love them the better for all their misreadings to see that I am already their slave. Not a day now but I think I may see you again. I am in a golden uncertainty from hour to hour.

I love you. You love me. A mist of blessing swims over my eyes as I write the words till they become one and the same thing. I can no longer divide their meaning in my mind. Amen. There is no need that I should.

S.

Beloved—I have not written to you for quite a long time. Ah, I could not. I have nothing new to say. I think I could very easily die of this great happiness, so certainly do you love me. Just a breath more of it and I should be gone.

Goodby, dearest, and goodby and goodby! If you want letters from me now, you must ask for them! That the earth contains us both and that we love each other is about all that I have mind enough to take in. I do not think I can love you more than I do. You are no longer my dream, but my great waking thought. I am waiting for no blue moonrise now. My heart has not a wish which you do not fulfill. I owe you my whole life and for any good to you must pay it out to the last farthing and still feel myself your debtor.

Oh, beloved, I am most poor and most rich when I think of your love. Good night! I can never let thought of you go!

Beloved—These are almost all of them, but not quite. A few here and there have cried to be taken out, saying they were still too shy to be looked at. I can't argue with them. They know their own minds best, and you know mine.

See what a dignified historic name I have given this letter box or chatter box or whatever you like to call it. But "Resurrection Pie" is my name for it. Don't eat too much of it, prays your loving.

LETTER XXIII.

Saving your presence, dearest, I would rather have Prince Otto, a very lovable character for second affections to cling to. Richard Feverel would never marry again, so I don't ask for him. As for the rest, they are all too excellent for me. They give me the impression of having worn [illegible] back [illegible] their coats when they were boys to their [illegible] and the copy books got [illegible] into [illegible].

You said [illegible] somebody who was a "gallous young hound" in the days of his youth—Crockett, for instance. There! I have found the very man for me!

But really and truly, are you better? It will not hurt your foot to come to me, since I am not to come to you. How I long to see you again, dearest! it is an age! As a matter of fact, it is a fortnight, but I dread lest you will find some change in me. I have kept a real white hair to show you. I drew it out of my comb the other morning. Wound up into a curl it is only quite visible, and it is ivory white. You are not to think it even and take away [illegible]. And I make you an offer. You shall have it if, honestly, you can find in your own head a white one to exchange.

Dearest, I am not hurt, nor do I take seriously to heart your mother's present coldness. How much more I could forgive her when I put myself in her place! She may well feel a struggle and some resentment at having to give up in any degree her place with you. All my selfishness would come to the front if that were demanded of me.

Do not think because I have her alone that I am repaying her coldness in the same coin. I know that for the present anything I do must offend. Have I demanded your coming too soon? Then stay away another day or two. Every day only piles up the joy it will be to have your arms round me once more. I can keep for a little longer, and the gray hair will keep and many tomorrows will come, bringing good things for us, when perhaps your mother's "share of the world" is over.

Don't say it, but when you next kiss her, kiss her for me also. I am sorry for all old people. Their love of things they are losing is so far more to be reverenced and made room for than ours of the things which will come to us in good time abundantly.

Tonight I feel selfish at having too much of your love, and not a bit of it can I let go! I hope, beloved, we shall live to see each other's gray hairs in earnest—gray hairs that we shall not laugh at, as at this one I pulled. How dark your dear eyes will look with a white setting! My heart's heart, every day you grow larger round me, and I so much stronger depending upon you!

I won't say come for certain tomorrow, but come if, and as soon as, you can. I seem to see a mile farther when I am on the lookout for you, and I shall be long sighted every day until you come. It is only doubtful hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. I am as happy as the day is long waiting for you, but the day is long, dearest, none the less when I don't see you.

All this space on the page below is love. I have no time left to put it into words, or words into it. You bless my thoughts constantly. Believe me, never your thoughtless

LETTER XXIV.

Dearest—How, when and where is there any use wrangling as to which of us loves the other the best ("the better," I believe would be the more grammatical phrase in incompetent queen's English), and why in that of all things should we pretend to be rivals? For this at least seems certain to me, that, being created male and female, no two lovers since the world began ever loved each other quite in the same way: it is not in nature for it to be so. They cannot compare; only to the best that is in them they do love each after their kind—as do we for certain!

Be sure, then, that I am utterly contented with what I get, and you, beloved, and you—say, I wonder forever at the love you have given me, and if I will to lay mine at your feet, and feel yours crowning my life—why, so it is, you know, you cannot alter it! And if you insist that your love is at my feet, I have only to turn Irish and reply that it is because I am heels over head in love with you—and, mark you, that is no pretty attitude for a lady that you have driven me into in order that I may stick to my "crown!"

Go to, dearest! There is one thing in which I can beat you, and that is in the bandying of words and all verbal conjurings. Take this as the last proof of it and rest quiet. I know you love me a great, great deal more than I have wit or power to love you, and that is just the little reason why your love mounts till, as I tell you, it crowns me (head or heels), while mine, insufficient and groveling, lies at your feet, and will till they become amputated. And I can give you, but won't, 60 other reasons why things are as I say and are to be left as I say. And, oh, my world, my world, it is with you I go round sunward, and you make my evenings and mornings, and will till Time shuts his wings over us! And now it is doleful business I have to write to you. * * *

I have dropped to sleep over all this writing of things, and my cheek down on the page has made the paper unwilling to take the ink again. What a pretty compliment to me! And, if you prefer it, what an easy way of writing to you! I can send you such any day and be as idle as I like. And you will decide about all the above exactly as you and I think best. Or should it be "better" again, being only between us two? When you get this, blow your beloved self a kiss in the glass for me—a great big, shattering blow that shall astonish Mercury behind his window pane. Good night, my best—or "better," for that is what I most want you to be.

LETTER XXV.

My Own Beloved—And I never thanked you yesterday for your dear words about the resurrection pie. That comes of [illegible]. Well, you must prove [illegible] I may see [illegible] that you assure me of. You avoid saying that they sent you to sleep, but I suppose that is what you mean.

Fate meant me only to hunt for gay things this morning. Listen to this and guess where it comes from.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Ah, but you are no scholar of the [illegible] in your own [illegible]! That is Dunbar, a Scots poet contemporary of Henry VII, just a little bit altered by me to make him sound [illegible] to your ears. If I had not had to have an altered word here and there, would you have ever guessed he had so much this century? That shows [illegible] present in all good poetry and in all good joy in things also. In the four centuries since that was written we have only succeeded in worsening the meaning of certain words—for instance, "spleen," which now means irritation and vexation, but stood then for quite the opposite—what we should call, I suppose, "a full heart." It is what I am always saying—a good digestion is the root of nearly all the good living and high thinking we are capable of, and the spleen was then the root of the happy emotions as it is now of the miserable ones. Your preformation lark sang from "a full stomach" and thanked God it had a constitution to carry it off without affectation, and your nineteenth century lark applying the same code of life, his plain song is more happily everyday prose and not poetry at all, as we try to make it out to be.

I have no news for you at all of any one; all inside the house is a summer of peace and quiet, with blinds drawn down against the heat the whole day long. No calls, and as for me, I never call elsewhere. The gossips all [illegible] here [illegible] out a precarious existence by washing each other's dirty linen in public, and the process never seems to result in any satisfactory cleansing.

I avoid saying what news I trust tomorrow's post bag may contain for me. Every wish I send you comes "from the spleen," which means I am very healthy, and, cordially, as happy as is good for me. Pray God bless my dear share of the world, and make him get well for his own and my sake! Amen.

This catches the noon post, an event which always shows I am "blissful," with a lot of the opposite to a "little death" feeling running over my nerves. I feel the grass growing under me; the tension of [illegible] complaint [illegible], beloved, till I find my way into the precincts of tomorrow's post bag.

LETTER XXVI.

Oh, wings of all [illegible] morning, here you come! I have been looking out for you ever since post came. Roberts is carrying orders into town and will bring you this with a touch of the hat and an amused wonder at it. I saw you right on the top of Selhurst Hill. This is to wager that my eyes have told me correctly. I [illegible] for [illegible] at my corner window, wave to [illegible]. Dearest, this is to kiss you before [illegible]

LETTER XXVII.

Dearest—I [illegible] had beginning of the week. I wonder how it will end. It [illegible] my not seeing enough of you. Time hangs heavy on my hands and the devil finds me the mischief.

I prevailed upon myself to go on Sunday and listen to our new lately appointed vicar, for I thought it not fair to condemn him on the strength of Mrs. P.'s terrible reporting powers and her senseless worship of his full blown flowers of speech—"pulpit pot plants" is what I call them.

It was all not worse and not otherwise than I had expected. I find there are only two kinds of clerics as generally necessary to salvation in a country parish. One leads his parishioners to the altar and the other to the pulpit, and the latter is vastly the more popular among the effeminate and gadabout members of his flock. This one sways himself over the edge of his frame, making signals of distress in all directions, and with that and his windy flights of oratory suggests 20 minutes in a balloon car, till he comes down to earth at the finish with the doxology for a parachute. His shepherd's crook is one long note of interrogation, with which he tries to hook down the heavens to the understanding of his hearers, and he lectures up to an understanding of it. All his arguments are put interrogatively, and few of them are worth answering. Well, well, I shall be all the freer for your visit when you come next Sunday, and any Sunday after that you will, and he shall come in to tea if you like and talk to you in quite a cultured and agreeable manner, as he can when his favorite beverage is before him.

I discover that I get "the snaps" on a Monday morning, if I get them at all. The M. A. gets them on the Sunday itself, softly, but regularly. They distress no one, and we all know the cause—her fingers are itching for the knitting which she mayn't do. Your Protestant ignores Lent as a popish device, a fond thing vainly invented, but spreads it instead over 52 days in the year. Why, I want to know, cannot I change the subject?

Sunday we get no post, and no collection except in church, unless we send down to the town for it, so Monday is all the more welcome. But this I have been up and writing before it arrives, therefore "the snaps."

Our [illegible] is a lovely sight. I [illegible] fection, for I guessed he was bringing me the thing which would make me happy all day. I only hope the government [illegible] him properly.

I think this is the least pleasant letter I have ever sent you. Shall I tell you why? It was not the [illegible]. He is quite a fool and [illegible] man in his way. But in the afternoon that same Mrs. P. came, and [illegible] and wanted to unburden herself of me, and I said not [illegible], believing that I would be good, because her call [illegible] me has been [illegible]. What [illegible] things [illegible] people can think [illegible]! I heard nothing, but I am ruffled in [illegible] and want [illegible]. [illegible] to your mother, [illegible] it. It is only [illegible] that I met you. Ever your very own

LETTER XXVIII.

Dearest—Here comes a letter to you from me flying in the opposite direction. I won't say I am not wishing to go, but, oh, to be a bird in two places at once! Since this letter, then a special meeting place, because I am so much on the wing elsewhere.

I shut my eyes most of the time through France, and opened them on a soup tureen full of coffee which presented itself at the frontier, and then realized that only a little way ahead lay Bern, with baths, bones, breakfast and other like things beginning with B, waiting to make us clean, comfortable, contented and other nice things beginning with C.

Through France I loved you sleepy fashion, with many dreams in between, not all about you. But now I am breathing thoughts of you out of a new atmosphere—a great gulp of you, all clean living and high thinking between these Alpine royal highnesses with snow white crowns to their heads, and no time for a word there about anything except you; you, and double you—and treble you, if the alphabet only had grace to contain so beautiful a symbol! Goodby; we meet next perhaps out of Lucerne. If not—Italy.

What a lot I have to go through before we meet again visibly! You will find me world worn, my beloved. Write often.

LETTER XXIX.

Beloved—You know of the method for making a cat settle down in a strange place by buttering her all over, the theory being that by the time she has polished off the butter she feels herself at home? My memory's work has been the buttering of the mother aunt with such things as will Lucerne her the most. When her instincts are appeased, I am the more free to indulge my own.

So after breakfast we went round the cloisters, very thick set with tablets and family vaults and crowded graves inclosed. It proved quite "the best butter." To me the penance turned out interesting after a period of natural repulsion. A most unpleasant addition to sepulchral sentiment is here the fashion—photographs of the departed set into the stone. You see an elegant and [illegible]. There on the pedestal above the name is the photo—a smug man with bourgeois whiskers, a militiaman with waxed mustache well turned up, a woman well attired and conscious of it. You cannot think how indecent looked the pretensions of such types to the dignity of death and immortality.

But just one or two faces stood the test and were justified—a young man oppressed with the burden of youth, a sweet, toothless grandmother in a bonnet, wearing old age like a flower, a woman not beautiful but for her neck, which carried indignation. Her face had a thwarted look. "Dead and rotten" one did not say of these in disgust and involuntarily as one did of the others. And yet I don't suppose the eye picks out the faces that kindled most kindness round them when living or that one can see well at all where one sees without sympathy. I think the mother aunt's face would not look dear to most people as it does to me, yet my sight of her is the truer. Only I would not put it up on a tombstone in order that it might look nothing to those that pass by.

I wrote this much, and then, leaving the M. A. to glory in her innumerable correspondence, Arthur and I went off to the lake where we have been for seven hours. On it I found it become infinitely more beautiful, for everything was mystified by a lovely bloomy haze, and the mountains change and change and seem not all the same as going when returning. Don't ask me to write landscape to you. One breathes it in and it is there ever after, but remains unset to words.

The T—— whittle themselves out of our company just to the right amount, come back at the right time (which is more than Arthur and I are likely to do when our legs get on the spin) and are duly welcome with a diversity of doings to talk about. Their tastes are more the M. A.'s and their activities about half way between hers and ours, so we make rather a fortunate quintet. The M— trio join us the day after tomorrow, when the majority of us will head away at once to Florence. Arthur growls and threatens he means to be left behind for a week, and if it suits the funny little jealousy of the M. A. well enough to see us parted for a time, quite apart from the fact that I shall then be more dependent on her company. She will then glory in overworking herself, say it is me, and I shall feel a fiend. No letter at all, dearest, this; merely talky talky. Yours without words.

LETTER XXX.

Dearest—I cannot say I have seen Pisa, for the majority had their way and we simply skipped into it, got ourselves bumped down at the Duomo and Campo Santo for two hours, fell exhausted to bed and skipped out again by the first train next morning. Over the walls of the Campo Santo are some divine crumbs of Benozzo Gozzoli (I often [illegible] to spell the names of dead painters correctly. It is a politeness one pays to the living, but the [illegible] dead are [illegible] being spelled [illegible] all the better company for that greatest of gospels and spread about nature—Shakespeare, Shakespeare, Shakespeare—this much and himself. Such a long parenthesis requires stepping stones to carry you over it. "Gozzoli" was the [illegible] a whole half of [illegible] of Andersen's fairy tales, but, indeed, I hadn't time to digest them properly. Let me come back to them before I die and [illegible] in that inclosure if you love me as much then as I think you do now.

The baptistery has a roof of echoes that is wonderful—a matter of sound hung over the head of an official who opens his mouth for coinage to drop there. You sing notes up into it or, rather, you don't, for that is his perquisite, and they fly circling, and [illegible], and become a single chord stretching two octaves till you feel that you are living inside what in the days of our youth would have been called "the sound of a grand amen."

The cathedral has fine points, or more [illegible] points—aspects, but the Italian version of Gothic, with its bands of [illegible] marbles instead of moldings, was a shock to me at first. I only begin to understand it now that I have seen the outside of the Duomo at Florence. Curiously enough, it doesn't strike me as in the least Christian, only civic and splendid, reminding me of what Ruskin says about church architecture being really a dependent on the feudal or domestic. The Strozzi palace is a beautiful piece of street architecture. Its effect is of an iron hand which gives you a buffet in the face when you look up and wonder—how shall I climb in? I will tell you more about insides when I write next.

I fear my last letter to you from Lucerne may either have strayed or not even have begun straying, for in the hurry of coming away I left it, addressed, I think, but unstamped, and I am not sure that that particular hotel will be Christian enough to spare the postage out of the bill, which had a guinea of small extras running into centimes and suggested a red tape rectitude that would not show blind 25 centime gratitude to the backs of departed guests. So be patient and forgiving if I seem to have written little. I found two of yours waiting for me and cannot choose between them which I find most dear. I will say, for a fancy, the shorter, that you may ever be encouraged to write your shortest rather than none at all. One word from you gives me almost as much pleasure as 20, for it contains all your sincerity and truth, and what more do I want? You bless me quite. How many perfectly happy days I owe to you, and seldom dare dream that I have made any beginning of a return! If I could take one unhappy day out of your life, dearest, the secret would be mine, and no such thing should be left in it. Be happy, beloved! Oh, happy, happy—with me for a partial reason—that is what I wish!

LETTER XXXI.

Dearest—The Italian paper money paralyzes my brain. I cannot calculate in it, and were I left to myself an unscrupulous shopman could empty me of pounds without my becoming conscious of it till I beheld vacuum. But the T——s have been wonderful caretakers to me, and tomorrow Arthur rejoins us, so that I shall be able to resume my full activities under his safe conduct.

The ways of the Italian cabbies and porters fill me with terror for the time when I may have to fall alive and unassisted into their hands. They have neither conscience nor gratitude, and regard thievish demands when satisfied merely as stepping stones to higher things.

Many of the outsides of Florence I seemed to know by heart—the Palazzo Vecchio, for instance. But close by it Cellini's two statues, the Judith and the Perseus, brought my heart up to my mouth unexpectedly. The Perseus is so out of proportion as to be ludicrous from one point of view, but another is magnificent enough to make me forgive the scamp his autobiography from now to the day of judgment (when we shall all begin forgiving each other in great haste, I suppose, for fear of the devil taking the hindmost), and I registered a vow on the spot to that effect, so no more of him here, henceforth, but good!

There is not so much color about it as I had expected, and austerity rather than richness is the note of most of the exteriors.

I have not been allowed into the Uffizi yet, so today consoled myself with the Pitti. Titian's "Duke of Norfolk" is there, and I loved him, seeing a certain likeness there to somebody whom I—like. A photo of him will be coming to you. Also there is a very fine Lely-Vandyke of Charles I and Henrietta Maria, a quite moral painting, making a triumphant assertion of that martyr's bad character. I imagine he got into heaven through having his head cut off and cast from him, otherwise all of him would have perished along with his mouth.

Somewhere too high up was hanging a ravishing Botticelli—a Madonna and Child bending over like a wind blown tree to be kissed by St. John; a composition that takes you up in its arms and rocks you as you look at it. Andrea del Sarto is to me only a big mediocrity; there is nothing here to touch his chortling child Christ in our national gallery.

At Pisa I slept in a mosquito net and felt like a bride at the altar under a tulle veil which was too large for her. Here, for lack of that luxury, being assured that there were no mosquitoes to be had, I have been sadly attacked. The creatures pick out all foreigners, I think, and only when [illegible] they have exhausted the supply do they pass on the natives. Mrs. T—— left one foot unveiled when in Pisa and only this morning did the irritation in the part bit begin to come out.

I can now ask for a bath in Italian and order the necessary things for myself in the hotel, also say "come in" and "thank you!" But just the few days of that very German table d'hote at Lucerne where I talked gladly to polish myself up have given my tongue a hybrid way of talking without thinking, and I say "ja, ja" and "nein" and "der, die, das," as often as not before such Italian nouns as I have yet captured. To fall upon a chambermaid who knows French is like coming upon my native tongue suddenly.

Give me good news of your foot and all that is above it. I am so doubtful of its being really strong yet, and your willing spirits will overcome it some day and do it an injury and hurt my feelings dreadfully at the same time.

Walk only on one leg whenever you think of me! I tell you truly I am wonderfully little lonely, and yet my thoughts are constantly away with you, wishing, wishing, what no word on paper can ever carry to you. It shall be at our next meeting! All yours.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To Doubt This

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It's Marion proof for Marion people.

It's local endorsement for local readers.

It will stand the most rigid investigation.

Mrs. Emma Moore of 279 south Prospect street says: "Pain in my back, severe headache and restlessness at night disappeared after I took a course of the treatment of Doan's Kidney Pills, sold by W. B. Foye, druggist. After two or three doses I knew they were benefiting me, and as I continued the treatment I gradually improved until cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price [illegible] cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

THEY CALL HER BLESSED.

Miss Maude Adams to Build a Railroad Station For Her Friends.

The Eaglet could not have the crown of Napoleon, but she can at least have a railroad station. Stepping off the stage and out of the character, Miss Maude Adams, who is the star in "L'Aiglon," is going to build a depot and beautify the grounds around it solely for the benefit of herself and friends.

Miss Adams owns a beautiful summer home at Holbrook, N. Y. The nearest station to it on the Long Island railroad is seven miles distant, at Ronkonkoma, the home of her mother.

Heretofore during her summer residence in the country she has been compelled to traverse the distance from the railroad in all kinds of weather. Not only has she found it inconvenient for herself, but she has been obliged to subject her visitors to the same disadvantage, and Miss Adams has [illegible] visitors.

So she has volunteered to build a railroad station of her own and christen it Holbrook station. Her offer has been accepted. She will also lay out the ground attractively, and the Long Island railroad will keep it in repair as long as patronage warrants it.

Holbrook has tried many times to get a railroad station on its own account and failed. Its people have now risen and called Miss Adams blessed!

THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

Things She Should Bear In Mind When Ordering Spring Costumes.

Applications of cretonne flowers seem to be more than holding their own in the spring things.

The long, simple underskirt with narrow ruffles is the smartest thing possible for summer gowns.

Louis XV coats with little basques are promised among the new things. They will be made with fancy vests of the same epoch.

Guipure seems to be the trimming for the lightest and daintiest summer gowns.

The newest sleeves have very long oversleeves, scarcely showing the undersleeves; but they are slashed at the elbow so as to let the undersleeve of lace or of mousseline de soie peep out there.

Muslin gowns are being made with flounces of color—as, for instance, a white muslin with pale blue ruffles.

Quite the latest thing in the trimming of summer gowns is the lavish use of two kinds of lace.

The prettiest summer hats, so far, are made of what the French call [illegible], what we call horsehair.—Miss de Forest's Paris Letter in March Ladies' Home Journal.

A Cynical Explanation.

"Why don't you publish your compositions?" asked the admirer.

"Because," answered the musician, "there is no possible chance for them. They are not good enough to be classical nor bad enough to be popular."—Washington Star.

FROM ASSISTANT SURGEON TO GENERAL

Meteoric Career of Leonard Wood. Now Governor General of the Island of Cuba.

WHATEVER the effect of the war by which Spain lost possession of her colonial dependencies in the Atlantic and Pacific, little doubt is entertained in the minds of many that it was vastly beneficial to the personnel of both the army and navy of the United States. Active warfare, in the opinion of our fighting men, is preferable to the stagnation and apathy of times of peace, and besides, they argue, it affords the opportunity for that great desideratum—promotion.

For many, many years the gallant men deputed to the defense of the nation's honor have toiled and waited—particularly waited—for the long deferred promotion that was certainly their due. They have passed the best years of their lives at remote army posts on the frontier fighting inglorious battles with the Indians or languishing within hail of civilization at centers like Chicago and Washington, but ever the ignis fatuus of promotion kept just beyond their reach, like the bunch of fodder tied in front of the miser's horse. It was not strange, then, that the beginning of hostilities with Spain should have caused the old warhorses—and the young ones, too, as to that matter—to prick up their ears and paw the ground in their eagerness to get afield. That they served their country well, that some of them won imperishable laurels, is now a matter of history and need not be repeated here.

A larger army having been demanded, owing to the war, many a hitherto neglected hero found his opportunity with the volunteers, and thus the pathway to promotion was opened and made easy. There was a general moving up all along the line as the direct result of the war in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, with the necessary and consequent enlargement of the army, and many high positions were thrown open to officers of the lower grades.

On the 1st of January, 1901, the general officers of the regular line in the United States army were as follows:

Lieutenant general, Nelson A. Miles (the rank conferred upon him by act of congress June 6, 1900, "providing that the senior major general shall have the rank, pay and allowance of a lieutenant general").

Major generals, John R. Brooke, Elwell S. Otis.

Brigadier generals, James F. Wade, Henry C. Merriam, Samuel B. M. Young, Arthur MacArthur, William Ludlow.

On the 5th of February, 1901, President McKinley sent to the senate for confirmation under the recently passed army reorganization act the following nominations.

As lieutenant general, Major General Nelson A. Miles.

As major generals, Brigadier General S. B. M. Young, Colonel Adna R. Chaffee, Brigadier General Arthur MacArthur.

As brigadier generals, Colonel John C. Bates, Colonel Lloyd Wheaton, Colonel George W. Davis, Colonel Theodore Schwan, Colonel Samuel S. Sumner, Captain Leonard Wood, Colonel Robert H. Hall, Colonel Robert P. Hughes, Colonel George M. Randall, Major W. A. Kobbe, Brigadier General (of volunteers) Frederick D. Grant and Captain Franklin Bell.

The order of seniority is indicated by the sequence of names in the list, which establishes their precedence in line of promotion, according to the dates on which they were nominated.

There was some rejoicing when these nominations were made public and much individual heartburning, while the wisdom of the president's choice was either commended or questioned, according to personal preference. But the main fact was that those who had for so many years been merely "marking time" in positions in which they had grown gray and almost decrepit were at last enabled to make a perceptible advance toward the front. This batch of nominations abounded in surprises to some and administered severe shocks to the sensibilities of others. But it may be safely opined that there was no greater surprise sprung upon an unsuspecting public than the advancement of Captain Leonard Wood, assistant surgeon in the army and major general of volunteers, to the rank of a brigadier general in the regular army. It was only paralleled by the promotion of Captain Franklin Bell to a brigadier generalship in the regular service by "jumping" him over more than a thousand officers who were his seniors.

Wood stood number 60 in the list of army captains, while Bell was number 581, and yet both were nominated to the responsible position of brigadier general. As to the merits of the respective recipients of these high honors no doubt can exist, but as to their possessing that superlative merit which would warrant their being chosen and their fellow officers ignored may be considered open to question. That their promotions were made ostensibly for cause nobody will deny, the only difficulty the president had to meet being a superabundance of meritorious officers and a limited number of positions with which to reward them.

Viewing the subject, however, in its larger aspect and ignoring the individual or personal side of the question, it must be taken as an encouraging sign that the material for heroes of heroes exists in our army, and, again, that these heroes are only awaiting an opportunity for the expression of their latent energies. Cuba and the Philippines have presented those opportunities, and, as already said, they eagerly availed themselves of them.

While no comparisons need be made, still the case of former Assistant Surgeon Wood may be taken as an illustration of the possibility for rapid rise to more than national fame of a comparatively unknown individual. Three years ago he was merely an assistant surgeon in the regular army with the relative rank of captain; today his name is in the list of brigadier generals of the regular army, with a possibility of attaining to the highest command within the next decade. Such advancement is not only unexampled in this country, but would not be possible even approximately in any other. There were splendid opportunities in South Africa, and gallant officers and privates were mowed down by thousands, but still no startling occurrence [illegible] by which [illegible] reach the [illegible] post of a division commander.

It has been claimed that Surgeon Wood has a presidential favorite, also [illegible]

[illegible]

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.

that he [illegible] place, but it cannot be denied that he [illegible] his opportunities, and when [illegible] which he [illegible]

mistaken as colonel of one of those which was afterward known as the rough riders. It has been the opinion of some that when [illegible] within the [illegible] Roosevelt's [illegible] ger of total [illegible] erroneous in at least this instance [illegible] Surgeon Wood has been the subject of [illegible] Roosevelt's [illegible] first. In one of the [illegible] articles [illegible] pages of late have alluded [illegible] "There was one [illegible] ly in Washington [illegible] surgeon—Dr. Leonard Wood [illegible] met him after I entered the [illegible] regiment, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes and kindred [illegible] nipples. He had served [illegible] Miles [illegible] against the Apaches [illegible] played such a part [illegible] of distinction [illegible]

be recognized as one of the two or three [illegible] fatigue and [illegible] the campaign [illegible] though a [illegible] expedition against the Apache renegades."

The brilliant record of this regiment [illegible] the First United States volunteer cavalry, is [illegible] well known [illegible] "Rough Riders" [illegible] the fault of Mr. Roosevelt, who has [illegible] his gallant dead [illegible] in which it [illegible] City of Cuba along with the other American invaders, and he soon proved competent at one stroke, but such work as there was to do he did with commendable thoroughness. He was promoted as the result of his short though brilliant campaign to be brigadier general of volunteers, and shortly after was appointed military governor of Santiago province. In this capacity he showed his superb skill as an organizer, and his medical experience came into play particularly in the cleansing of the horribly filthy city of Santiago and the practical stamping out of smallpox and yellow fever. He suppressed the bands of bandits in the mountains, created work for the Cubans by opening roads, laying down sewers, asphalting and macadamizing streets, building hospitals and renovating and regenerating generally this picturesque city which for centuries of Spanish misrule had been stewing and sweating in its own excretions.

It may be recalled in this connection that Cuba has now been under the military control of the United States since December, 1898, and that it is just two years since the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States was ratified by our senate. By the provisional military occupation of Cuba the United States became responsible for the preservation of order and the protection of life and property. The island was divided into seven military districts, each in charge of a military governor, with a governor general at Havana. The first governor general was General John R. Brooke and at the time of the Spanish evacuation there were but [illegible] United States troops in the island. One-third of the population, it was estimated, had been wiped out by war and famine, the "reconcentrados" were still huddled together in the towns and cities and on every side were disease and desolation.

General Brooke had rendered the military character of the government as inconspicuous as possible, but political complications arose which required a diplomat, a man of tact and executive force.

General Wood succeeded General Brooke in the autumn of 1899 and exerted all his energies to soothe the excited "Cubanos," at the same time maintaining a firm grip on governmental affairs. He has steered them through the turbulent seas of their constitutional convention and dexterously avoided the rocks upon which another, perhaps, might have run the Cuban ship of state. His tact is admirable, his courage superb, his administrative faculties of a high order, and in no position in which he has been placed has he failed to realize expectations. And yet all this may be said without disparagement of any other official, civil or military, who has been called to the front during the recent war. It has been repeatedly shown that at different times in our country's history there has always been a man for the emergency, and this is the most encouraging fact in connection with our union of common people for their common interests.

In the natural course of events attendant upon the succession in our army's highest rank, that of lieutenant general, it is averred that it will possibly fall to General Wood in 1909, and, if he lives to the age of retirement—64—he will have held that high position for 15 years. In chronological order, the dates of retirement are as follows: Generals Merriam and Hall in 1901, Otis, Wheaton and Brooke in 1902, Hughes, Davis and Miles in 1903, Young and Kobbe in 1904, Schwan and Randall in 1905, Sumner, Chaffee and Bates in 1906, Wade and Ludlow in 1907, MacArthur in 1909, Grant in 1912, Bell in 1920 and Wood in 1924.

CLIBERT WOODSON.

[illegible] of the regiment [illegible] gallantry and [illegible] than his [illegible] Leonard Wood. [illegible] perhaps [illegible] friend, but [illegible] being [illegible] for the [illegible]

The King of Oculists And Oculist of Kings.

ONE of the most interesting men in the world today is Professor Hermann Pagenstecher, M. D., of Wiesbaden, Germany. Kings and princes unite to honor him. His visits even to great palaces are arranged to suit his convenience. This is because Dr. Pagenstecher is the most eminent oculist in the world. He is the man who restored the vision of Queen Victoria when all other skill had failed, and there is scarcely a crowned head in Europe that has not been under his care.

One of the most democratic men living, when he was in London, just before Victoria's death, it was only to the queen and her eldest son, the present king, that he would consent to go. Other patients, royal or otherwise, were compelled to consult him at his hotel. On his way back to Wiesbaden he stopped to examine the eyes of the king of the Belgians as well as to care for the optics of others of his exalted patrons who are advanced in years.

Well do I remember my audience with this remarkable man. It was one beautiful day last August, and I had arrived at Wiesbaden after a tiresome journey of a couple of hours. I was not then prepared to be especially enthusiastic about the town, but later I learned to appreciate its beauties.

Dr. Pagenstecher is known to every man, woman and child in the town. When I alighted at the station, the cabman threw up his hands in amazement at my question as to whether he knew the location of the great man's residence.

"Oh, gute frau, jedermann in Wiesbaden weiss, wo der gute Dr. Pagenstecher wohnt!"

He quickly drove me to the modest house at 59 Taunusstrasse, where the doctor has his offices. Before consulting him I had been to the most eminent oculists in America. One of these had fitted me with glasses. On the advice of an English friend I made the trip to Wiesbaden, and I anticipated my interview with a good deal of nervousness, for in America I had found the dignity which hedges a great medical expert little short of regal. Dr. Pagenstecher, however, will have nothing of the sort. He does not believe in red tape, and he could not be gruff if he tried.

I was first ushered into a large room, where a white capped maid, speaking English, inquired my business. She then took my name and gave me a numbered card, and my name, written on a duplicate card, was sent to the private secretary of Dr. Pagenstecher.

All sorts and conditions of persons were waiting in the office. Some were evidently well off, while others were plainly poverty stricken. Each had a numbered card, and as the private secretary emerged from the inner office and called a number the patients in turn went before the doctor. No preference is shown to rank or what may be a patient's rank, except in case of an accident requiring immediate attention. It was some time before the line of men and women who had preceded me had been admitted to Dr. Pagenstecher's presence. At last it was my turn, and, trembling a little, I walked into the private office.

A tall, fine looking man advanced to meet me. It was [illegible] face [illegible] the kindest and most [illegible] ever [illegible]

[illegible]

Then he asked me if I was farsighted, and being answered, gave his opinion.

"You have a fine pair of eyes that will never be blind. Your [illegible] is a nervous affection of the optic [illegible]. When you are stronger [illegible] you will find that your sight will be better. I shall prescribe new glasses for you and a little eye wash. Your old glasses are not strong enough."

Besides these prescriptions he gave me a pair of light [illegible] glasses, with directions to wear them outdoors when the light was strong. He said that he was particular not only in regard to the lenses of his patients' glasses, but in regard to the frames. They should fit the eyes perfectly, so that [illegible]

There is one special optician at Wiesbaden to whom he sends all his customers. Thoroughly conservative as he knows this man to be, he does not leave everything to him, but insists that each client for whom he has ordered glasses shall return to him with them when they are finished. Often he detects some flaw in the lens or frame and returns them to the optician with further instructions.

I suppose almost every one who meets this courtly, elegant medical man is impressed by his extreme simplicity and modesty. I have seen newly fledged M. D.'s of 21 who assumed a greater consciousness of their merits and met their patients with a more imposing hauteur. After all, true genius is always modest.

Instead of conversing in German, as I had expected to do, I found Dr. Pagenstecher able and ready to talk English. He speaks it fluently and with no noticeable accent. I learned that he is not only master of our language, but of Italian and French. He knows many Americans and thinks well of their country.

In the general conversation which followed the examination of my eyes I learned many of his views. He does not believe in operations unless they are absolutely unavoidable. Treatment and care will save many painful and disastrous experiences to patients whose [illegible]

[illegible]

Dr. Pagenstecher [illegible] women [illegible] the eyes.

[illegible] Dr. Pagenstecher was the [illegible] Pagenstecher, [illegible] of Nassau, [illegible] He was [illegible] and was educated at [illegible] and the universities of [illegible] Berlin and Prague. His [illegible] passed his examination in [illegible] and became assistant at the University hospital at [illegible] Later he became assistant at the Wiesbaden [illegible] clinic and an assistant surgeon in the German army during the war of 1870-1.

He worked with his late brother, Dr. Alexander Pagenstecher, also a celebrated oculist, who died Dec. 31, 1879, at the age of 51 and left to his now famous brother Hermann a charge to carry on his work. From this brother the present specialist gained a knowledge of his profession which has been wonderfully helpful. Dr. Alexander Pagenstecher was the founder of the first clinic in Wiesbaden where the poor are treated free of charge. His brother, Dr. Hermann, is director of the Wiesbaden Ophthalmic hospital and conducts one of his own and works part of each day at the clinic. His writings are greatly valued by the medical profession and relate to diseases, anatomy and care of the eyes.

Dr. Pagenstecher's recreations are traveling, which he enjoys, and art, in regard to which he is something of a critic.

His wife is said to be a charming woman. Their eldest daughter has recently married, and two fine boys are studying to join their father in his work.

Although his practice is such a large one, and he is able to command any fee which he would ask, Dr. Pagenstecher is not what we would call a very rich man. Each year he gives thousands of dollars in time and money to the poor of Wiesbaden. He is so adored by the town folk that he cannot go upon the street without encountering demonstrations of gratitude from those whom he has helped. The poorest street arab knows his home, and the very beggar cannot hear his name without bursting into enthusiastic words of praise.

He himself believes that his wonderful skill in caring for the human eye is a gift from God which he is under obligation to so use as to confer the greatest possible good on humanity regardless of individual wealth or rank. Truly no knight of the middle ages ever went out with a higher and more chivalrous idea of his mission of caring for the weak and suffering than this twentieth century follower of Æsculapius.

Mary Scott Rowland.

New York.

Photo by Schäfer, Wiesbaden.

PROFESSOR H. PAGENSTECHER.

A RACE WITH THE KING.

An unusual experience befell King Leopold recently while airing his new automobile in Brussels. His majesty was passing along the Avenue de Tervueren when a cyclist shot past the royal automobile and shouted, regardless of the majesty that doth hedge a king, "Polle (a diminutive of Leopold), he who reaches Quatre Bras first pays drinks!" He then shot ahead. King Leopold, who perfectly understood the challenge, laughed and, in spite of the indignation of his aids-de-camp, put on full speed and quickly passed the cyclist. The latter struggled hard to keep up, but finally collapsed, being "pumped out." His majesty rushed ahead, looking round from time to time to see how his audacious challenger got on. At Quatre Bras the royal automobile was stopped for some minutes, doubtless awaiting the promised drinks. The cyclist, however, in spite of his audacity, dared not face the royal "chauffeur," and if the king had drinks it was at his own expense.

He then shot ahead.

HOW BIRDS HELP US.

Birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty tidbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvæ which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards, and one of the most inevitable foes of the canker worm is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live.

HELEN KELLER'S WORK

Wonderful Ability In English Shown by the Girl.

HER ADVANCE AT RADCLIFFE.

The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Student Has Made Progress Almost Unprecedented Even Under Her Great Handicaps—All Her Work Done Without Notes—Vice President of Her Class.

One of the most interesting things about the new term which has just begun at Radcliffe college is the progress of Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, who is a student there, says the New York Sun. She has so distinguished herself in her English work that she has been promoted in the middle of the year to a course open only to the brightest students, that called English 12 in the college catalogue.

The English course which Miss Keller elected when she entered college was in itself more advanced than most freshmen take, but now, only after half a year at its exercises, her instructor pronounces her quite fit to go up higher. In the words of the professor himself, "We can teach her nothing more in this class." The course which Miss Keller has outgrown is English 22, conducted in Radcliffe by Charles Townsend Copeland, who has expressed the opinion that Miss Keller possesses abilities far above the average in the matter of English composition.

In permitting Miss Keller to enter English 12 Radcliffe has done something almost unprecedented. The higher course is a very difficult one and has almost never been taken by a girl so young as Helen Keller, not to take into account at all the fact of the blind girl's handicaps. The course in question is conducted both in Harvard and Radcliffe by John Hays Gardiner and is open only to such students as have shown unusual ability in the matter of English and have finished course 22 with a high mark.

HELEN KELLER.

The work of the course includes various kinds of writing, and the lectures deal with such problems of expression as arise in the class productions and in the development of a good English prose style. Miss Keller's style has always been excellent. From the time when she first began to write she has written easily and well. In the matter of literary and classical allusions she is very apt and especially excels in analytical treatment of a subject.

At the lectures Miss Keller is accompanied by her friend, Miss Sullivan, who sits close beside her and tells her in the manual language whatever the instructor may be saying. In none of the lectures are any notes taken. This girl carries off in her head the facts with which her fellow students fill their notebooks.

Perhaps the most remarkable work done by Miss Keller comes in connection with the history course given by Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge. The latter is a very interesting but a rather discursive lecturer, and he covers in the year a tremendous amount of ground. That any student could pass a good examination on the substance of his lectures without having had the benefit of exhaustive notes and careful review would be a marvel all by itself. But this is only one of the many remarkable things Helen Keller is accomplishing.

Miss Keller's work does not in the least prevent her from taking an active part in the social life of the college. She particularly delights in hearing stories, and one or two girls have learned the sign language that they may entertain her. She is vice president of her class and attends all the functions given by her classmates. At a recent class luncheon she even responded to a toast, winning great applause by her maiden speech. But the best thing that can be said of her is that she is radiantly happy in her college career. With some anxiety her friends have been watching to see whether the college days, so long looked forward to, might not perhaps bring in their train something of disillusion. Nothing of the kind has happened, however.

"She is the happiest girl I have ever seen," one of these friends remarked.

And anybody who should see the blind girl as she goes from one lecture room to another would be inclined emphatically to echo this superlative.

Cripple Cured by Accident.

A helpless cripple for nine years, the result of an accident, [illegible] Henry Sewich, now 14, had the use of his leg strangely restored by another accident. Young Sewich was [illegible] with others near his home at [illegible] City, Conn. The steersman lost control, the sled dashed against [illegible]. The crippled boy was whirled into the air, striking the lamed leg against the tree with great force. The [illegible] leg began to straighten, and the boy was able to walk with the aid of [illegible]. Physicians think the limb will regain its natural strength.

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Preachers and Churches.

Recollections by N. Spaulding

N. Spaulding contributes another chapter on former Marion ministers.

It should have been stated in the preceding article that William Cricket was elected and served three terms as auditor; also of S. O. Young that he belongs to the Central Ohio conference. Willis Hume is affiliated with the Presbyterian church.

Jacob Klinefelter, the father of Jacob K. and Joseph of Pleasant township, was a pioneer in the county and did effective service in the Evangelical church in Pennsylvania and Ohio for thirty years or more. He died in 1855. John Stull was of the same denomination, was in the ministry about forty years and died in this city about the year 1825. H. H. Holverstott, a farmer of Claridon township, has been preaching acceptably at various places about thirty years, has married many persons, but has not yet come to a personal experience of that kind.

Elder Mason, a Regular Baptist minister and pioneer of Big Island township, preached at different places years ago.

The following were all of the M. E. denomination: Uriah Heath and Camp traveled on the Marion circuit about 1236 to 1838. Miss E. Camp, a member of the Epworth church, was converted in their time, but can not give the exact date. George Fate labored on the Marion circuit one year and died here in the autumn of 1839, leaving a family. J. O. Bruce and Jeremiah Hill preached to this charge and Rev. Hill died here in May, 1840, also leaving a family of young children. Rev. Williams succeeded him and later moved to Texas after a service of eighteen months. Rev. Parker was appointed to this charge in the autumn of 1851 and was one of the ablest men ever filling a Marion pulpit. He died here in 1863. Revs. Kent and Laslin were old time local preachers, making their living by working as carpenters. The former died here in 1851. Rev. Shafer and John Power were presiding elders in this Delaware district in the forties. They were able men, with strong argumentative proclivities. John Quigley and Rev. Ayers both served as presiding elders; also Rev. Martin, Isaac Newton, L. A. Belt and others. Rev. Newton was of English extraction and was a graduate of the O. W. U. He served more than forty years, after which he was superannuated and located at Toledo a few years, where he died in 1900.

Benjamin Powell, a former resident of Waldo township, entered one of the Ohio conferences and did effective work for some time. Rev. Booth was born and reared in Marion, was educated at the O. W. U., and served several years in the North Ohio conference with success. He is now retired at Delaware.

Rev. Munson of Waldo township, was an old time local preacher. William Morris, a successful farmer and local preacher in Montgomery township, was reared in Marion township and was educated in the Marion academy. Jacob Gabler, now retired in this city, has served forty years in that capacity in the German M. E. church.

Rev. Joseph Stubbs came from England and located here twenty years ago. He is a good mechanic and takes much interest in the Y. M. C. A. Rev. Levi Davis of Green Camp is a worker in the Christian church. George Camp, oldest son of B. J. Camp, was born and educated here and at Bethany college, West Virginia. He has been engaged in the ministry several years and is now preaching in Canada.

Rev. Shults was reared in Waldo township, educated at Heidelburg college, affiliated with the German Reformed church and went to New York City several years ago to labor in the Five Points mission. H. E. Pilcher was sent to Marion circuit of the M. E. church in 1842, had a general revival which resulted in making Marion a station, where he remained some time after. Dr. Howe was his successor for two years and Henry Whiteman followed him two years. He was a man of sterling abilities and no pastor ever stood higher in the affections of his flock.

Richard Lawrence a school teacher of Claridon township, attended the O. W. U. and later worked as a member of the Ohio conference of the M. E. church. He died in 1890. Vincent Lawrence, a nephew of the latter, was reared in Claridon township and after graduation from the O. W. U. joined the north Ohio conference of the M. E. church in which he served until his death in 1880.

Prof. E. B. Olmstead came to Marion about 1855 as superintendent of the union schools, serving until 1861. He was instrumental in recruiting a company of the Fourth O. V. I. and went out as a captain. After a short service he accepted a clerkship at Washington in the war department, where he remained until the war closed. He then entered the Free Will Baptist ministry and has since preached in Marion.

Charles Mayer, a long-time resident of Marion, was a local preacher in the German M. E. church. He was a member of the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth O. V. I. during the Civil war.

Rev. Bowers, a son of Dr. Bowers, of Richland, has been a member of the Central Ohio conference of the M. E. church and did service at LaRue in 1880. Revs. Fant, Scott, Booth and others have been identified with the Caledonia circuit. George Miller, a merchant here in the 40's, was a local preacher in the U. B. church. George Miller, Jr., labored several years in the U. B. church, and then entered the M. E. ministry. His son is identified with the Central Ohio conference of the same church.

J. P. Kennedy had the M. E. charge in Marion in 1853-54. He supervised the construction of Wesley church. Harvey Wilson and Rev. Burkholder each had this charge two years.

The First Regular Baptist church in Marion was established by Rev. A. J. Wiant in 1885 and he served apparently for the love of the cause about four years, and later a charge at Harpster. He died here in 1895. This charge has been served by A. W. Yale, T. J. Murphy, J. R. Donner, A. Bartley, A. Pence, T. J. Lewis and others. J. A. Kellam was pastor of the M. E. church in 1855-57.

The U. B. church was built in 1850 and the pastors have been S. Lindsay, C. Briggs, E. Bell, B. W. Day, A. Berry, W. Martin, Colter, C. Bartow, I. Crouse, D. R. Miller, G. M. Crimm, G. A. Wilber, S. Smith, A. E. Davis, J. M. Mills, T. H. Wagner, W. S. Breese, J. L. Hensley, F. M. Scouten, E. Bernard, G. A. Blagg, W. F. Durr and A. Snider.

Away back in the forties Rev. F. Newman, Francis Clymer, Lawrence, George Miller, Jr., and others traveled and preached on the Marion circuit, enduring many hardships and privations. This Rev. Lawrence was a brilliant young man and was soon called to fill an important place in the U. B. Publishing house at Dayton.

The writer has many pleasant remembrances of some of these men as schoolmates and with more of them in relation of tutor and pupils.

The First Presbyterian church was founded by Rev. Vanderman and the oldest member of the congregation is Mrs. Isaac Uncapher. The present church building cost about $60,000 and the following is a consecutive list of the pastors: Rev. H. Vanderman 1828-29, E. Barber 1829-32, Thomas Cratty 1832-36, John A. Dunlap 1836-41, J. A. Murray 1841-42, E. S. Shepard 1842-45, Peter Pannitt 1845-47, B. Wall 1847-49, I. N. Shepard 1851-58, H. B. Fry 1858-68. Rev. Fry served as a chaplain during the war and his place was filled by T. C. Campbell. I. H. Pratt 1867-72, D. D. Waugh, 1872-78, A. Sinclair 1878-81, E. R. Raffensperger 1881-84, W. E. Thomas 1884 to the present time. Rev. Thomas has held the position longer than any of his predecessors. A Presbyterian society was at one time organized in Richland township, but it has merged into the Marion congregation.

BOERS MAY COLONIZE.

They May Establish a Settlement in Arizona.

The much mooted plan of colonizing certain portions of Arizona with expatriated or dissatisfied members of the Transvaal and Free State republic may be consummated. Rumors of proposed colonizing schemes hitherto have been based almost entirely upon the feasibility of the project, but the recent arrival of Ernest Beebe and Hermann Freund, who for more than a year have been in the United States in the interest of the Boers, adds color. These two men are planning seriously for the immigration of 1,000 Transvaalers and Free Staters to establish a settlement which shall be the nucleus of a large and important colony of families from South Africa.

Beebe and Freund, who lately went from New York, are working quietly, to preclude annoyance from land dealers should their mission become known. For some time friends of the Boers in this country have been discussing plans for the colonizing of many who desire to leave South Africa, and it is believed the two agents now in Arizona are acting with authority vested by members of the Afrikander bund, who first suggested that a tract of land in Arizona be secured and allotted equally among the Boer immigrants.

TAKES SNOW BATHS.

Captain Dietz of Northwestern Thinks They're Great For the System.

Eddie Dietz, captain of the Northwestern university football team, is taking a snow bath every day or rather every night, and he says it is the greatest thing that ever happened for toning up a man's system. The big captain is so enthusiastic over it that he is trying to get other members of the team to take the snow treatment, but with indifferent success.

Dietz takes his snow plunge just before retiring. He wraps his bath robe around him and goes out on the icy sidewalk. There are usually several students who watch him take it, for they can't get over the novelty of seeing a nude man floundering around in the snow like a porpoise in the water. He doesn't flounder long, however, but grabs up his robe and wraps it around him as he runs into the house. The boys give him a brisk rub down, and then Dietz says he feels like a king.

To Shorten German Sentences.

The Allgemeiner Deutscher Sprachverein is a German association with a mission. The mission is to encourage the simplification and purity of the German language. One of its aims is to make both spoken and written German simpler, not only by using shorter and less involved sentences, but by the elimination of the use of foreign words in the social, business and scientific worlds.

H. W. SAGER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
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AN UP TO DATE FAGIN.

Great Scheme of a New Yorker to Get Rich Quickly.

SMALL BOYS DID THE WORK.

He Sent Them Out With a Begging Letter, and the Result Was a Perfect Shower of Small Coins—Police Say He Made $25 a Day at Least. One of His Boys "Peached."

Welles Marshall, he says his name is. The police say he has been making $25 a day out of philanthropic New Yorkers. When Detective Dean of the Oak street station nabbed him, says the New York Sun, in his rooms on the top floor of the tenement house at 32 Oliver street, he was counting over the proceeds of the day's work. He says he is a laborer. His hands are soft. Boys, it is alleged, were his agents in collecting the dollars.

Theodore Nalence, 13 years old, of 230 Pacific street, Brooklyn, conceived the idea of running away from home and making his fortune selling newspapers. After putting up a few good fights and taking a few lickings he found friends in the business, was admitted to the fellowship and slept in the newsboys' lodging house several nights. The police, warned by a general alarm, were "looking for" him, but were not looking among the newsboys.

Nalence was playing with some other boys, having sold out his stock of papers, when Marshall came along, spotted him as a new hand and proposed a business partnership. He took Nalence to a clothing store and fitted him out with clothes new or new looking. For several days Marshall kept the youngster with him in his room. Other boys came to the room and went away again after talks with Marshall, and, as these boys all seemed to have plenty of money, Nalence began to get impatient to go to work himself. Marshall told the boy finally that he wanted him to show a letter to men in offices in the big down town office buildings and see if they would not contribute toward a fund the purpose of which would be explained in the letter. Then he read the letter to Nalence. Written at the top was:

"Waifs and Newsboys' Home, Industrial Department, 506 Water Street, Philadelphia."

The body of the letter was to the effect that the bearer was John Meyer, an unfortunate boy who had been carried to Philadelphia by a relative and left there and now wanted to get back to his home in Boston. His people had a good home for him there, the letter said, but they were too poor to send him money to come home by rail. Kind friends of the home in Philadelphia had let him have enough money to get to New York, and any assistance that was given to him in New York to further his journey would be worthily bestowed. The boy was described as a good, honest boy, and the signer of the letter earnestly recommended him to all charitably inclined persons. The signature was "S. H. Welling, superintendent."

Marshall, so the youngster says, trained him for the part of "Meyer" and started him out with a package of court plaster, which he had orders to display and try to sell in case anybody threatened to have him arrested for begging.

Nalence tackled a large office building in Park row. The results of displaying his letter amazed him. It produced a veritable shower of nickels, dimes and quarters. Almost everybody gave money, and before noon the boy's back was sore from the well meant pats bestowed on him. When he came down the elevator, his pockets were bulging. He saw by a clock that he had been in the building less than three hours, and a curiosity to know how much he had taken in came over him. So he went off in a corner and counted it. He found almost $6 in cents, nickels, dimes and quarters, the largest piece being a half dollar, which a woman typewriter had given him.

His orders were to report to Marshall at noon at the bridge entrance. He kept his appointment, but Marshall made him wait while he talked with a couple of other boys who had come up first and who passed a lot of small coins over to him. Marshall took all the money Nalence had collected and then took him to a restaurant, where he let him eat his fill. Then he started Nalence out again with his letter, telling him to finish up the same building that day if he could, as it wouldn't do to work one building two days in succession.

Nalence collected a dollar more, and then it occurred to him that he was a fool to work for Marshall's pocket and that he wanted to see his mother. So he went home to Brooklyn. There he told his father all about Marshall. The father told the Children's society, and the society told the police. Detective Dean and the boy went to the Oliver street house and found Marshall in his room. On a table in front of him was a great heap of coins, which he was counting. Dean said that Marshall had at least five boys working for him. Some of them got a small share of what he made, but others nothing but a little for their meals and bed.

Vest Not Proud of His Weight.

When the senate committee on commerce was in session recently, says the Washington Post, Senator Vest's chair became unruly, and he was finally compelled to occupy another one. "Vest," said Senator Mason, "you are getting too fat and heavy; otherwise that chair would not have gone back on you." "Heavy!" exclaimed Vest as he looked at his diminutive form. "I couldn't break an egg if I fell on it!"

100 PILLS 25c **LIVERITA** THE UP-TO-DATE **LITTLE LIVER PILL** 100 PILLS 25c

LIVERITA for SICK HEADACHE
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LIVERITA for PAIN AFTER EATING
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LIVERITA for SOUR STOMACH
LIVERITA for SLOW DIGESTION
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LIVERITA for FOUL BREATH
LIVERITA for BAD TASTE IN MOUTH
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$500 REWARD
We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Liverita, the Up-to-Date Little Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. Nervita Medical Co., Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ill.

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40 PILLS 10c **LIVERITA** THE UP-TO-DATE Little LIVER Pill 15 PILLS 5c
NERVITA MEDICAL CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale by the Durable Pharmacy, North Main Street.

The PRENDERGAST LUMBER & COAL CO.
HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF LUMBER AND COAL
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Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

GENUINE Platinotypes are pleasing as portraits, and are absolutely permanent. They are made by
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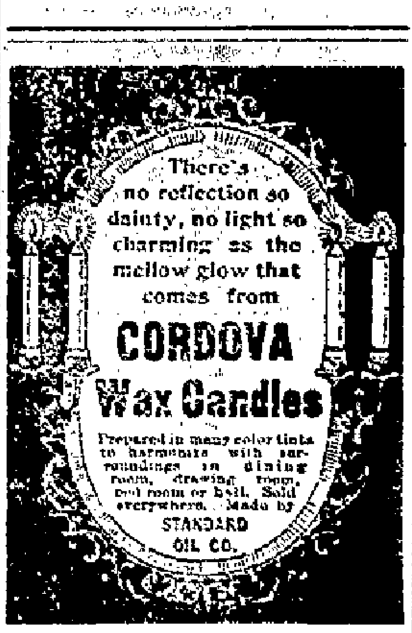
There's no reflection so dainty, no light so charming as the mellow glow that comes from
CORDOVA
Wax Candles
Prepared in many color tints to harmonize with surroundings in dining room, drawing room, bed room or hall. Sold everywhere. Made by
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MARION OPTICIAN,
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This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

COMING! THE CHIEF CONSULTING AND EXAMINING PHYSICIAN OF THE MEDICAL INSTITUTE CO., BY REQUEST, WILL VISIT Marion, and can be consulted at their Private Rooms at the EUROPEAN HOTEL, MONDAY, MARCH 11, from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.
CONSULTATION FREE AND STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.
BLOOD POISON, VARICOCELE, STRICTURE
and Diseases of Men and Women Positively Cured by THE FRANCE TREATMENT.

THE FRANCE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 38-40 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio. One Block North of the State House.
Established 1886. Largest Practice and Most Complete Institute of its kind in U. S. Our record of wonderful cures is second to none. During the past 20 years we have successfully treated thousands of cases. Our practice extends not only throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico, but also includes many foreign countries. Our long experience, remarkable skill, and universal success for the past 20 years in Ohio, entitle us to the full confidence of the afflicted. The celebrated France Treatment is acknowledged by many, including prominent physicians, as being the most complete and successful treatment known to the medical world, for diseases of men and women. Wonderful Cures Effected in old cases which have been unskillfully treated. Our success is indicated by cures effected. Testimonials sent us by physicians and patients is positive proof. References—We can refer you to the First National Bank, or any bank or reputable business house in Columbus, Ohio, besides any reliable mercantile agency can be consulted as to our financial standing.
NO MONEY REQUIRED OF RESPONSIBLE PARTIES TO COMMENCE TREATMENT.
WHAT WE TREAT. We positively cure all curable diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, such as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Diarrhoea; Eye and Ear Diseases; Deformities and Surgical Diseases; Chronic and Desperate Rheumatic, Heart and Liver Diseases; Blood and Skin Diseases such as Scrofula, Ulcers, Eczema, Pimples, Freckles, etc.; Female Diseases, especially those which have baffled the skill of other physicians. Epileptic Fits, Rupture permanently cured by a new, scientific method. Brain, Spinal and Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Headache, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Nervous Exhaustion, and Spinal Irritation. Cancer cured without the use of a knife. Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Bladder, Enlarged Prostate, frequent and dribbling Urination, etc. Throat, Lung and Nasal Diseases such as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Deafness, etc., cured by our original system of home treatment.
It costs no more to employ an expert than to risk your life with an inexperienced physician.
PRIVATE AND SEXUAL DISEASES.—A perfect cure guaranteed in all curable cases. Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhoea, Seminal Weakness, Effects of Youthful Indiscretion and Sexual Excesses, Nervous Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, Loss of Memory and Energy, Impotency, etc., quickly and permanently cured by an original treatment. Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, Gleet, Stricture, Hydrocele, and Varicocele cured in the shortest possible time, without the use of mercury or hindrance from business. Curable cases guaranteed when others have failed. Low charges; consultation free.
The France System of Local Treatment with Medicated Pad for Men is positively the most complete and successful known for Varicocele and Stricture, also weak and undeveloped organs.
IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—After years of experience, there has been discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases peculiar to the sex. Female diseases positively cured by a new method. The cure is effected by home treatment. Entirely harmless and easily applied. Consultation and correspondence free and strictly confidential.
OUR MEDICATED BOUGIE NEVER FAILS TO CURE
THE FRANCE URETHRAL TREATMENT is a medicated Bougie for the cure of Stricture and all forms of Diseases of the Bladder, Urethra, and Prostate Gland. The Bougies are inserted into the urethral canal upon retiring at night, and slip into position without the slightest effort, requiring a short time to dissolve. They act like a mild electric current, invigorating and imparting vim and snap to the entire body. The curative effect is felt from the first application. Our special treatment completely dissolves the Stricture and permanently removes obstructions from the urinary passage.
Treatment by Correspondence. Each person applying for Medical Treatment should send from two to four ounces of urine, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopical examination. We have cured thousands of cases we have never seen. Write for book of 160 pages and list of questions. Correspondence, Consultation and Examination free and strictly confidential. No names published without the written consent of the patient. Treatment sent by mail or express to any part of the United States.
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LONNIE HASTINGS

Once More Breathes the Air of Liberty—Is Released From Jail Monday Evening.

HIS FASTING HAS ITS EFFECT

Prosecuting Witness Asks That He Be Released and It Is So Ordered by the Court—Months in Jail for a Minor Offense—Notes and News of Court of Common Pleas.

Lonnie Hastings, the Kentucky boy who has been in the county jail for the past twelve weeks because of his inability to furnish a peace bond, was released Monday afternoon on the instructions of Judge Young.

Charles Rinker, who had Hastings arrested, asked Prosecutor Guthery to have him released, and the latter asked the judge to allow the prisoner his liberty on his own recognizance. Hastings' bond was placed at $100, but as he has not a dollar to his name it is virtually turning him loose without any bond.

Hastings, it will be remembered, was working for Rinker at the time he got into the trouble which landed him a prisoner in the county jail. He went to Caledonia one Saturday night and imbibed freely. On coming home he decided to run things as they do in old Kentucky, but it wouldn't work and he has been repenting ever since. On several occasions he has made the assertion that if he was not released from the jail at once he would kill himself, and lately has been starving himself.

In the matter of M. L. Martin against J. C. Priester, the death of the defendant was suggested and Andrew Leffler, administrator of the estate of the deceased, was substituted as party defendant with leave to plead by March 9.

C. B. Chase, who was appointed guardian ad litem of the minor defendants in the matter of Henry Keller against C. F. Keller, and others, filed the customary answer Monday afternoon.

Partition has been ordered and B. F. Staples, Charles Hofstetter and John C. Last have been appointed commissioners to appraise the property involved in the matter of H. W. Keller against C. F. Keller, and others.

The defendants being in default for answer and demurrer, a decree as prayed for in the plaintiff's petition was issued Tuesday by Judge Young in the matter of W. J. Myers against George Underwood, and others, in which the plaintiff was seeking to have his title to certain lands quieted as against the defendants.

Wm. Mahaffey, who was tried in common pleas court Thursday for pointing firearms, was found guilty by the jury which was out a couple of hours before returning the verdict. Judge Young was lenient with the boy on account of it being his first offense and his youth. The lad was given a fine of five dollars and the costs, which he made arrangements to make good in a couple of days.

Mahaffey, it seems from the testimony, pointed the gun at a man named Fish who was in the act of taking one of Mahaffey's horses to the city pound because it was out tramping up lawns in the vicinity in which Fish lives.

The matter of B. E. Stahl against Christian Gracely has been dismissed at the costs of the plaintiff.

In the matter of Lenox Reber against the board of county commissioners, in which the local fairgrounds are involved a precipe asking for an order of sale for the grounds has been filed in common pleas court by Mouser & Quigley, attorneys for the plaintiff. This makes it certain that Mr. Reber intends having the ground sold, but the sale will in no way affect the fair this fall.

A point of law furnished a loophole through which Richard C. Townley, whose trial for perjury was begun Friday in common pleas court, was enabled to escape. After the plaintiff's testimony was in, there was almost no doubt in the minds of those who heard it, but that Townley was in hard lines. He went before Deputy Clerk Falk, who was supposed to be the qualified clerk of the court, and took what was supposed to be an oath, which he immediately began to break. His intentions were not good.

The sympathies of the crowd were with Mrs. Townley and his daughter, Mrs. Mamie Spencer, who has been allied with her stepmother against her father throughout the entire fight, since Townley got his fraudulent divorce. After the judge had announced his decision on the second motion to take the matter from the jury and direct a verdict for the defendant, there were many expressions of regret.

The point of law involved is this: William Falk was never given a second certificate of appointment when Waddell entered upon the second term as clerk, and a journal entry was not made covering the appointment. Under these circumstances he was not qualified to administer an oath upon which criminal prosecution could be based. Oaths administered would be all right, but one violating them could not be prosecuted. It will in no way affect the business transacted by him during the second term of the clerk.

The second indictment against Townley will not be nollied, nor will it be prosecuted at once. It was on the score of Townley swearing to the divorce petition, but it has been learned that an oath was not administered to him by the justice of the peace whose signature was attached to the petition, hence he can not be prosecuted.

Prosecutor Fred E. Guthery will carry the matter to the circuit court for a decision. Even if decided in his favor, nothing can be done with Townley on the indictment upon which he was released Friday, as he has once been in jeopardy and found not guilty. But the matter is of sufficient importance to warrant carrying it to the circuit court.

An answer and cross petition setting forth a claim of $158.13 against Rilla Baun and Bruce Baun, was filed in common pleas court by Charles E. Wyatt, through Mouser & Quigley, his attorneys, in the matter of the Indemnity Building, Savings and Loan company against Rilla Baun, and others.

The matter of Mary E. Boxwell against James M. Fletcher was assigned for trial in common pleas court Monday, but the attorneys in the matter got together before the jury was empanelled and made a settlement. The matter was one in which the plaintiff was seeking to have a judgment against the defendant revived. Crissinger & Guthery represented the plaintiff and J. W. Barry of Mt. Gilead was here as counsel for the defendant.

Anna S. Brown was Tuesday granted $75 alimony in the matter of Anna S. Brown against Ellis W. Brown. Twenty-five dollars of the amount is to be paid to the plaintiff and fifty dollars is to be paid to the clerk of the courts to secure the costs of the proceeding.

LUTHER DENISON

Dies at His Home in Waldo Late Monday Afternoon.

Mr. Luther Denison, aged sixty-five years, died at his home in Waldo late Monday afternoon, having been sick several weeks, during which time he suffered from grip and paralysis of the brain.

Mr. Denison was for a long time a local business man, being a member of the drug firm of L. Denison & Company and later of the firm of Denison & Reiser.

Mr. Denison was born in Yorktown, Pennsylvania, August 9, 1836, and was a son of Andrew and Sarah Denison. He came to Marion in 1851 and has been in the drug business almost continuously since. He worked for Dr. Galley until the latter died in 1856, and then entered the store of H. Peters. Later he was associated with P. O. Sharpless in the same business, remaining with him until 1871. He was employed by H. True and H. True & Company until 1881, when the partnership of L. Denison & Company was formed. He left here some two years ago to enter the drug business in Waldo.

October 22, 1861, Mr. Denison was married to Miss Sarah L. Pancoast of Pennsylvania. They lived happily together until several years ago, when she answered the last summons. August 28, last year, he was quietly united in marriage with Miss Clemmie Tavener of this city, and it is one of the pathetic decrees of fate that scarcely should their honeymoon be passed until he was stricken with the dread illness from which recovery was impossible.

The funeral occurred at Waldo Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, and the remains were brought here for burial, arriving at about 12:30.

PATRICK J. FLAHERTY

Dies at Hot Springs at an Early Hour Tuesday Morning.

Patrick J. Flaherty died at Hot Springs, Arkansas, Tuesday morning at about 3 o'clock. Mr. Flaherty went to that resort about six weeks ago, and was employed in one of the leading barber shops. He was afflicted with appendicitis, which resulted in his death.

The deceased was well known in the city, and spent the greater part of his life here. He was married and his wife is prostrated by the sad news.

Mr. Flaherty was about thirty-five years of age, and is the son of Mrs. Bridget Flaherty of Park street.

George Kraner and Charles McMurray, who were with him at the time of his death, wire that the remains were shipped from Hot Springs Tuesday evening.

Two Cases of Cancer Cured.

Windsor, Ont., Jan. 11, 1900.

Dr. C. D. Warner, Dear Sir:—I have used your Compound of Seven Cures, the great cancer cure and blood purifier, with excellent results. I can recommend it for the purposes for which it is given. I know of two cases of cancer which were given up by the doctors, but were cured by Dr. Warner's Compound of Seven Cures.

Yours truly, J. H. Mann.

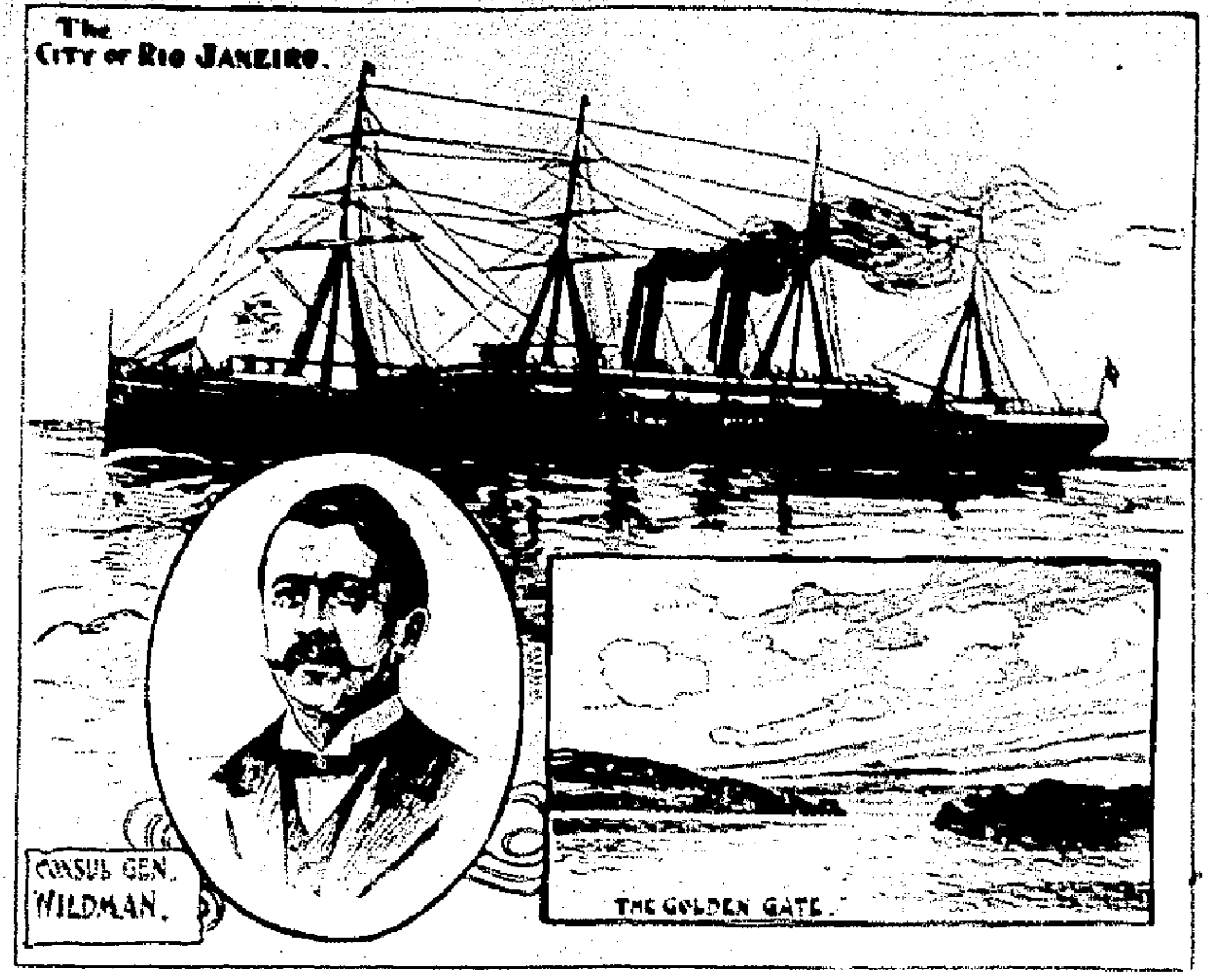
For sale by W. B. Foye.

For a New Road.

A road petition asking for the opening of a new road in Salt Rock township was filed with the county commissioners Tuesday. It was represented by Rollin Thompson, and others. The hearing on the petition will occur April 1 and viewers will then be appointed to make a view of the road.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents.


The City of Rio Janeiro.
Consul Gen. Wildman.
The Golden Gate.

THE STEAMSHIP TRAGEDY AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

FROM EGYPT

John Hanley Receives a Letter From His Friend Dr. Irwin.

John Hanley of Caledonia is in receipt of a letter from Dr. A. J. Irwin of Mansfield, also well known here, which is written at Cairo under date of January 25. An extract from it reads as follows:

We have been in Egypt for about five weeks, viewing the remains of the old Egyptian civilization, which is very interesting.

It is remarkable how they handled the immense stones which they put in these wonderful temples. I measured one stone which is 36x30x9 feet. It had been quarried at Assuan, 131 miles distant. The statue of Rameses II, which stood upon it was about three times as large, all one stone.

There is an obelisk at Karnak, 100x10x10 feet, a single stone. It is also from Assuan. There is one hall in the Karnak temple in which there stands one hundred and thirty-six columns sixty feet high and twelve feet in diameter. We would hardly know how to transport and erect such weights now. The temples and statues and tombs are all that remain of the work of the Pharaohs. Judging from the number and size of the temples they must have been a very religious people. Now they are devout Mohammedans.

By the way, about half of the people of Egypt are blind, due to the bright sun and neglect of the eyes of the children.

CITY COMMITTEE

Of the Democracy Assembles at Club Room Monday Night.

The Democratic city committee met Monday evening at the Democratic headquarters in the Cunnain block on west Church street. After a discussion as to how long the ward primaries should be kept open the night of the fifteenth of March, it was decided to change the hours from 5 to 7 o'clock as was originally intended to from 5 to 8 o'clock, thus giving the voters an hour longer in which to get to the polls.

The city candidates were assessed to furnish funds with which to meet the expenses of the campaign. It was not made public how great the assessments were. The latter part of the evening was passed with a sort of lovefeast, the candidates telling each other how much they think of one another and how small their chances for getting the nomination are.

MARCH FOURTEENTH

The City Republicans Will Hold Their Primaries.

The Republican City committee met Monday evening at the office of Copeland & Bartram on south Main street. It was decided to hold the ward caucuses to nominate candidates for councilmen the evening of March 14. The delegates to the city convention, which will nominate a mayor, city solicitor, street commissioner and marshal will be named the same evening. The convention will be held at the common pleas court room the evening of March 15.

The committee meeting Monday evening was quite well attended.

Death Near Big Island.

A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Thrush died at their home in Big Island township Monday. She was about twenty years of age, and had been sick for some time, suffering from an attack of peritonitis. The death of the young lady was not unexpected, as her condition has been critical for the past week.

Westfield Marriage.

Justice E. M. Conklin, at his office in Westfield township, Morrow county, Saturday evening married Mr. William A. Bartlett and Miss Stella Miller, both of Waldo township, Marion Ohio.

PEOPLE OF CUBA

America Has Decided To Make Eight Demands Which Constitution Must Recognize.

MUST NOT IMPAIR INDEPENDENCE

Nor Contract Big Public Debt—Must Maintain an Adequate Government, Rights Must Be Protected—Must Clean Up—Title of Isle of Pine To Be Determined.

Washington, Feb. 25.—Senator Platt of Connecticut, from the committee on relations with Cuba, Monday reported favorably an amendment to the army appropriation bill providing for an adjustment of the Cuban situation. The amendment has been pronounced acceptable to Mr. Teller. The amendment purposed to avoid an extra session of congress, and, after reciting the Teller resolution promising Cuban independence, authorizes the president "to leave the government and control of the island of Cuba to its people" so soon as a government shall have been established under a constitution, which shall define the future relations of the United States with Cuba as follows:

1. Cuba not to enter into any treaty which will tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor with any foreign power to obtain lodgment in Cuba.

2. Cuba not to contract any public debt, the interest on which cannot be defrayed from the current receipts of the government.

3. Cuba to consent that the United States exercise the right to preserve Cuban independence and to maintain a government adequate to protect life, property and liberty and to discharge the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Paris treaty on the United States now to be assumed by Cuba.

4. All lawful rights acquired under the military occupation to be maintained and protected.

5. Cuba to execute plans for the sanitation of the cities of the island.

6. The title to Isle of Pines to be left to future adjustment by treaty.

7. Cuba to sell or lease lands to the United States for coaling or naval stations.

8. Cuba to embody the foregoing provisions in a permanent treaty with the United States.

AT MANSFIELD

Mr. Samuel Glanner and Miss Mary Smith Are Married.

Mr. Samuel Glanner, watchman at the Main street crossing of the Erie, was married to Miss Mary Smith at the home of her parents in Mansfield last Friday evening, Rev. Jones of that city officiating.

Mr. Glanner returned to this city Monday. His bride will join him in a few days, and they will make their future home in Marion.

AT HENSLEY HOME

Mr. Oney Call and Miss Fannie Vance Are Married Monday.

Mr. Oney Call and Miss Fannie Vance, both of Owen, were quietly married Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock by Rev. J. L. Hensley at the latter's home on Cherry street.

The young people are both quite well known in the vicinity of the village in which they reside.

For Sale.

Threshing outfit, 12 horsepower Leader engine, one 36-inch Leader separator, with weigher. One independent stacker, water tank, one No. 4 Victor clover huller, one McCormick corn shredder, new, buzz outfit. All in shape for running, to sell at a low figure. W. P. Williams, Green Camp, Ohio. 23-12-wk-p

OF MEASLES

The Little Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ireland Dies Monday.

Viola Bessie daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Watson Ireland of Fairground street, died Monday at about noon. The little one suffered an attack of measles which resulted in her death. She was one year and eighteen days of age.

The funeral took place from the home Wednesday forenoon at 9:30 o'clock.

Too late to cure a cold after consumption has fastened its deadly grip on the lungs. Take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup while yet there is time.

White fish in pails at the Lewis grocery. 25-wk-tf

The Reflecting Power of Snow.

William S. Eddy of Bayonne, N. J. has lately made complete tests of the reflecting power of [illegible] as compared with sunlit and cloud shaded snow. As a result of his experiments Mr. Eddy found that under [illegible] were about 11 times as bright as cloud shaded snow and eight times as bright as sunlit snow. Previous experiments showed that sunlit snow was only about twice as bright as snow shadowed by clouds of ordinary density. Mr. Eddy considers these experiments important in that they bear upon the visibility of army signals from snow capped mountain peaks.

Trials of Travelers.

"Did you have any trouble with foreign languages on the other side?"

"We got along all right with French and German, but we couldn't understand the English."—Chicago Record.

Driven to It.

Bronco Bill: I hate to have to do it, partner, but [illegible] papers showed me up [illegible] the only way [illegible] good books.—New York World.

Bowlus' Foot Forms.

THE UP-TO-DATE Girl

Knows that our Mannish Boots are made for walking, bad weather wear, and for her comfort generally.

L. C. Bowlus & Co.
Phone 2102.

A Convincing Argument

In favor of clothing buying now is offered by our inventory sale of Overcoats and Top Coats--Coverts, Kersey and Oxford mixed, at cut prices, ranging from $5 to $15 for the finest. These are surprising the men who think that tailors have a monopoly on high class garments.

EVERYTHING THAT MEN AND BOYS WEAR.

STRELITZS.

FAMOUS WHISKERS CUT.

W. B. Marden of Maine Destroys a Marvel For the Museums.

W. B. Marden of Liberty, Me., who has been famed far and wide as the possessor of whiskers the like of which were never raised in Kansas, has cut the whiskers off and burned them in the kitchen stove, partly because they were getting to be a lonely nuisance and partly because he had become tired of answering questions.

In 1898, when the whiskers were said to measure 8 feet 9 inches, a man went all the way from Boston to offer him a good salary if he would just go up to the Hub, sit a few hours a day on the stage of a museum and let the skeptical yank gently at his whiskers to prove that they were genuine and not glued on. Marden declined the offer with thanks, saying that so long as farming was yielding good in Waldo county and his pension kept on coming regularly he would not think of associating with Circassian beauties, skeletons and the like.

The whiskers were of a reddish brown and of silky texture, slightly crinkled. The quality was all right, only the quantity was bothersome. Considered as a curiosity, the whiskers were great, but for all the ordinary purposes of whiskers they were a nuisance. So it was that the other day Mr. Marden suddenly rose from his splint bottomed easy chair and called for scissors. Then, to the astonishment of all beholders, he with two or three savage clips severed the wonderful whiskers from his face. He grabbed the stove lifter, snatched off a cover of the kitchen stove and crowded the whiskers into the fire. In a minute the growth of 30 years was gone to ashes. The whiskers when burned were 10 feet 4 inches long, so people of Liberty declare.

ARMORED BICYCLE.

Military Wheel That Is Practical Invented In England.

A new armored bicycle, invented by a Mr. Wyley Lord, has recently received considerable attention in England. It solves the problem, hitherto deemed insoluble, of carrying a shield.

The design of the wheel is such as to facilitate storage, transport and ease in maneuvers. The machine is constructed for easy and quick mounting and dismounting and is shod with cushion tires which have been approved by high military authority (Major General Sir J. F. Maurice) as specially adapted for military use—the result of tests actually made in maneuvers.

The shield is attached to the front wheel. The rifleman turns it up instantaneously in the act of dismounting. A loophole through it enables him to open fire without exposure. This shield of harveyized steel is capable of resisting infantry fire at 250 yards, and with this wheel the cyclist can easily make ten miles an hour on rough roads. In the maneuvers such a machine was ridden 65 miles in one day by a single rider, and on the two following days the latter was still able to do hard orderly service with it.

The back mud guard is a powerful intrenching spade, which can be used for throwing up cover against artillery fire. The shield weighs but 16 pounds and when tested under fire proved its value. One shot perforated the rubber tire without impairing its efficiency in the least.

Automobile Signboards.

The Automobile club of Long Island proposes to place signboards all over the island for the benefit of drivers of motor machines, says the New York Tribune. The members have already arranged to place 40 of these signboards, and corporations have promised to increase the number to 250. The signs will be bolted to poles already in place and will be lasting. They will be made of cast iron, and the lettering will be large enough to be seen at a distance. An effort will be made to have the signs "fool proof," so that small boys with rocks and pot hunters with short shotguns will have to look elsewhere for targets. The signs will extend all the way from Brooklyn to Amagansett. Members of the Long Island club will tour the island extensively as soon as the weather will permit to see for themselves where signposts should be put up.

Twins Born In Two States.

While Mrs. P. T. Bulger of Portland, Or., was traveling on a train toward Spokane, Wash., the other day, she gave birth to twins. The elder, a boy, was born in Oregon, and the other, a girl, in the state of Washington an hour later. This is the first case on record where twins were born in different states.

HEADLEY'S DRUG STORE.

WE HAVE MANY THINGS

you need. We want to sell them to you. We sell them at reasonable prices. We solicit your trade. We appreciate your trade. We will try to merit your trade. Come in and see us and we may be able to help you.

J. W. HEADLEY
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
The West Center Street Druggist.

J. C. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

WHO LAUNDERS YOUR DRESS SHIRT?

THE Dress Shirt is the first thing noticed about your dressing apparel. It should be pure white, without any gloss, and with the right stiffness to hold its shape.

☞ Send us a few dress shirts to judge our work by. A postal card brings our wagon.

THE ANTHONY STEAM LAUNDRY.

A PERFECT JEWELRY STORE.

Aigretts

Those beautiful and fashionable ornaments for the hair. A new line just in. See them in the west show window.

M. Nelson & Sons.
The East Center Street Jewelers.

Quick, Free Delivery.

We Claim

to give you the most exacting and satisfactory drug service in Marion. That we please is evidenced in the fact that our trade is a growing one and we invite your patronage.

The Dumble Pharmacy
M. L. DUMBLE,
Phone 10. 121 N. Main St.

Charles H. Conley,
Lawyer.
Office 103½ N. Main St. Phone [illegible]
5% Loans Negotiated.

DR. LINSCOTT.
DENTIST.
Office opposite Hotel Marion.
All Work Carefully Performed.

CHAMPION OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

THE suggestion recently made in an English newspaper that the women of Great Britain and the United States combine in an effort to raise funds for the erection of a monument to Elizabeth Cady Stanton has met with a hearty response in this country, and it is probable that definite steps for the opening of subscription lists will soon be taken. It was suggested that the monument shall be located in Johnstown, N. Y., in which city Elizabeth Cady was born Nov. 12, 1815, and this will probably be done.

No American woman's career has been a more splendid example of courage and faith in the right or more fruitful of good work for her own sex than that of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Now in her eighty-sixth year, she turns her face and looks both ways, backward over the rugged path she traveled, forward to the near, shining tablelands of peace and satisfaction.

From the time she was [illegible] years old Elizabeth Cady has worked for women and for justice and human rights. What made her do it? What started her on that road in the first place?

There was a powerful prenatal influence to begin. Her parents were both intellectual persons, endowed with the strong, healthy physique of a Scotch ancestry. Elizabeth has really never been ill in her life. Some months preceding her birth her father became a candidate for congress, "in the time when it meant so much more to be a congressman than it does now," says Mrs. Stanton. The campaign was an exciting one. Her mother entered into it heart and soul. Mrs. Cady's sympathies were all called out for her husband's sake. She studied the political issues, understanding them perfectly, deciding sharply in her own mind between right and wrong. Through the whole of the contest she went mentally with Mr. Cady in his speeches, arguments and debates.

The most important result of this campaign was Elizabeth herself, the infant born soon after. She brought into the world with her a nature volcanic in its force and fire. Years of effort have covered the volcano with a perfect crust of self control, yet it is there still, giving power and warmth to the calm, dignified woman who began to think for herself 76 years ago.

Her mother had ten children, five sons and five daughters—vigorous, noisy young animals. Elizabeth [illegible] of any. Judge Cady's law offices were in a wing of his house. When the children's uproar became more than even a mother could bear, Mrs. Cady used to send some of them into the father's office to obtain quiet for herself. Elizabeth, the restless, the ringleader, was the one usually condemned to this exile.

Among other inheritances from the peculiar circumstances of her birth were an imagination vivid and intense, a sense of justice arrowlike in its directness, great sympathy and a mind precociously vigorous and alert. In her father's office, instead of playing about like a biddable little girl, she listened to the law. Cases were discussed in her hearing without a thought of the seed that fell into the fertile soil of the child's mind.

Many of the clients appealing to Judge Cady were wives whose husbands [illegible] purses of gold. At the husband's death he usually left a will giving everything to his eldest son, with the proviso that the mother was to be taken care of out of the inheritance. It was sour bread the poor, defrauded women ate thereafter, and they came to the lawyer for redress. He could only shake his head even in the most aggravated cases and say he could do nothing. The law gave the man all rights over the woman's property.

Upon the mind of the child Elizabeth these pitiful stories fell like drops of fire. Her powerful, wise father could do nothing! Then she would. There gradually shaped itself in her soul the conviction that all evils whatsoever could be righted, and she was the one to do it. Finding her [illegible] over the wrongs of women, her father's law [illegible] began teasing and [illegible]. They [illegible] told her that when she married [illegible] everything she had, even her clothes, [illegible] husband's. These [illegible] the social degradation of women.

"They rubbed it into me all the time, and it [illegible] part of my education," says Mrs. Stanton.

Her brothers dropped out of life one after another till one day the last son of Judge Cady was brought home dead. He sat beside the coffin alone and mourned as only a man can who builds all his hopes upon a son. Elizabeth crept into his arms to comfort him.

"Oh, my child, my child!" he said. "If you were only a boy!"

Into her heart and imagination the words sank deep.

"I'll be just as good as a boy to papa," she said to herself.

From that day "anything to beat a boy" became the motto of this gifted, eager woman child. She became strong and active physically through athletic training and outdoor exercise. She asked the pastor of the church to teach her Greek along with a class of boys from five to eight years older than herself. He consented, and the girl child, studying with [illegible], at once took the place next to the head of her class and held it to the end. Then she received a prize of a Greek Testament. With a full, happy heart she carried it to her father.

"Now he'll see that I'm as good as a boy," she told herself.

Judge Cady looked at the book and at her. There was love, but not a spark of pride in his eye.

"How I do wish you were a boy!" was all he said.

She ran to her room, threw herself upon her face and shed the bitterest tears of all her life. She never forgot it, never entirely overcame the effects of this blow. That, too, was part of her education. In after years she fought through the New York legislature the bill giving married women property rights. Influenced by what was told her by negroes who had been slaves in her father's family in the state of New York, the impressionable child when she was a woman became an antislavery worker along with Frederick Douglass, Lloyd Garrison, Lucretia Mott and the rest. She called the first convention to consider the rights of woman. It met in Seneca Falls in 1848.

Had she been a man, gifted as she was, there is nothing in this republic Elizabeth Cady Stanton might not have aspired to and won. But we are glad she was a woman, to know the needs of women, to suffer with them, to labor for them. Her work will stand as part of the history of this country.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Photo, copyright, 1900, by [illegible]

THREE GENERATIONS—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, HER DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER.

A GREAT TRAVELER.

Although, perhaps, Mrs. Alec Tweedie is not the most traveled woman explorer, yet she is one of the greatest authorities on such countries as Finland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden—in fact, countries where snow and ice abound seem to have a great attraction for the author of "A Girl's Ride Through Iceland," "Through Finland In Carts," etc. Mrs. Tweedie when exploring Finland made the greater part of her way through the country on horseback, this being by no means the only expedition she has carried out on foot.

This famous woman explorer does not mix a great deal in society, but when resting from her travels lives in rather quiet retirement. Now and again, however, Mrs. Tweedie entertains at her house in the west end of London, invitations to these entertainments being much sought after by the elite, for, of course, Mrs. Tweedie is a most interesting lady to meet, a capital hostess and a brilliant conversationalist who is ever ready to entertain her guests with delightful accounts of her travels. Her house is absolutely packed with curios from all parts of the world, among them being two sledges which Mr. J. [illegible], the famous arctic explorer, used during his expedition, and a photograph of his meeting with Nansen, both of these intrepid arctic travelers being among Mrs. Tweedie's most intimate friends.

THE MARRIAGE KNOT.

We often talk of the "marriage knot," but very few of us realize that the knot was ever anything more than a figure of speech. Among the Babylonians tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from that of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union which now existed between herself and her husband.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris. Design by [illegible].

CLOAK OF BLACK TAFFETA AND EMBROIDERY.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

ARE you acquainted with Miss Sue Perlative? Her family is the most numerous in the United States, outranking even the Smiths and the Joneses, and, rather curiously, it consists largely of young ladies. There are some of Miss Sue Perlative's cousins in every state in the Union. Ordinary events happen to the people around her—never to Miss Sue Perlative. Whatever passes through the sieve of her mind comes out transformed into the highest or lowest degree of possibility. If anything could go beyond the highest or lowest degree of possibility, Sue would put it there. She talks in outbursts of [illegible] explosion and emphasis. "I almost died," she tells you, putting tremendous emphasis on the "almost." This is characteristic also of the young lady relatives of Miss Sue—the peculiar and startling emphasis with which they strike that word "almost."

A charming young lady is Miss Sue Perlative, but just now she feels uncomfortable. She has a cold—just a plain, common cold in her head. It is not at all romantic. Miss Sue's throat is slightly sore. There is a dullness over her eyes. [illegible] feeling behind her nose, accompanied with a goneness in the solar plexus. She meets young Will Philpar and pours her sufferings into his ears. He listens because he cannot get away. The poor girl says in her [illegible] visionary voice: "Oh, Will Philpar, I'm almost dead! I haven't slept one wink for six nights. I never had such a cold in all my life. I've the awfulest, frightfulest, horriblest headache! Can't hold my eyes open. I feel just as though I couldn't live another day with it. Really and truly, I expect my head will split open every minute!"

"I almost went wild this morning," says Miss Sue Perlative. "I am invited to dine this evening, and I had my nails manicured in the latest style. They were the prettiest thing out. I never had them done so well in all my life, and I was the proudest thing you ever saw. Well, I struck my hand against the staircase and whacked the point of my thumb nail off, leaving it blunt and square. My blood ran cold. I was heartbroken over it. It was almost tragic."

Miss Sue Perlative goes to a little dinner at the home of a dear relative, Miss Represent. Next day she describes the feast to Aunty Dole, who was not there. "I had the loveliest time you ever heard of—simply divine!" she exclaims. "I was almost famished, actually starved, you know, and the ice cream was perfectly splendid. The macaroons were heavenly, and the candied fruits! Oh, I can't tell you, but they were glorious! And there was the orange sherbet! It was inexpressible. I could have swallowed a gallon of it. I was almost transported!"

Miss Sue Perlative has an adventure. She narrates it to her friend, Pinkie Dudd: "Oh, Pinkie, I never was so upset in my life—never in all my born days. I'll never get over it. I was in an electric car going down town, and the car was running rip tear. I never was in a car that went so fast. In front of the car an old woman—she was about 1,000 years old—was crossing the street, with a dog on a string. Its name was Feathers. I heard her speak to it, and it was the dearest, sweetest, tiniest, cunningest, cutest, smartest little fluff ball of a doggy woggy of a doggy that ever was. It was the newest fashioned dog, the toy Pom—just out. The old woman didn't see the car till it was close upon her, but I saw her, and I almost died. My heart was in my mouth. I screeched as loud as I could, so the conductor would look out in front of the car and tell the motorman. Well, the dog got across the street safe, but I never was so scared to death in my life. It was the most fearful thing! Actually drove me out of my senses. I almost fainted."

When young ladies exhaust the resources of the English language in superlatives and exaggerations over trifles, what will they do if something really serious happens?

DOG SHOW

A CHATTY POTPOURRI

TABLE ETIQUETTE

I HAVE been tempted, and I have yielded—yielded to the impulse to paraphrase that soothing saying which comes to us on hard luck occasions, "Every dog has his day," to "Her dog has every day"—that is, at the Garden kennel show. "Her" dog is the acme of perfection. Nobody's pet has quite the same chic air about it—in fact, she so well understands the art of grooming herself that it is a mere matter of habit for "doggy" to reflect the same potent charm. These and like complimentary speeches are heard at every turn in the vicinity of Madison Square Garden, where holds forth the annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel club.

The dog show has come to be quite as great a feature of fashionable life in the metropolis as the horse show. It is here women and men of our set give practical demonstrations of the saying that "blood will tell" by excellent examples of the pedigreed pup. The usual quota of bowwows of all nationalities and ends is augmented by a generous installment of prize winners from British lovers of the brutes, who have sent them over to compete with American born products. Interest in the baby contest is decidedly on the wane in consequence. I understand that the toggery of the "E. P.'s" (English pups) is bewildering. This was told me by one who has yearly carried off the palm for the most smartly caparisoned dog at the show. My, but she's in a flutter! With half a dozen scouts on a voyage of discovery for the first new bit of dog finery produced, and a seamstress at call to copy the fad! I won't give names, but she's almost as cross as the big Dane and as supercilious as the pug, who for the moment is an animal in favor. Judging from the trappings sent over by a leading Paris establishment for the dogs of the household, milady must look to her laurels if she would not be eclipsed. To Aunt Betty's old fashioned ideas, 'tis an unforgivable prodigality, this indulgence in clothes for dogs. Be that as it may, a young woman suddenly thrown upon her own resources is earning a comfortable living by the manufacture of coats, handkerchiefs and shoes for the pet. Special pieces of jewelry, such as collars studded with mock gems and bangles for the left fore foot, may be observed on the more aristocratic quadrupeds.

The coat Fifi wears should match his mistress' and have a little turned down fur collar instead of the turned up blizzard pattern of last winter. To some women a little dog is as necessary a complement to her toilet as a buttonhole of flowers, and the fad is to hug it so close to your person that it looks part and parcel of your furs. A love of a girl will don one day a reseda green crape trimmed in black and white lace insertions and a big, black, tucked chiffon plateau just to be in harmony with her white, woolly dog, who affects emeralds and black velvet protectors. Fancy the whole procession done up in accordance with such freaky fashion and really presenting a pretty picture because, absurd as it seems, there is an amount of consistent coloring thus wise obtained which, despite prejudice of principles, is monstrously fetching. The din is fearful; the piping voices of the tiny Japanese specimens mingle discordantly with the vicious growl of the bulls, and all along the line of bench beauties one hears a medley of incongruous noises, yet not one word of complaint. Women have pocketed their nerves and are parading their pride, or mayhap they've added another accomplishment to the Science healer's list, who tells you dogs make music, not noise—and there you are!

Pretty girls, large and small, and stately matrons, too, are using their eyes and other beguiling methods to create an impression for themselves first and doggy afterward on the judges. At present all is serene. Dinner and supper invitations are simply being hurled at their heads, and one vies with another to outdo in attention. What a difference, though, there'll be at the week's end!

There's been quite a departure in the manner of entertainments scheduled for the week. Guests are invited to the houses for supper or dinner, and not to the restaurants, as has been a much vaunted custom of late. I'm glad to note this, for it is a change in the right direction. To my mind it was always a doubtful compliment to be asked to a restaurant instead of to one's home. I was a home guest during the week and was greatly impressed with the regularity and prettiness of the table arrangements, of which I made bold to speak to my hostess, and this is what she had to say on the subject: "The first important requisite in setting the table is a tape measure; for mathematical precision it is absolutely essential.

"Armed with measuring stick or tape, the housewife follows her maid, who bears the tray of spoons, forks and knives. Exactly two inches from the edge of the table they are placed, and fork, knife and soup spoon must be no nearer.

"The sharp edge of the knives must be turned toward the plates. The forks rest with their concave sides up; the spoons ditto.

"The napkin, with dinner roll within, is directly in front of the plate, where the dessert spoon and fork may also be placed, although it is better to pass them with the dessert plate.

"Keep saltcellars—one in each corner—as near the edge of the table as possible—about two and one-half inches is the proper distance.

"Let no carafe appear upon your mahogany; it is among the things which, like butter plates, have been. Water is poured from a pitcher into the glasses as needed.

"Four dishes of almonds and sweets stand six inches from the centerpiece, which may be of cut glass or silver, filled with fruit or flowers.

"Do not fill a liqueur glass more than two-thirds full. The same rule goes as regards wine and water glass.

"As soon as one plate is removed another must be put in its place, that no one at the table during the course of the meal may be without a plate before him.

"Leave the napkin at the left of the plate.

"The hostess who values her reputation passes no butter at dinner and serves neither sugar nor cream with the after dinner coffee. Clear coffee is a digester."

Dorothy has been writing the most breezy epistles from the Riviera, and I fain would repeat all her pleasant and unique talk on clothes were there time. I quote just a bit about coats, which are so beauteous you must have first information on the subject:

"Transparency cloaks, like clouds, half veil and half display this splendor and enhance its effect. They also lend a new beauty to the picturesque whole. Fancy a black net cloak with a garland of roses and carnations made of mousseline and velvet thrown carelessly round it from the height of the left shoulder to the extremest point of the shawl shaped back. The excessively lovely impression is that of a rope of blossoms carelessly cast over the wearer's dress, for the black part of the wrap is not discernible at a distance, merging as it does with the black of the dress. The palest, creamiest sand color is chosen for south of France daytime frocks. This trims excellently with gold. A waist belt of gold tissue, for instance, below the bolero looks well, and sometimes is hand painted with delicately tinted flowers."

DAISY MAY.

New York.

YOUR CHILD IS IN DANGER
From many diseases. Children who are well nourished successfully resist disease to which an ill-nourished child succumbs. Your child has enough food. Does the food make flesh? If not there is something wrong with the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. That wrong can be quickly righted by the use of
DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
In ninety-eight cases out of every hundred it completely cures indigestion and other diseases of the digestive and nutritive system in both young and old. You can consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.
FREE! Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent on receipt of 21 cents to pay cost of mailing only. Address Dr. Pierce, as above.

A Good Thing.
German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Boschee, a celebrated German physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in medicine. It quickly cures coughs, colds and all lung troubles of the severest nature, removing, as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in a strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test of years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its rapidly increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Boschee's German Syrup was introduced in the United States in 1868, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will relieve any ordinary cough. Price 75 cents. Get Green's Prize Almanac. For sale by W. B. Foye.

Scald head is an eczema of the scalp—very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

If you know you have a liver it is time you took Simm's Little Liver Pills. They make you forget your liver—keep your insides right. At druggists, forty for ten cents.

Mardi Gras
Go to Mardi Gras at New Orleans or Mobile via Cincinnati and the Queen & Crescent Route. Its fast trains penetrate every part of the Central South. 24 hour schedule Cincinnati to New Orleans and Mobile. Through Pullmans daily Cincinnati to New Orleans and Chattanooga to Mobile. Observation, parlor and cafe cars—free reclining chairs—Through Pullmans to all important Southern cities.
Mardi Gras, one fare, round trip daily, February 12 to 18. Tickets good until March 7 returning.
CHAS. W. ZELL, D. P. A., CINCINNATI.
W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., CINCINNATI.

Louisville & Nashville Railroad, The Great Central Southern Trunk Line.
WINTER TOURIST TICKETS
Now on Sale to
FLORIDA
and the
GULF COAST
Write for folders, descriptive matter, etc., to
C. L. STONE.
General Passenger Agent,
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MAPS, ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS and PRICE LISTS of LANDS and FARMS in
Kentucky, Tennessee
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Mississippi and Florida.

BEAUTIES OF KING EDWARD'S COURT

SOME OF THE FAIR ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN WHO WILL GRACE BUCKINGHAM FUNCTIONS

For many months to come the court of Great Britain will remain plunged in grief, at any rate official grief, for its late head. His majesty Edward VII has declared that the memory of Victoria is worth at least a year's official mourning, and few if any Englishmen and women are inclined to disagree with him.

But when the court of St. James eventually casts aside its sackcloth and ashes a revival of splendor is confidently looked for. Under the late queen it was a sore point with Englishmen that the court of her majesty was eclipsed by those of many of the lesser dignitaries of the continent. Londoners in especial regretted that Queen Victoria spent so little time in her capital city.

Photo by Baker, Birmingham, England.
THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Edward VII is likely to remedy all that. He is of a social disposition, and his court will no doubt reflect the social inclinations of his mind. Especially is the king fond of being surrounded by bright and beautiful faces. As English society is full of beautiful women, his desire will be gratified.

Prominent among the English beauties to figure at King Edward's court will be the Countess of Warwick. She is probably the most beautiful peeress of England. She delights to call herself a "splendid pauper" in playful allusion to the fact that her income is not quite as large as that of some other members of what was previously known as "the Prince of Wales' set." She is better known in England as "the babbling Brooke," for it is generally believed that she made public the famous Tranby Croft baccarat scandal a number of years ago. The Countess of Warwick was then Lady Brooke, since her husband had not yet succeeded to the higher title. Besides her beauty she possesses more than an average share of brains.

One of the American women who will grace King Edward's court will be the Countess of Essex, formerly Miss Adele Grant of New York. Her title has invariably been borne by a beautiful woman, and she is no exception to the rule. Other Americans for whom the king has shown a decided preference in the past and who will help to lighten his court will be Mrs. George Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, and Lady Naylor-Leyland, widow of Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland and formerly Miss Jennie Chamberlain of Ohio. It is known that his majesty has a decided liking for Mrs. Ogden Goelet, a beautiful society woman of New York, and she may be one of the American beauties to lead Great Britain's social season.

Photo by Downey, London.
LADY DE GREY.

Lest we forget, Queen Alexandra must not be left out when taking account of the beauties of King Edward's court. The queen, in spite of her 56 years and the sorrows that have darkened her life, retains much of the beauty that made her conspicuous years ago. By all accounts she is a lovely and lovable woman and will preside over the bevy of younger beauties with the grace inherited from generations of royal ancestry.

Among the women who have touched the susceptible heart of England's king Mrs. George Keppel is one of the latest. Though untitled she is of aristocratic ancestry and the sister-in-law of the Earl of Albemarle. Mrs. Keppel is a typical English beauty and has besides brains and wit to recommend her. To his credit, be it stated, the erstwhile Prince of Wales was always fonder of combined beauty and brains than of greater beauty without mental ability.

The Countess of Mar and Kellie, who is a daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury, is one of the most beautiful women of the United Kingdom. Her title, which is Scotch, is one of the most ancient of the northern kingdom and belongs to the head of the historic family of Erskine. Court gossip has it that the countess has already been selected by Queen Alexandra to fill one of the most important positions of the court. She is well fitted by appearance and experience to grace any position to which she may be called.

Lady de Grey, who will also probably fill an honorary position under Queen Alexandra, has long been one of the most notable and popular beauties of London society. She is a member of the Herbert family, the head of which is the Earl of Pembroke. It is a curious fact that this family is noted for having unusually large feet, and this is the only blemish on the otherwise perfect beauty of Lady de Grey. She is tall, stately and statuesque, with a captivating smile and a perfect figure.

Photo by Lafayette, London.
THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE.

Lady de Grey's first husband was the Earl of Lonsdale, whose death was caused by too fast a life. His widow did not mourn her loss much or long, for she soon married Earl de Grey, who is the son and heir of the Marquis of Ripon, the well known statesman. Lord de Grey is immensely wealthy, and his countess can well afford to indulge her taste for jewels and finery. She is very fond of music and the drama.

Another charming American who enjoyed the favor of the Prince of Wales in days gone past is Mrs. Arthur Paget, who was Miss Minnie Stevens, daughter of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens of New York. Although Mrs. Paget need not make way for any woman in England on the score of beauty, her greatest charms are her wit and originality.

The Duchess of Sutherland as the wife of one of the greatest and richest of England's noblemen will probably be prominent in royal circles. The Duke of Sutherland owns about 1,500,000 acres of English soil. The tastes of his duchess do not run so much to society as they do to philanthropy. She is the sister of the Earl of Rosslyn, who has adopted the stage as a profession and has made his appearance as an actor in America. The Duchess of Sutherland has tried her hand at writing, with a fair share of success.

These are only a few of the lovely women who will grace the court of Edward VII. Among the grand old families of the United Kingdom are many others who are fair of face. They have the entree to royal circles by right of birth, title and great wealth, and although they may not be as prominent as the so called "leaders" they will nevertheless help to make up a charmed circle of beauty and grace that it would be hard to match elsewhere.

HE HAS ENOUGH MONEY.

Extraordinary Determination of a Young St. Louisan.

Probably the most remarkable young man in the United States is Russell E. Gardner of St. Louis, who has just announced publicly that he has enough money [illegible] intend to [illegible], for [illegible] is all the more remarkable [illegible] is not even a millionaire [illegible] of the "plums" [illegible] the [illegible] when compared to the holdings of Rockefeller or Carnegie. In short, Mr. Gardner has amassed a fortune of $250,000 by his own exertions and intends to stop there.

This St. Louis altruist is 37 years of age and has been engaged in manufacturing for 15 years. He started in business with $250 of borrowed capital and by strict attention to affairs was soon able to repay it.

Photo by Gross, St. Louis.
RUSSELL E. GARDNER.

He declares, "I have found moneymaking one of the easiest things in the world."

Mr. Gardner will not retire from trade, but will simply not try to extend his business. He agreed with himself some time ago that he needed a certain sum for his own income, and any surplus that accrues above that is to be divided among his employees, of whom he has about 250. Mr. Gardner proved his sincerity recently by thus giving away $10,000.

Mr. Gardner says that his purpose now is to shake off care and enjoy life. He was born on the Mississippi river and is in love with the mighty stream. He has bought a yacht and intends to spend much of his time on the river with his wife. He is not going to Europe for pleasure. The Mississippi valley is good enough for this American. Mr. Gardner intends to see every bit of the Father of Waters from St. Paul to the gulf of Mexico. He is going up and down the river and into its tributaries, hunting, fishing and just boating.

ROYAL LOVE MATCH.

Results In Wedding of Princess Mercedes With a Bourbon Cousin.

Although there is a general and well founded belief that most royal marriages are arranged to suit the convenience of politics rather than by Dan Cupid, occasionally the little blind god gets a chance at princes and princesses. This seems to be the case in the marriage of Dona Maria Mercedes, princess of the Asturias and elder sister of the young king of Spain, and her distant cousin, Don Carlos de Bourbon, son of the pretender to the throne of Naples.

The match was strongly opposed by the cortes, or parliament of Spain, on the ground that the princess should wed some one who would add strength to the dynasty, which needs all the support it can get. This Don Carlos assuredly cannot give. He is not the celebrated Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, but is distantly related to him. His family have, however, also been engaged in plots against the present dynasty, and it is said that the Count de Caserta, father of the young man, dare not enter Spain for fear of arrest. It is an anomalous position for the father-in-law of a Spanish princess.

Photo by Numa Blanc, Cannes, France.
DON CARLOS DE BOURBON.

Don Carlos was educated in Spain and is a captain in the army of Alfonso XIII. He will be elevated to the rank of an infante, or royal prince.

CUPID'S DOUBLE HIT.

SENATOR FORAKER'S DAUGHTERS WHO WILL WED ON SAME DAY.

Both Are Clever and Beautiful Girls Who Have Been Highly Popular In Washington Society—Their Wedding to Be a Brilliant Affair.

Surely fate has been kind to the junior senator from Ohio in more ways than one, for it has given to him three beautiful daughters and a gallant and handsome son and a bright and lively youngster of S. It may be, however, that Senator Foraker's feelings nowadays when he gazes at his two daughters, Julia and Florence, are not unmixed with regret, for they will soon leave him to establish homes of their own.

Only a very short time ago Senator and Mrs. Foraker made the double announcement of the engagement of their eldest daughter, Florence, to Mr. Randolph Matthews of Cincinnati and that of Miss Julia, their youngest daughter, to Mr. Francis King Wainwright of Philadelphia.

Ever since the advent of Senator Foraker in Washington his family has been deservedly popular in the society of the capital city. Mrs. Foraker gained a splendid reputation for hospitality when the Forakers occupied the gubernatorial mansion of Ohio, and this she has sustained in the larger world of Washington. She is possessed of much social tact and charm as well as a large store of wisdom. It is understood by all that the most efficient helper in the career of Ohio's senator has been his wife.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington.
MISS JULIA BUNDY FORAKER.

Miss Florence Margaret Foraker, Miss Clara Louise Foraker and Miss Julia Bundy Foraker have enjoyed, with their mother, the favors of Washington. The three girls have had an undisputed claim to belleship. They are tall, handsome and graceful, fond of all outdoor sports, good horsewomen and possessed of many accomplishments, as well as an unfailing store of common sense. They are respectively about 25, 21 and 20 years of age.

Senator Foraker's older son, Captain Joseph Benson, Jr., is a lawyer by profession and associated with his father in practice. He served in the Spanish-American war.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington.
MISS FLORENCE FORAKER.

The fiance of Miss Florence is Mr. Randolph Matthews, a son of the late C. Bentley Matthews of Cincinnati and a nephew of the late Stanley Matthews, justice of the United States supreme court. The young man is well known in Washington.

Miss Julia's fiance is the son of Joseph Rodes Wainwright of Philadelphia. Mr. Wainwright is a Princeton man, having been graduated with the class of '98. He is a member of several prominent Philadelphia clubs and is also well known and well liked in Washington, to which city he has naturally been a frequent visitor during the past year.

The double wedding, which is to occur early this spring, will be one of the brilliant social events of the Washington season.

SHAH'S NEW MINISTER.

Succeeds Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan, Who Left Because of His Name.

For several years [illegible] government has managed to [illegible] of a minister from Persia, and few of our Americans knew or cared that the shah was unrepresented at Washington [illegible] Persia is [illegible] few Americans [illegible] way country. We have [illegible] minister at Teheran.

The cause of the partial interruption of diplomatic relations between the United States and Persia was decidedly humorous. In 1888 his majesty the shah was pleased to send to Washington one Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan. Professional American humorists were quick to see the possibilities of such a name, and they made the existence of the proud and haughty gentleman from Teheran a burden to him. He appealed in vain to the state department, which unfortunately has no jurisdiction over our professional jokesmiths. Finally poor Hadji packed up his trunks and fled, and until recently Persia has been unrepresented at Washington.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington.
GENERAL ISAAC KHAN.

The name of the new Persian minister is not quite so humorous. He is General Isaac Khan [illegible] Dovet. The last section of his name is variously reported, according to different authorities. General Isaac Khan is a man of excellent education and has won fame as a diplomat. He has represented his government in St. Petersburg for more than ten years and has also held various other diplomatic positions.

General Khan is a bachelor about 45 years of age and very rich. He intends to establish a legation that will surpass any of the others in magnificence. He is entirely progressive and cosmopolitan and is rapidly learning our language and customs.

General Khan says that one of the objects of his mission is to do all in his power to increase the trade between the two countries. At present Europe is monopolizing most of the commerce of Persia as it has been in the trade for a much longer time, but it remains for the push of the American business man to change these conditions.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Return of a Scotch-American Singer With Songs and Folklore.

Any one who has ever heard a Scotch lassie trilling out the tender, plaintive notes of "Annie Laurie," "Auld Robin Gray" or any of the many other of Scotia's beautiful songs that tug at one's heartstrings will agree with Miss Amy Murray that the melodies and folklore of Scotland are well worth preservation.

Miss Murray is a Scottish American soprano and proudly traces her lineage

Photo by [illegible], New York.
MISS AMY MURRAY.

to Clan Murray, the head of which is the Duke of Athol. Miss Murray has just returned from Scotland with a collection of native musical instruments, fishing creels and outfits, as well as Scottish songs and lore, that probably excels anything of the kind in America. Miss Murray spent several months in her labor of love, living among the fisher folk, shepherds and crofters in the highlands and lowlands. Miss Murray speaks Gaelic like one of the ancient bards whose successor she is.

GIVER OF MILLIONS.

DR. PEARSONS HELPS ALONG STRUGGLING COLLEGES.

He Has Given Away More Than Two Millions, but Does Not Claim to Be Benevolent—Has an Excellent Method of Requiring Self Help.

Although Andrew Carnegie [illegible] some time ago that it was a [illegible] to die rich and [illegible] is attempting to relieve his embarrassment of riches by dotting the surface of the country with free public libraries, it [illegible] not seem to be [illegible] an extraordinary [illegible] money. One [illegible] millionaire [illegible] is not only following out Carnegie's precepts, but also anticipated them by years. This is Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons of Chicago, who has for years been engaged in giving away his fortune to the smaller colleges of the United States.

Dr. Pearsons' most recent act of philanthropy was the giving of [illegible] to a girls' college at Northfield, Mass. This donation made a grand total of more than $2,500,000 distributed by Dr. Pearsons in private and public benefactions.

A few of the doctor's most notable gifts are $175,000 and $50,000 additional for a girls' dormitory to Beloit college, Wis.; [illegible] to Drury college, $50,000 to Colorado Springs college, $50,000 to Mount Holyoke seminary, and $50,000 to Berea college, Ky. No one besides himself knows the extent of his private benefactions, and he won't tell.

The man who has chosen this as the most effective form of doing good is almost 81 years of age, although he looks much younger. He is a resident of Chicago and has been for many years. Dr. Pearsons is a native of Vermont and is descended on his mother's side from the family of Israel Putnam. Young Pearsons obtained his education in the district school and at the age of 16 became a teacher. At 21 he entered Dartmouth college and afterward became a doctor of medicine at Woodstock, Vt. He practiced in Chicopee, Mass., until 1857.

Dr. Pearsons took Greeley's advice and went to Illinois. He early saw the possibilities of Chicago real estate and amassed a fortune by investment. Dr. Pearsons is a shrewd financier, and his ability in that line was of good service to the city of Chicago during his term as alderman in 1876. Dr. Pearsons is married, but he has no children. He seems to have adopted the smaller colleges and is giving them his fortune before his death.

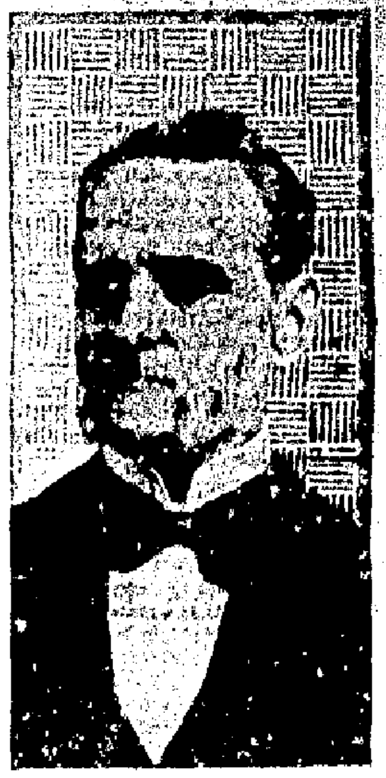


Photo by [illegible], Chicago.
DR. DANIEL K. PEARSONS.

Dr. Pearsons seldom if ever gives money to his proteges without requiring that they exert themselves to raise supplementary contributions. Thus he does for his beneficiaries [illegible] self help, and in the great majority of cases his method has met with splendid success. Nothing pleases Dr. Pearsons more than to receive letters from young men who have been helped to an education by his philanthropy.

Naturally Dr. Pearsons is besieged by appeals for assistance, frequently fraudulent. But he is never deceived, for he is shrewd and well able to tell the false from the true. He has not yet given away all his fortune, but because of the multitude of begging letters that reach him he will hereafter exercise his charity in secret.

Dr. Pearsons makes no claim to the title of philanthropist. He says of himself: "I do not pose as a benevolent man. I am a thrifty and frugal old man. I have labored nearly 60 years to make money, and I have made it and honestly too. I have no benevolence in me, not a particle. I am the most economical, close fisted man you ever put your eyes on. You can see it in my face. It is there. I do not think I ever foolishly spent $20 in my life. I never went to a theater but once in my life, and then I was ashamed of myself. I never went to a horse race or to a football game. I am doing all that I am doing on business principles.

"After working hard and practicing economy for 70 years to lay up money I said to myself: 'What am I going to do with this? I cannot carry it out of the world in my dead hands. Coffins were not made to carry money in. I have got to leave it. That's the way to look at it. Now, what shall I do with it?'" So he decided that the first thing to do with it was to help along the struggling smaller colleges.

NERVITA PILLS
Will Restore Strength, Energy And The Vitality that Nature Intended It to Have
A Nerve Tonic and Blood Builder.
Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail 50c per box. 6 boxes for $2.50, with our bankable guarantee to cure or refund the money paid. Send for circular and copy of our bankable guarantee bond.
60 PILLS 50 CTS.
Nervita Tablets EXTRA STRENGTH
(YELLOW LABEL) Immediate Results
Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Insanity, Paralysis and the Results of Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor. By mail, in plain package, $1.00 a box, 6 for $5.00, with our bankable guarantee bond to cure in 30 days or refund money paid. Address
NERVITA MEDICAL CO.
Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.
The Humble Pharmacy, N. Main St.

COULDN'T FAZE HER.

Miss Barrymore Dropped Her Ringlets but Made It "Business."

While Miss Ethel Barrymore was [illegible] in her own lively little part in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" the other night in New York the long bunch of ringlets that dangle from her chignon in the title "early seventies" style slipped off. Fortunately her [illegible] actor [illegible] was [illegible] a bunch of curls and caught them before they landed on the floor. The leading man promptly stepped forward and in the polished manner of the [illegible] of the early seventies in similar predicaments picked up the bunch of curls from the Grecian bend and, with a low bow, handed it to Miss Barrymore.

She, with much nonchalance, pinned the ringlets on again, not very securely, it seems, though, for presently off they bounced again. This time Miss Barrymore took the center of the stage, all action and dialogue ceased and the audience held its breath while the fair Ethel deliberately pinned those curls on "for keeps." It was all the house could do to keep from clapping when this impromptu but realistic little bit of "business" was safely accomplished.

LOCAL TIME CARD

ERIE RAILROAD

For New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Get time tables and full information from M. R. Dickerson, agent, Marion, Ohio.

CITY DEPOT.

West.	East.
No. 5..*10:08 am	No. 14..*12:52 pm
No. 13.. 3:28 pm	No. 4..*10:26 pm
No. 3..*11:00 pm	No. 18.. 3:40 pm
No. 1..*11:33 pm	No. 12..* 5:26 am
No. 37.. 7:50 am	

No. 14 leaves Marion Junction 11:10 p. m. Carries passengers to Meadville.

No. 1 runs to Marion Junction only.

No. 13 carries passengers between Meadville, Pa., and Chicago, Ill., only.

Nos. 37 and 38 (local) run between Galion and Dayton only.

No. 16 runs to Jamestown, N. Y., only.

Baggage will not be carried on trains Nos. 12 and 14.

C. and E. RAILROAD.

Leave.	Arrive.
No. 1.. 7:30 am	No. 12..*8:10 am
No. 5..*10:28 am	No. 2.. 5:10 pm
No. 13.. 3:45 pm	No. 6..*10:30 pm
No. 3..*11:50 pm	No. 18.. 11:00 am

No. 32, local, 12:55 pm.

No. 12 carries passengers without baggage to Chicago.

Nos. 33 and 32 run between Lima and Marion Junction only.

* Daily. Nos. 37, 38, 11, 1, 5, 18 and 33 daily except Sunday. No. 18 daily except Monday.

BIG FOUR.

In effect, Sunday, May 19, at [illegible] p. m.

Eastbound.	Westbound.
No. 36.. 10:48 am	No. 11..*4:18 am
No. 2..*3:25 pm	No. 19.. 10:37 am
No. 16.. 7:07 pm	No. 3..*11:[illegible]
No. 18.. 10:[illegible] pm	No. 15.. [illegible]
No. 64..*2:46 pm	No. 65..*11:[illegible]

* Nos. 2, 64, 3 and 65 daily, except Sunday.

Hocking Valley

South.	North.
No. 30.. 6:25 am	No. 31.. 6:55 am
No. 32.. 10:15 am	*No. 33.. 10:15 am
No. 34.. 1:27 pm	*No. 35.. 4:20 pm
*No. 36.. 7:08 pm	*No. 37.. 9:00 pm

* Daily.

Trains enter Union depot, Toledo and Columbus.

THE COLUMBUS SANDUSKY & HOCKING RAILROAD CO

C., S. & H. R. R.

Time table in effect Sept. [illegible], 1900.

From Marion to

Columbus and Delaware	7:10 am
Sandusky and Bucyrus	9:10 am
Zanesville and Shawnee	11:00
Cincinnati and Dayton	12:00
Columbus and Delaware	12:00
New York and Philadelphia	5:40
Kenova and Norfolk	[illegible]
Columbus and Delaware	[illegible]
Sandusky and Bucyrus	1:[illegible]
Bellevue and Sandusky	7:10

All trains daily except Sunday.

R. A. Jaynes, Gen. Pas. Agt.
[illegible], agent.

A VERY HARD FALL

Is Sustained by Fire Chief James Knapp During Progress of an Early Morning Fire.

FALLS DOWN A BLIND STAIRWAY

Receives Serious Injuries, but It Is Not Thought That They Will Be Permanent—Three Firemen Suffer Mishaps—The Property Loss Is Reported Quite Small.

The Hotel Western in West Marion was discovered to be on fire Monday morning about 4:30 o'clock. The fire originated, it is supposed, from the stove in the kitchen, which is in the one-story part of the building. The flames spread, and the upper portion of the building ignited, and caused a loss of between $600 and $700.

The west part of the building is two stories in height and the flames burned through the east gable and badly damaged the entire upper story. The family of Nelson Abel, the proprietor of the hotel, and the guests were asleep in this part of the building. They were awakened by the flames and smoke and nearly suffocated in getting out. Mr. Abel's family escaped in their night clothes, as did some of the others, and dressed at the home of a neighbor. They had barely time to get any of their effects out.

The Central department made a hurried run to the fire. The new team showed up in excellent form. It was two hours before the firemen had the fire extinguished.

During the progress of the fire Chief James A. Knapp met with rather severe injuries. He was in one of the upper room, and started to go down a blind stairway, and fell, striking his back on a refrigerator which had fallen over with one of the firemen a minute before. Mr. Knapp was rendered unconscious for a short time, but recovered sufficiently to crawl out of the hole, and Dr. H. L. Uhler was summoned.

It is not believed that there will be any permanent serious results from Mr. Knapp's injuries, unless something further develops. There were no bones broken.

Louis Uhl, one of the minute men, cut one of his hands severely. George France of the chemical wagon and Sam Coler of the Steam Shovel department fell into a cistern, but were not injured.

This is the second serious fire which Mr. Abel has experienced. A few years since a grocery owned by him was destroyed, and at that time he saved his family by lowering them from an upper window by a rope made from the bed clothes.

MARION ATTORNEY

Now Makes a Practice of Reading Over His Dictated Letters.

An attorney of the city, who recently had occasion to dictate to a new stenographer a letter of regret that he could not be present at a banquet, came near getting himself into a predicament out of which it would have racked his brains to explain himself. He told all the reasons, real and imaginary, why he could not attend, and, as he came to the last sentence, audibly added to himself, "all of which is a lie."

The stenographer, who was taking direct from dictation, without taking notice of the import of the last few words, mechanically wrote them out and passed the letter over for inspection and signature. The attorney signed the letter, and was about to seal it without reading it over when his eye lit on the last expression. He wilted. The letter did not go and the recipients of a substitute which was immediately written never knew but what all the excuses, real and imaginary, offered in the substitute letter were as true as truth can be.

SIMON RICE

Dies at His Home Southeast of Caledonia Sunday.

Simon Rice, aged seventy, died at his home a mile southeast of Caledonia, Sunday after an illness of eighteen months. Mr. Rice was born in Canaan township, Morrow county. He was an uncle of ex-Sheriff Simeon B. Rice, and was well known here.

The funeral services were held at the late home of the deceased Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Mather officiating.

GENERAL WHITAKER

Is Appointed Chief of Police of the City of Dayton.

General John C. Whitaker of Dayton has been appointed chief of police of that city. Mr. Whitaker is well known in this city. He is a prominent Odd Fellow, and visits here frequently.

JEROME KENNEDY

Dies at His Home in Marseilles Sunday Evening.

Jerome Kennedy died at his home at Marseilles Sunday evening as the result of an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Kennedy was a relative of John F. Kennedy of this city.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

BY OVERWORK

The One Physician of Marseilles Is Being Worn Out.

A peculiar condition of affairs exists in Marseilles, the little village just over the Marion county line to the northwest.

For the past several weeks there has been an unusual amount of sickness prevailing in that vicinity. There is but one physician in the village, Dr. Graham, and he has been making anywhere from thirty to fifty professional calls each day, thus keeping on the go almost constantly day and night. The work is greater than one man can stand, and the doctor is quite anxious to have another doctor locate there. As it stands now there would be business for them to divide and still each do all he cared to, but as long as there is no other doctor there, he feels that he cannot refuse to go when sent for. It seldom occurs that a doctor gets so much business that he is anxious to have relief and wants some other professional man to break in and take a part of it. There seems to be no indications that the sickness will decrease.

WILLIAM B. FOYE

Purchases the Drug House So Long Run by His Father.

W. B. Foye Saturday purchased from the other heirs of the estate the Foye drug store on west Center street, so long conducted by the late W. B. Foye. The stock was appraised, and the young Mr. Foye immediately took possession. The store will continue under the same name it has always had, the W. B. Foye drug store.

Mr. Foye, the purchaser, though yet a young man, is not by any means new to the drug business. He was in the business with his father for several years, and is thoroughly acquainted with the trade and patrons of the store.

Guy C. Brown of Cleveland, a registered prescription clerk, has been employed and has already begun work.

Mr. Foye's many friends will wish for him the same success which his late father achieved in the business.

MRS. JOHN CARROLL

Dies at Her Home on Silver Street Friday Night.

Mrs. Margaret Carroll, wife of John Carroll, died at her home on Silver street Friday night at about 9 o'clock. Mrs. Carroll has been sick for some time, suffering from the diseases and the infirmities of advanced years, and death was not unexpected.

Mrs. Carroll was well known, not only in this city, but over the entire northern and western part of the county. She was born in Ireland over seventy-six years ago, but came to this country in her early years. For years Mr. and Mrs. Carroll resided in the western part of Marion county, but for some time have lived in Marion. For seven years their residence has been on Silver street. Besides the husband, she leaves a family of grown children to mourn her death.

Some of Our Advantages in the Carpet Business.

Our line represents two of the largest carpet houses in this part of the country who cut and match all our carpets without waste in matching.

Our Brussels, Velvets and Axminsters are cut and fit by expert carpet makers, sewed by electric power machines, all seams and mitres are straight and smooth, so our carpets fit perfectly.

These large carpet houses pushing this immense sample business are the heaviest buyers in the market, have the inside in both price and quality, with all the largest and best mills. So they are able to give us superior quality in all new, up-to-date patterns at prices that enable us to more than meet competition and take such awards as our Y. M. C. A., our opera house and the finest homes in our city. Our carpet business is growing. Last year was our largest. Our line is larger and stronger this year than ever before with no advance in prices.

It is a well known fact that all carpet dealers and manufacturers buy and sell only by sample. No merchant could buy carpets matched up in a carpet room where the light was tempered to suit the seller. He would be afraid imperfections in color or quality might not be discernible. He would feel ten times safer in selecting from samples in a common direct light. Now if this is safest and best for the merchant, why not for the merchant's customers? We show carpets in a convenient way for customers to examine and see what they are buying. No jobs. No soiled, shop-worn goods or out of date patterns. Every piece new. No question about waste in matching at Landon's.

w-sat-t2

Robinson's catarrh remedy is sold by Hoberman & Sharpless, Marion, Ohio, and Long's drug store at Richwood. Try it. 15-wk-1y-c

This is a small ad, but it tells of a great remedy.

Tonsiline

will positively cure any form of sore throat inside 24 hours. Druggists everywhere 25 and 50 cents.

The Tonsiline Co., Canton, Ohio.

ITS WORK ENDED

The Four County Teachers' Association Concludes Its Program Saturday Afternoon.

THE ATTENDANCE IS VERY LARGE

President of the City Board of Education Makes One of the Happiest Hits of the Session — Fine Talk by Superintendent Williams of Sandusky—Other Features.

The afternoon session of the Four County Teachers' association was quite largely attended, in fact the attendance was such as to surprise the members of the association, as it showed plainly the great interest taken by all in such meetings.

The program was of exceptional value to the instructors, the contributors to it, having made it a point to incorporate in their papers and addresses such matters as have a prominent part in the practical school work of the day, and which call for much thought and study to attain the best results in teaching.

The initial number of the program was a fine vocal selection by the Mendelssohn quartet, after which Mr. C. C. Fisher, the president of the board of education, delivered an address of welcome, which proved one of the happiest hits of the occasion. Mr. Fisher's address was full of good humor and entertaining to a high degree. It pleased everybody and was received with hearty applause.

Superintendent H. B. Williams of Sandusky, gave an address on "Habit in Education" which was excellent throughout, as was also a paper dealing with "Nature Study" by Miss Shaber of Bucyrus.

Mrs. J. H. Criswell sang a solo, which won great favor with the audience and was so roundly encored that she was obliged to respond with another.

"The Educative Value of Interpretative Reading" was the subject of a lengthy discussion by W. I. Crane. He handled the subject in a way that made his address one of the most interesting of the session.

"Marking Time" furnished a topic for an interesting discussion by Superintendent I. C. Guinther of Galion and the program was concluded with a fine paper, "The Value of Art in Primary Work," by Miss Florence Robinson, of Mansfield.

The next meeting will be held at Bucyrus, and the following officers have been chosen to serve for that session: W. E. Bliss of Bucyrus, president; T. B. Weaver of Prospect, vice president; Miss Effie Baldinger of Marion, secretary.

TO BE REMODELED

In the Near Future Will Be the Calvary Evangelical Church.

The trustees of the congregation of the Calvary Evangelical church have voted to expend $2,000 in remodeling the church building at the corner of Church and High streets. The plans are quite extensive, and there are several changes to be made.

The entrance to the building will be made from the northwest corner, the pulpit will be changed to where the vestibule is now located. A gallery will be constructed, the partitions removed, and the church transformed into one large room. The exterior of the building will be brick veneered, and in fact the entire building will be remodeled and rearranged.

The Ohio conference of the Evangelical church is to be held in this city in September. The contracts for the remodeling of the church are to be awarded immediately and the work will be completed by the last of August in order to have it in readiness for the conference.

SAVINGS BANK

In the City of Marion Is a Possibility of the Near Future.

Active steps are being taken for the location of a savings bank in this city. F. M. Byers and W. W. Byers of Delaware are promoting the movement, and it is now far enough advanced to almost assure the bank.

The Delaware gentlemen were in the city Saturday and met a number of prominent business men during the afternoon at the Hotel Marion. Their plan is to organize a stock company for the operation of a bank of this kind. With this end in view they went over the ground very thoroughly Saturday, and were so well pleased with the inducements offered here that it was decided to return this week, and further the work of organization.

ABIGAIL JENKINS

Dies Sunday Morning at Her Parents' Home on Lee Street.

Abigail Jenkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jenkins of Lee street, died Sunday morning. The little one suffered an attack of diphtheria the case only being reported to the board of health Saturday. The parents are distracted in their great grief over the death of their daughter. Little Dorothy was six years of age.

The funeral took place from the house Sunday afternoon.

Condensed smoke for smoking meat. The Lewis grocery, opposite court house, north Main street. 39-wk-tf

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Shute of north State street Sunday morning.

CARDINGTON NOTES.

Happenings in the Metropolis of the County of Morrow.

Cardington, Feb. 22.—Wm. Yake, a son of George Yake, residing five miles east of here, purchased a threshing outfit from the Huber Manufacturing company at Marion last week.

Charles Denzer of Richland township is critically ill.

Mrs. Fred Weisse of Richland township is ill with the grip.

Mr. Ross Cooner and Miss Sylvia Baker were married Tuesday.

William D. Doty, aged sixty years, died Sunday of grip.

Mr. J. G. Mills and his sister, Miss Minella, attended the funeral of a relative, H. B. Mills, at LaRue last week.

Mrs. John Stokes, aged eighty-two years, died Sunday.

Mr. William D. Hathaway of this place and Mrs. Della M. Flora of Harmony township were married Thursday by Rev. Mary E. Sipe.

Charles Fissell and family of Marion, spent Sunday with friends in Edison.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Brenzler were business visitors in Marion last week.

John Smith, aged sixty-six years, died Wednesday.

C. W. Maxwell of Marion was in Edison several days last week on business. Mr. Maxwell formerly resided in Edison.

VIOLENTLY INSANE.

Mrs. Viola Keys Is So Adjudged, and Taken to Columbus.

Mrs. Viola Keys of near Claridon was brought to this city Saturday by Deputy Sheriff B. E. Crow and taken to the state hospital for the insane at Columbus that afternoon by Sheriff Battenfeld. The warrant for her arrest on a lunacy charge was sworn to before Probate Judge Burke Friday afternoon by her son, Claude Keys, and was placed in the deputy's hands Saturday morning for service.

The woman has been mentally unbalanced for some time, but only recently became bad enough to warrant her being taken to the state hospital. She has been rather violent the past few days, and it was feared that she would do herself or some of her friends an injury. She went crazy over religion. Saturday she tore her clothes off, almost as rapidly as her friends could place them on her.

PROFITABLE MEETING

Is Held by the Pioneer Farmers' Club Friday Night.

The Pioneer Farmers' club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hayes, February 22. The meeting was called to order by President C. B. Freman. After the devotional exercises an essay was read by Miss Emelia Bauer and discussed by members of the club. This was followed by a recitation by Fay Freman, a song by Ellis Smeltzer, a recitation by Fred Freman, a select reading by Lowell Smeltzer and the question box, a select reading by Edward Uncapher, instrumental music by Florence Bauer, a recitation by Ada McFarlain, music by the club orchestra and instrumental music by Harry Iler and Philip Bauer.

COCHRANTON MAN

Wins a Charming Bride Out in the Hoosier State.

Elmer E. Kerr, the well known merchant of Cochranton, left the first of the week for Rochester, Indiana, on a visit. His friends were greatly surprised Friday evening when Mr. Kerr returned accompanied by a wife.

Mr. Kerr was married at Rochester Tuesday evening, the ceremony being performed at the U. B. parsonage in that city. The bride was Miss Allie Beall, a prominent young lady of Rochester. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr will make their home at Cochranton.

AT GILMORE

The Venerable Mother of Two Marionites Dies Saturday.

The venerable mother of Richard and Samuel Gilmore of this city died at her home in Gilmore, Tuscarawas county, Saturday, at the age of ninety-two years. Six years ago the aged lady suffered a stroke of paralysis, since which time she has been a helpless invalid. Her funeral was held Monday but her sons were unable to attend because of a lack of railroad accommodations which would enable them to reach Gilmore.

HERMAN WETZEL

Dies at His Home in Columbus Sunday—Well Known Here.

Herman Wetzel died at his home in Columbus Saturday afternoon. Mr. Wetzel was well known in this city. He was a nephew of Messrs. William, Louis and Chris Fies, and frequently visited their families in Marion. He was about thirty-five years of age and was a printer by trade, having been employed during life in all of the newspaper offices in Columbus.

Funeral of Father Walsh.

The funeral of Rev. Father Thomas Walsh took place at Hamilton Saturday forenoon at 9:30 o'clock. Archbishop William Henry Elder conducted the services, and Father McNamara of Eaton delivered the funeral sermon.

The remains laid in state from 3 o'clock Friday afternoon until Saturday morning, and were guarded by the Knights of St. George. Delegations from Hillsborough, Cincinnati and Marion attended the funeral.

FORMER MARIONITE

Establishes a New Church — Joint Church Funds Buried.

The following special to Thursday's Columbus Dispatch from Portsmouth, will be of interest in this county, which was at one time the home of Rev. Alva Crabtree:

Rev. Alva Crabtree, a well known Free Will Baptist preacher of this county, has separated himself from his creed and has established a new church to be known as the United Baptists in Christ. Seven churches out of twelve constituting the Little Scioto quarterly meeting of Free Will Baptists have also seceded and have sworn allegiance to Rev. Mr. Crabtree.

The conservative but minority element in the seven seceding churches retain the church property and the new branch of the church will erect new buildings. The treasurer of the quarterly meeting, Thomas Kent of Madison township, this county, hearing of the movement, has buried his funds in a large pasture lot until the courts shall determine to which branch they belong. The affair has created quite a sensation in church circles.

CONTRACTOR J. F. APT

Will Erect the Big Addition to the Milling Company Plant.

The directors of the Marion Milling and Grain company held a meeting at the office of the plant, Thursday evening, and the bids for the new building to be constructed in addition to the present plant were opened. There were seven bidders, all of whom were from this city. J. F. Apt was the lowest and was awarded the contract for $2,622.19.

Mr. Apt will begin work on the building March 1. The building is to be completed before the summer trade opens up.

The contract was awarded to the Erie City Iron company of Erie, Pennsylvania, for a new boiler. The boiler is to be of 125 horse power, and will be put in immediately.

MARION ATTORNEY

Wants To Give Five Hundred to an Electric Railway Company.

If all Marion citizens will be as liberal as one, whose name is withheld, Marion can have electric railroads running in here from every direction. The man in question is a prominent attorney, who, having made his money here, believes in spending it to benefit the city. He has made the Galion and Bucyrus company an offer of $500 when it starts work on the branch of the road which is to come through this city. Those who know say the road is sure to go, and that the Marion attorney was not bluffing when he made the offer.

A Ditch Sold.

The Rorie ditch in Tully township was sold Thursday afternoon at the head. J. A. Winch was awarded the stone wall for $34; L. N. Day the second, third and fifth sections for $56.25; E. E. Brown got section four for $27.75, and the Adelaide Tile and Brick company the tile for $369. The entire ditch will be about 4100 feet long.

Excellent Farm for Sale.

Farm of 74 acres, one and one-half miles east of Scott Town, on Big Island pike. Splendid soil, well watered and in good condition. Flowing well on farm. Orchard. Good terms to good purchaser. A bargain sure. Sold only because of removal.

37-s-16-wk-6-c Dora E. Britton.

New Discovery for Bloodpoisoning. DR. C. D. WARNER'S COMPOUND OF SEVEN CURES, the great cancer remedy, and for all diseases of the skin and blood, from contact and secondary or hereditary causes.

For sale by W. B. Foye.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price 25 cents.

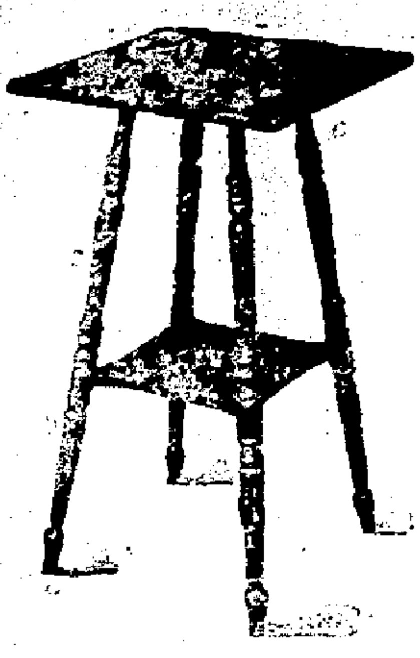
MONEY TO LOAN AT FIVE PER Cent—On first mortgage farm security, in Marion county. Make application at office of Crissinger & Guthery, attorneys at law, 101½ north Main street, Marion, Ohio.

33-wk-4-27

WANTED—An experienced girl to do housework. 520 east Church street.

39-12-wk-c Mrs. W. L. Warner.

CASH OR CREDIT. THE MARION DEPT. CO. CASH OR CREDIT.



STANDS AND CENTER TABLES.

On next Saturday we will have a special sale on 16x16 and 24x24 center tables.

Small Stands 49c

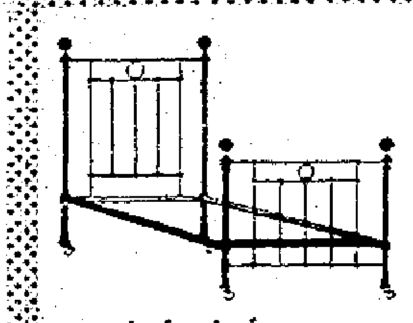
Large Stands $1.48

OUTFITS

Our outfit department is busy all the time. If you haven't all the money just try our easy payment plan as hundreds do.

THE MARION DEPT. CO.

205 and 207 East Center Street.



WE are selling a bed like this cut, with full brass top, finely lacquered, Malleable Iron fastenings, a strictly good bed in every particular, at $5.50. Bow-foot at fifty cents more. Come and see them. You'll not be disappointed.

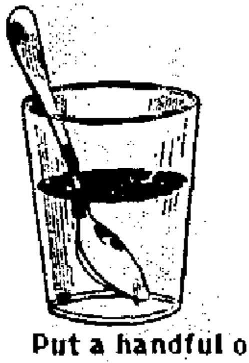
H. Schaffner.

Union Block, - - 212 S. Main.

BEWARE

of coffees coated with eggs and other substances claimed to make the coffee "self-settling."

You can easily imagine what these eggs were like, but if you don't want to trust your imagination make the following



TEST

Put a handful of the "Self-settling" coffee in a glass of luke-warm water, and wash off the coating by stirring a little. Then look at the result, and ask yourself whether you want to drink that coffee. Then make the same test with

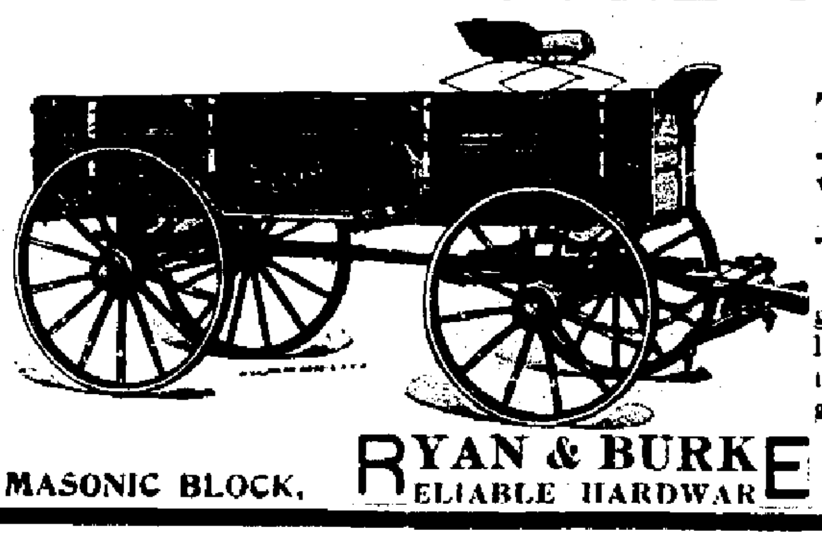
Lion Coffee

The water will remain clear and pure.

LION COFFEE is a pure, wholesome coffee, SOLD STRICTLY ON ITS MERITS, without any glazing such as is used on some package coffees to conceal inferior quality.

THE UP-AND-DOING STORE.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS



For the Famous TURNBULL WAGON.

None other is just as good. Your trade is solicited on the basis of merit, reliability and good work.

MASONIC BLOCK, RYAN & BURKE RELIABLE HARDWARE MARION, OHIO.

IN COMMON PLEAS

Judge Tobias Renders Two Rather Important Opinions Tuesday Evening.

ONE IS IN THE MESSENGER CASE

In Which He Decides That Both Sets of Heirs Have Equal Interests in a Six Thousand Dollar Farm—The Culbertson Matter—Common Pleas Court Notes.

Two rather important decisions were handed down in common pleas court Tuesday afternoon by Judge Tobias. The first was in the partition matter of Everett Messenger against Norman Messenger, and others, in which there were two sets of heirs claiming interests in the estate involved. David Messenger, late of New Bloomington, died some time ago, leaving as his legal representatives and heirs, Everett E. Messenger, and others. He left several thousand dollars worth of property to be divided among them, and immediately a partition suit was begun for that purpose. Later the other heirs of his wife, who had preceded him in death, claimed that they were entitled to a one-half interest in the estate on the ground that during life David Messenger had deeded to her his farm, valued at about $6,000, the consideration named being love and affection and $6,000. Messenger's heirs asserted that the farm was deeded to her simply as a gift, but as the deed set up a money consideration, the court found that it was hers and at her death simply reverted to him as her widower. The partition was ordered as prayed for in the plaintiff's petition, and it was ordered that the heirs of David Messenger and Lydia Messenger were each entitled to one-half of the property described in the petition, which is a farm in Big Island township and a lot in New Bloomington, excepting the lot which goes to his heirs. The plaintiff and some of the defendants immediately gave notice of appeal and the appeal bond was placed at $200.

The second important matter to be disposed of was one brought by James Culbertson against Jacob J. Schoenlaub, treasurer, and others. The plaintiff is the owner of a corner lot on Bellefontaine avenue and he claimed that the city has not the right to assess him per foot front for improvements regardless of what he has. The city assessed him for so many feet along the street. The court found that the city could only assess him for the actual width of his property and not for the feet abutting on the street. The city was enjoined from collecting a greater sum than $65.19, exclusive of the costs and interest, and a judgment was rendered against the plaintiff for the costs. The amount is slightly lower than the plaintiff's assessment owing to the error in the number of feet assessed.

An order of re-appraisement was entered in the partition matter of Isaac E. Wynn against Joseph H. Wynn, and others. J. C. Porter, Byron Maloney and Henry Knickle were appointed commissioners to appraise the property involved. There are two partition suits in court for this same property. One was filed a few years ago and part of the property then involved was appraised and sold. Recently this suit was started without the knowledge that the other suit was still on the appearance and execution docket. The property was not ordered sold as the heirs at that time did not want it to be. The property will probably be sold under the original suit.

The divorce matter of Henry P. Tuttle against May J. Tuttle was dismissed Tuesday by Judge Tobias. He heard the testimony in the matter several weeks ago, but took the case under advisement and decided that the plaintiff had not sufficient grounds for divorce.

Judge Tobias Thursday granted a divorce to Ida E. Mitchell from her husband, Wm. Mitchell, on the grounds of extreme cruelty. She was restored to her former name, Ida E. Warner and the defendant was divested of any dower in the real estate owned by her.

The trial of the matter of Ella N. Pace against the village of Caledonia was taken up Thursday. The plaintiff is suing the defendant for $5,200 for having been injured, she alleges, by falling on one of the defendant's sidewalks which was defective. The defendant claims that she was not injured as a result of its carelessness or negligence, but through her own carelessness.

Quite a bit of delay was occasioned that morning in getting a jury. Four of the thirteen regular jurymen present were excused and, after about half a dozen men picked up on the streets were dismissed, a special venire brought in Michael Clary, Wm. J. Pies, Charles R. Clark and T. J. Ryan. The trouble was occasioned by so much sickness about the city.

An amended petition setting up a claim of $250.75 was filed in common pleas court Wednesday in the matter of Elmer E. Cramer against C. F. Kelber.

Judge Tobias Thursday sustained the motion to strike out certain phrases in the petition in the matter of Frederick Haberman against the city of Marion and others.

Miss Della Morrow of Sargent street is sick.

MORRAL NEWS.

A Fine Social Time—Grip Is Getting In Its Work in Village.

Morral, March 1.—A party of young people gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam McWherter Monday evening and enjoyed an old-fashioned taffy-pull. Those present from town were the Misses Bessie Chamberlain, Ollie Cook and Sadie Miner, Messrs. Frank McBride, Lee Ransbottom, E. Dolber, Arthur Shaffstall, Harry Crim, Wm. Weatherby, Min. Miner, Wm. Cook and Harley Cook. Those from a distance were Miss Pearle Lower of Wyandot, Miss Mae Dix of Prospect and Miss Mattie Miner of Marion.

Mr. Ransbottom, Mr. Shaffstall and Miss Miner delivered recitations and a royal good time was had by all.

Miss Mae Dix of Prospect is visiting at the Miner home this week.

Rev. J. W. Donnan closed a series of revival meetings here last Sunday evening.

Miss Ida Crim is confined to her home by the grip.

Mrs. John Brady and children of Columbus are visiting at the home of Mrs. Brady's parents.

Mr. Lee Ransbottom spent Sunday at Ada.

Mr. Finley Wolfe and mother are both confined to their home south of town by the grip.

Miss Mattie Miner of Marion has been visiting a few weeks with her parents here, while nursing a felon on one of her fingers.

Mrs. George Drake has been sick of the grip.

W. F. Cook spent Sunday at the home of Wm. Buster of Brush Ridge.

Mrs. Olen Clinge, west of town, is a victim of the grip.

The literary society will meet at the school house again next Tuesday night.

ADJUDGED INSANE

Jacob McCauslin of Prospect Allows His Fortune To Slip Through His Fingers.

HE BROODS OVER HIS LOSS

Finally His Mind Becomes Unbalanced and He Becomes Violently Insane—So Adjudged at an Inquest Held at Prospect Thursday—He's Taken to Columbus Today.

Jacob McCauslin of Prospect was adjudged insane Thursday afternoon by the probate judge. Miss Bessie McCauslin, a niece of the unfortunate man, came to the city Thursday morning and swore to the warrant in the probate court, and Probate Judge Burke, accompanied by Sheriff Battenfeld, went to Prospect in the afternoon and held an inquest. The sheriff went down this morning and took McCauslin to the Columbus hospital for the insane.

McCauslin has been mentally unbalanced for some time. He was at one time what is termed well-to-do, but his money slipped through his hands and since then he has done nothing but brood over his financial condition, with the result that he lost his reason. For the past few days he has been violent. He has been entirely dependent upon his niece for support for some time.

FIGURES BY GAGE ON AFRICAN SUPPLIES

Washington, March 1.—Secretary of the Treasury Gage yesterday in reply to the Lentz resolution sent to congress a statement relative to the exportation of supplies to South Africa. He says: "Our ports have been used for the exportation of horses, mules and other supplies for use in South Africa. Between October, 1899, and January 31, 1901, horses, mules and other supplies to the extent of $26,595,692 were exported to South Africa. No steps have been taken to prevent the lawful exportation of horses, mules and other supplies to South Africa. The number of horses and mules shipped was 76,632."

A detailed statement gives the value of the horses exported at $2,689,827; mules, $4,611,365; wheat, $1,273,325; wheat flour, $1,308,289; canned beef, $1,621,274; spirits, rum, $1,524,639. Gunpowder figures with 14,050 pounds, valued at $1,472; other explosives, $7,072; fire arms, $924; hay, $330,511.

Two New Italian Battleships.

Particulars are available of the Italian battleships Regina Elena and Vittorio Emanuele III, which are shortly to be begun, the one at Spezzia and the other at Castellamare. The length of the Regina Elena will be 475½ feet over all and 426.35 feet between perpendiculars; beam, 73.46 feet; displacement, 12,600 tons; engines, about 20,000 horsepower; speed, 22 knots; capacity of bunkers, 2,000 tons; radius of action at a moderate rate of speed, 10,000 miles; armament, three 12 inch, twelve 8 inch, twelve 3 inch and twelve 1.85 inch guns and four torpedo tubes; maximum thickness of armor, 9.84 inches. The Vittorio Emanuele III will be in length 472.42 feet over all and 435 feet between perpendiculars; beam, 73.32 feet; displacement, 2,024 tons; engines, 20,000 horsepower; speed, 22 knots; radius of action, 12,000 miles; armament, two 12 inch, twelve 8 inch, twelve 3 inch and at least twelve smaller guns and four torpedo tubes. The two ships will cost about 1,000,000 lire each.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Garfield of south State street Tuesday night.

THE WARREN CASE

It Is Recalled by the Filing of a Big Brief in the Federal Supreme Court.

IN THE SCIOTO'S ICY WATERS

Nine Prospect Converts of the Baptist Church Are To Be Baptized Next Sunday—Sanatorium Secures Much-Sought Funds—Paragraphs About People.

Prospect, March 1.—The attorneys for the heirs of George E. Warren, deceased, have filed a brief of forty-seven pages with the clerk of the United States supreme court at Washington against the John Hancock Insurance company of Boston. It will be remembered Warren, who was a prominent young man of his vicinity, was found dead with a shot gun wound in his head. The deceased was involved in financial troubles, and carried a large policy in the John Hancock company, who set up a defense of suicide. This case has been tried in Delaware county several times and has finally landed in the federal supreme court for final jurisdiction. Marriott, Jones & Jones represent the plaintiff; Governor Nash and Justice Davis of the supreme court of Ohio, the defendants.

Mrs. E. G. Stockman has returned from Richwood, where she delivered a fine address before the farmers' institute of Union county.

A letter has been received from Percy Baumgartner, who left recently with his family to make his home in Florida, in which he states that all are well and getting along finely.

Rev. Clayton Smucks of the M. E. church is in Chicago in reference to a call he has received from a leading church of that city.

Word has been received of the death of Allen Gillet, a former well known resident of Prospect, at his home in Goshen, Indiana.

Mrs. Dowell of Agosta is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Eversole. Mrs. Dowell has just recovered from a long siege of illness.

Charles Moyer, secretary and treasurer of the Chicago stock yards, is visiting his father, Philip B. Moyer.

R. W. Herbster is in Cincinnati attending the hardware men's convention.

Ed. Randal has removed to Marion, and will, in the future, reside there.

The firm of Cox & Money, stock buyers, has been dissolved. Mr. Money will continue the business, while Mr. Cox goes to Cleveland.

The report of an elopement in Prospect high life is unfounded, but has created considerable talk in certain circles.

Russell Clark, upon whom a tree fell last week, is getting along first rate and rapidly recovering from his injuries.

The promoters of the sanatorium state that as soon as the weather opens up the building will be completed and put in running order, as financial assistance has been secured.

N. LeRoy Belt of Kenton, will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. church next Sunday in place of the pastor.

Next Sunday morning nine Prospect converts to the Baptist faith will be immersed in the icy waters of the Scioto river.

The Prospect Knights of Pythias who attended the anniversary of Marion Lodge, No. 402, speak most highly of the treatment they received from the Marion knights.

GURLEY NOTES.

Mr. Uncapher Will Make His Future Home in Marion.

Gurley, March 1.—Mrs. David Haberman is visiting a few days with her mother, Mrs. A. Roblenz, who is ill.

Mrs. Lucy Slagle, of Latimberville, was the guest of Mrs. Mary Weitz Wednesday and Thursday.

James Foster and Charles Cooper, with their families, started for Central Missouri Wednesday, where they expect to make their homes in the future.

Lou Uncapher sold his stock and farming implements at public sale last Wednesday. There was a large crowd present, and things sold well. Mr. Uncapher expects to move to Marion in the spring, and Joseph Jones will take charge of his farm.

Will H. Hunt of Marion has been spending a few days with friends here.

Rev. John Cook is under the care of Dr. Holmes.

TO SUCCEED WILDMAN.

Washington, March 1.—It is stated at the state department that Wm. A. Rublee, formerly an editorial writer on the Milwaukee Sentinel, will be nominated to succeed Rounseville Wildman, as consul general to Hong Kong. Mr. Rublee is a graduate of Yale and is about forty years old. Under President Harrison he was consul at Prague, Austria. His father was once minister to Switzerland. His application was endorsed by Senator Spooner.

AN AD CENSOR.

Springfield, Ill., March 1.—A bill to censor advertisements printed in newspapers was introduced in the house today. It provides for a state censor appointed by the government at $2,000 a year with not to exceed five deputies at $5.00 a day, who are to prevent the publication of sensational or untruthful advertisements. Fines and imprisonment is the penalty for violation.

VILLAGE OF MARTEL.

Series of Protracted Meetings Is About To Be Opened Up.

Martel, March 1.—Much sickness prevails. Mrs. J. M. Moody had a severe hemmorrhage from the nose the other evening. Jay Sherman, Mrs. Kerr, Burt Moody, Mrs. Burkhart, Mrs. Winch, Edna Karns, Mrs. Guinther and child, Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Day and child, Miss Morrow and Reuben McKinstry are convalescent.

It is said that a saloon is to be opened in this village.

Rev. M. P. Gallcher is delivering a series of very interesting sermons to young people Sunday evenings.

The next annual convention of the Tully Township Sunday-School association will be held at Clyde church in June.

The public schools gave an entertainment the other evening. It was good, and showed much patient training of the little ones. Mr. Christman and Miss Frazee are doing good work.

Dr. and Mrs. King made a business trip to Marion Tuesday.

The quarantine of the case of diphtheria in David Rosen's family has been raised.

Ed. Moody was in Iberia the other day talking telephone. He will extend the line to Salem.

F. Humiston of Galion was in town on business yesterday.

Miss Cora Price is visiting friends here.

Rev. Mr. Joyce will begin a series of meetings at Clyde next Sunday evening. He will give four illustrated sermons on "The Runaway Boy."

FROM CARDINGTON

Young Richland Township Farmer Takes a Better Half at Waldo Saturday.

AN OLD RESIDENT PASSES AWAY

Three Young Richland People Will Leave March 18 To Attend School at Ada—The Vernon-Weisman Wedding—Marionites Visit the Morrow County Metropolis.

Cardington, March 1.—John Rengert of Richland township, purchased the John Bland farm near Waldo last week.

Rev. A. Ebert of the Lutheran church of Richland township has been ill with the grip.

Will Kinney, Jr., son of Wm. Kinney of Richland township was united in marriage to a young lady at Waldo. They will reside at Waldo.

Rev. J. F. Lewis of Marion was in Mt. Gilead Friday.

F. J. Moon and family were visiting in Marion last week.

C. W. Peck, W. R. Vaughan, E. J. Vaughan, John Glauner and H. D. Curl were in Marion Friday night when they took a degree in masonry. They are now Knights Templars.

A. Scott is at Marion on business.

C. W. Fussell and family of Marion were with Morrow county friends several days last week.

Mrs. George Bollinger of Richland township is sick with pneumonia.

Byron Caldwell, an old resident of Morengo, died Monday.

Charles Denzer, a respected farmer of Richland township, died Saturday of consumption, aged forty-two years. A widow and seven children survive him. The funeral was held at the home of the deceased and interment was made in the cemetery at Waldo.

John Weist of LaRue visited Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Heindich of Cardington.

John Lorr and sister, Luella, visited their sister, Mrs. Wm. Creasap of Marion, Friday and Saturday.

W. H. Hixan, who has been employed on the Marion county infirmary farm for the past two years, is spending a week with his parents, west of Cardington.

Mrs. John Poland, Jr., and two children of Marion are visiting her brother, O. D. Miller in Cardington.

Jas. S. Hawser, who has been living on the Jas. Pringle farm, north of this place for the past three years, last week moved to Caledonia, where he has purchased property.

School in district No. 4 in Richland township will close with an entertainment and spelling contest Saturday evening, March 9.

March 18 Mr. Levi Yoke, Jacob Struce and Katie Rengert, all of Richland township, expect to leave for Ada, where they will take the teachers' and musical course.

Mr. Chas. D. Vernan and Miss Cora Weisman, both of Harmony township, this county, were married by Rev. M. F. Wyers Wednesday evening.

Ralph Donnan of Marion spent Saturday and Sunday with Morrow county friends.

REAL ESTATE DEALS.

Elisha B. Durfee and George D. Copeland and wife to Mary Meinhart, lot 1620 in the Park addition to Marion, $400.

James H. Richards, and others, to A. M. Brown, lot 1992 in Sargent's addition to Marion, $1,500.

Morton Coonrod, and others, to G. W. Coonrod, 131 in Grand Prairie township, quit claim, $1.

D. M. Coonrod, and others, to G. W. Coonrod, 131 acres in Grand Prairie township, quit claim, $1.

John C. Morten, and others, to Susanna E. Conklin, 15 acres and 15 perches in Waldo township, $600.

LARUE NEWSLETS

Rufus Sturgis Falls on the Ice and Breaks Two Bones of One of His Wrists.

A SPLENDID SOCIAL OCCASION

Mrs. Emma Guthery Entertains the Twentieth Century Club at Her Home Near the Village—A Number of Other Social Affairs—Sick Items and Personal Notes.

La Rue, March 1.—Miss Edith Shawan of Rushylvania came down to attend the party given by Miss Susie Anderson in honor of her seventh birthday last Friday evening.

Mr. Henry Vinden and sister, Mrs. Henderson, were at Kenton Tuesday visiting their sister, Mrs. Demorest.

Moy Mohr spent Sunday with Prospect friends.

Mrs. John McNeal and little daughter, Edith, of Columbus, are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ring, south of town. Mrs. McNeal was called here by the serious illness of her aged mother.

Monday evening Zenith Temple, No. 141, Rathbone Sisters, assembled in their castle hall for a very interesting meeting. One candidate was initiated into the order.

About a week ago Mrs. Ed. Cook while preparing wood to kindle her fire stepped upon a wire nail which penetrated the bottom of her left foot almost an inch. Not paining her much she worked the remaining portion of the week, caught cold and the injured member is now causing her great pain and promises to be a serious if not a dangerous illness.

J. B. Patterson was at Crestline O. Wednesday.

Mrs. Amy Kemper, who has been dangerously ill at her home on School street, is reported some better.

Mrs. Emma Guthery entertained the Twentieth Century Reading club at her beautiful country home south of town, Tuesday afternoon. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. J. A. Sutton is convalescent after a severe attack of the grip.

Mr. Joe Pfeiffer of Pfeiffer spent Sunday at the home of his sister, Mrs. John Ault.

Clarence Sutton was at Marion Tuesday.

Mrs. Willis Anderson of Galion, was visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Mr. M. Gotterbalt is at Detroit this week on business.

Alf Manley was at Marion Monday.

Mrs. Bert Beardsley and baby of Greenwich, are visiting at J. W. Thatcher's home this week.

Miss Cloe Wagner and Miss Grace Rhue of Mt. Victory, are the guests of Miss Ethel Patrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove Miller announce the birth of a baby boy at their home.

Mrs. Dave Clark, who has been in feeble health for a number of years, is reported quite low at her home north of town.

Rev. C. Hover of Council Bluffs, Iowa, preached a very interesting sermon at the F. B. church last Sunday morning. Mr. Hover is visiting at the home of his niece, Mrs. E. Moon, east of town.

John K. Peters, assistant high school teacher, who has been confined at his home on Main street with a severe attack of the grip, is slowly improving.

The board of education met Monday evening and engaged the services of Miss Mazie Bell to fill the vacancy in the schools caused by Mr. Peter's illness.

Mrs. N. Hardin is slowly recovering from an attack of lung fever.

Mrs. Gatchell is dangerously ill without little hope for her recovery.

Miss Cloe Halstead of Marseilles is visiting her sister, Mrs. Maude Manley.

Mrs. Henry Jordan and daughter drove to Kenton Tuesday and spent the day with friends at that place.

Miss Dell McMillian of Kenton is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Milt Anderson, north of town.

Rufus Sturgess, while engaged in trying to secure some lumber from the river a few days since, had the misfortune to slip upon the ice and fall, breaking both bones of his right arm just above the wrist.

Dr. Scott, Mrs. W. J. Campbell, Miss Mattie Furguson and Miss Jessie Codding were at Marion Wednesday.

John Drake, while engaged in chopping wood at his home south of town, thought to roll down a long heavy log from the top of the high pile. Getting the log upon a balance he stooped down to throw a stick in position, where the log was to fall. While stooping, the timber fell, striking him upon the head, considerably bruising his head and face.

Clarence Jones, who has been working at the hoop factory at this place, left for his home at Wabash, Indiana, Thursday morning.

Mr. Shawan spent Sunday with his family at Rushylvania.

Add and Willie Bain of Hepburn paid this village a visit Thursday.

Twenty of Mt. Victory's jolliest people drove over Wednesday evening and were entertained by about twenty-five LaRuites at the Knights of Pythias hall. The evening was spent in social chat and progressive crokinole, after which a dainty three-course supper was served by the ladies. Miss Edith Ault was the pianist of the evening.

Stephen J. Worley has returned to this city from Hammond, Indiana, where he was called by the illness of his aged father.

MIGHTIEST OF LOADSTONES

It Attracts Not Only Metals, but Such Substances as Dogs and Hogs.

A deep hole of water in Nolynn creek, near Hodgenville, Ky., has for some time been attracting attention by reason of the fact that it has a very strong suction. For years it has been known as "the suck hole." It is about 19 feet deep and about 30 yards long. The water is clear, and bottom can easily be seen. This hole has been watched by people in that section for a number of years, and it has also to some extent been avoided. It now develops that it is no "suck hole," but in the bottom of the river, it is claimed, there is a streak of powerful loadstone.

A man in that community, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, recently constructed a large and substantial raft for the purpose of investigating the causes of the suction in this particular part of the river. It was discovered that the river bottom is solid rock and that through the center of the rock, running lengthwise, is a black streak. It is about five inches in width and runs the length of the hole. This streak was examined with a common fish gig and was found to be very hard. The gig adhered to the stone, and it took no little pulling to extricate it. Further investigation was made, and it is said the streak following the bottom of the river is undoubtedly powerful loadstone.

This hole was discovered over 40 years ago by Enoch Atterbury, who came near losing his life in the water, having been rescued by two men who pulled him out by means of a long pole. Lum Wess and Luther Trabock also came near losing their lives in the hole a short time ago while seining. They were rescued half drowned by other members of the party. The attraction was so powerful toward a chain on the bottom of the seine that the seiners had to abandon it. The hole is not in the main stream, but is an outlet.

A dog thrown into the water never comes out, but is quickly drawn to the bottom. When a trout line is stretched across the place, the unseen energy attracts the hooks to the black streak and there holds them securely until they are drawn out. At times there is a strong undercurrent in the bayou, which is unaccounted for and which often sweeps the bottom clean, relieving the loadstone of its collection.

The locality of the suck hole is getting to be a much dreaded one, especially by the superstitious. It is known to all negroes as the "death hole," and farmers in that section find it difficult to employ negro help. Many cattle and hogs have been lost.

WORLD GROWING BETTER.

Facts and Figures That Ought to Stagger Confirmed Pessimists.

There is a more general feeling now than formerly that the world is growing better instead of worse, says the Boston Globe. Optimists certainly have a pretty substantial basis for thinking so when the financial statistics of the church work going on in every community are considered. According to the latest figures obtainable from the religious bodies, it is found that the annual expenditure for Christian churches throughout the world is a little over $1,000,000,000. It is impossible to conceive that any considerable portion of this large sum is being wasted. The bulk of it, expended for Christian literature, hospitals, orphanages, new churches, institutions and missions, must be productive of good results and therefore bettering the religious and moral conditions of the masses.

In the United States last year the cost of maintaining Christian interests is reported as being nearly $290,000,000. In round numbers Catholics head the list with $31,000,000; then come the Methodists, $29,000,000; Presbyterians, $20,000,000; Episcopalians, $14,000,000; Baptists, $12,000,000, and so on down to the Salvation Army with $750,000. Other important items are new buildings, etc., $37,000,000; hospitals, $28,000,000; education, $21,000,000, and Sunday schools, $7,000,000.

What a contrast is presented between the above amounts and the fact that in 1800 the value of the 2,310 churches in America was $1,500,000. Today we have in this country 187,491 churches with a value of $721,571,372. Every religious denomination seems to be making good progress in its work, and the world cannot help being better for it.

Tit For Tat.

They are telling this story in Washington about Senator Jones of Arkansas, chairman of the Democratic national committee, who is a member of the Humane society and wears a badge that entitles him to investigate the condition of any animal that appears to be ill treated. A few days ago, as he came down from the capitol, he inspected a team that was standing by the curb.

"Here, you!" shouted the driver. "What are you doing there feeling about that horse's neck?"

"I am an officer of the Humane society," replied Senator Jones mildly, "and I want to see if this collar fits this horse."

"Well," snarled the driver, "if that collar don't fit that horse any better than your collar fits you, you just run along and get a cop and have me arrested."

Horse Strangely Killed.

Morris Zog, of Iona, Pa., has lost a valuable draft horse in a peculiar manner. The horse had been in the habit of pulling on the tying strap while standing in the stable and the owner tied him with a chain. The other day while pulling hard on the chain it broke, which caused the horse to throw up his head with much force. In doing so he hit a beam above the stall and fractured his skull and dropped over dead.

The Sterling Store
Hotel Marion Block, E. Center St.

Pillow Tops and Fancy Goods.

We are showing a large line of Pillow Tops at 25 cents that await your inspection our stock of Hamburg patterns is large and contain a new assortment of beautiful designs. We are also showing a new line of

Fancy Braids, Embroideries and White Goods.

It will pay you to look over our line of Embroideries, as we are showing some very good things in this line at......10, 12½ & 15c

Dress Linings.

The best shirt Cambric......5c yard
The 15c Silesia..........12½c
The 15c [illegible]..........10c
Dress Shields.....10, 15 & 25c pair
Dress Stays and Feather Bone

Children's Underwear.

All 25c children's Vests or drawers.......................19c

Our stock of Novelties for spring is large and contains the latest styles.

The Sterling Store
East Center St.

PREPARE FOR SPRING.

You can best do this by hanging the wall paper now, and you may be sure of securing the prettiest and best patterns this market affords, here.

Spring Wall Paper

Stock is now ready, and we have a very convenient place to show patterns, etc.

In Price.

We have demonstrated our ability to undersell others just a trifle perhaps, because we represent the Pittsburg anti-trust companies. We secure paper-hangers for our customers.

THE MARION BAZAR.
Opp. Post Office W. J. GRILLS

DIGGING OUT OLD CITIES.

Recent Discoveries Made in the Republic of Mexico.

News has been received of important archeological discoveries made by the Mexican expedition of the American Museum of Natural History. During the present winter, Mr. Marshall H. Saville, in charge of the expedition, has been investigating the ruins of the palace of Mitla, state of Oaxaca. There is a tradition that extensive subterranean passages exist under this palace. The excavations of Mr. Saville have disclosed a number of cruciform [illegible] under the palace, the knowledge of which may have been handed down among the Indians of that region and may have given rise to the current tradition.

This archeological investigation which the American Museum of Natural History is carrying on in Mexico are being made in co-operation with the Mexican government. The work has also been liberally supported by the generosity of the Duke of Loubat. The work was begun in 1897, and during the first year explorations were carried on in the states of Chiapas and Oaxaca. The latter region has been the principal field of activity during the last years. Great numbers of ruins are found in this state, which in earlier times was inhabited by the [illegible], an Indian tribe which had developed a peculiar culture, differing in many respects from the culture of the Aztecs of Mexico as well as from that of the Mayas of Yucatan.

All druggists sell Dr. [illegible]

STRANGE STICK INDIANS

Little Known Tribes of Aborigines In Alaska.

FACTS COLLECTED BY PROSPECTOR.

In Disposition They Resemble Southern Negroes and in Appearance Are Like Japanese—How They Live, Eat and Sleep—Pretty Marriage Ceremonies—White Man's Diet Destroying Them.

Some interesting facts concerning one of the little known Indian tribes have been collected by Paul A. Fish, a prospector, who has just returned after a four years' stay in the almost unexplored sections of Alaska. More than two years were passed among the Stick Indians of the Copper river, a once numerous tribe, now reduced to about 300 souls. A few of them go down to the coast every year for trading, but their home is in a valley difficult to reach, and the majority of them had never seen a white face until Mr. Fish's party camped among them in November, 1897. To establish communication in such a case is not difficult, for nearly all the Indians of Alaska and the Pacific coast have picked up "Chinook," which is an arbitrary jargon invented by the traders of the Hudson Bay company, and serving as a sort of aboriginal Volapuk.

In appearance and in temperament, says the New York Evening Post, the Stick Indians differ very much from the Indian tribes of the United States. They are of small stature, have oval faces, slanting eyes and thick lips and if dressed in European clothing might be mistaken for Japanese. Their disposition also is the opposite of that of the ordinary Indian. Instead of being stoical and phlegmatic, these people are most garrulous, and the traders liken them to the southern negroes. They have little personal courage except in hunting wild beasts, when they sometimes take extraordinary risks.

For general government the tribe has three chiefs. "Stickman" is known in Chinook as the "hi'u skookum," chief. The [illegible] or lesser chiefs are "Hunnygoolah" and "Nicoll." The people ruled over by this triumvirate are scattered all the way up and down the Copper river valley, one or more families usually living at the junction of each of the small tributaries of the Copper river. These families consist of from 3 to 30 persons of all degrees of relationship, and the oldest man of each is supreme in its government. The winter quarters are on the river, and here are built most of the houses. These are oblong in shape, the walls of logs, the peaked roof of bark laid over poles and forming a tight covering. Along each side is a wide raised bench covered with furs, on which the elders sleep, while the space underneath is given up to the children and sometimes the dogs. It is also used for the storage of dishes and the day's food supply. Rows of slats keep the children, the dogs and the dried fish where they belong. At one end is the entrance, only high enough to crawl through, and at the other is a smaller room, into which all the family can huddle in the very coldest weather.

Although a family occupies only one house, it may own as many as 10 or 12. This is owing to a superstition which forbids an Indian occupying any house in which a person has died. When there is a death in the family, therefore, the only thing to do is to build a new house. To avoid this it is usual to hustle any sick person out of the house with little ceremony and build a rough little shack for his or her accommodation. When a death does occur in the house, the building of the new dwelling is the occasion for much jollification.

In sight from the Copper river valley is Mount Wrangel, which is at times an active volcano. The Indians name it "Unaletta" and will never venture nearer to it than the foothills. They have a tradition that any one foolhardy enough to go nearer will never return. When the Great Spirit finally destroys the world, they believe, he will do it by means of earthquakes and volcanic discharges from Unaletta. These Indians have many superstitions connected with fishing. When a salmon is caught, they believe that if it is killed before the sun rises the killing must be done with a copper knife. Otherwise the Great Spirit will stop the run of fish.

Marriages are celebrated with much more ceremony than funerals. No young man is allowed to marry until he has a home and enough food, "muck muck," as they say in Chinook, to last for the first winter. To the prospective bride's father he makes a present, the value of which will depend on social standing. The suitor for the daughter of a chief is expected to give from $30 to $200 worth of furs, guns, scrap iron or any articles valued by the Indians. These preliminaries settled, the young man goes to the house of the girl, builds a raft and anchors it in the river. There is a great banquet at the house, after which the real ceremony begins with the singing of a sort of duet. The first verse, sung by the bridegroom, tells how beautiful his bride is and how great is his love for her. She replies in a stanza praising him in the same way. He then sings of his home, how fine it is and how happy he can make her there. She replies by telling him of her home, how happy it is and how sorry she would be to leave it. After a number of other stanzas he asks her if she will come to live with him. She refuses. In the last stanza he declares that he will kill himself in despair, then starts for the river and sits down on the raft. Saying that she must save him, the girl follows him and sits beside him. This completes the marriage ceremony.

Indirectly the traders' coming is accomplishing the extermination of the whole tribe. This is largely through the great change in the food supply. The staple food of the Indians was formerly salmon, caught with a scoop net in summer, split open and dried on racks for winter use. Though not attractive at first, the white men found this fish very palatable, saying that it tasted like hickory nuts. The Indians ate it without salt, with a sort of sausage made of mountain sheep's meat and a few nuts. The only thing that saved them from scurvy was their diet of berries in the fall months and the cranberries and juniper berries which could be dug from under the snow in winter. They also had a kind of tea brewed from pine needles. This reasonably healthy fare they have given up for the white man's pork and beans and flour. Though this is only fit for men doing hard work, as soon as the Indians get it they give up working entirely, with the natural result that scurvy and kindred diseases are carrying them off at an appalling rate. Thirty died in one month last year, and the traders fear that none of them will be alive 20 years from now.

The United States geological survey has announced plans for the exploration of this same region, and an appropriation bill to pay its expenses is now before congress. One section of the expedition will start from Bergman next summer for the Copper river valley.

A CURIOUS SITUATION.

Galveston Real Estate Owners Don't Know Who Owns Flooded Property.

A curious situation has developed in Galveston as a sequel to the devastating storm of last fall. Tide covered property is public domain under the law. As a result of changes wrought by the storm the tide now encroaches upon what was previously private property, making it public domain, and there is contention between the former owners and the city over the removal of property which did not succumb to the violence of the storm. Piling on which a hotel stood has been ordered removed by the city council at the expense of the presumed owners, but the agents of these owners refuse to take any action in the matter.

Many questions are involved. Does the piling belong to the persons who placed it where it is or to those who claim ownership of the land on which it is situated? Should the tide recede at some future time will the public domain cease and the right of private ownership be reestablished? "It's a queer situation in which the supposed owners of property find themselves," as the Galveston News says, "deprived of their vested rights by an act of nature, but not relieved from expense attaching thereto by a considerate city council."

DRUNKENNESS IN RUSSIA.

New Laws In Czar's Domain Are Very Severe.

The new Russian laws against drunkenness are very severe. All persons found intoxicated in streets and public places are sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from three days to two weeks. A repetition of the offense is punishable with three months' imprisonment. It is said that the effect of this law, which has just become operative, will be, if rigidly applied, to throw 10 per cent of the population into jail.

An official report of the liquor traffic in Russia, which is largely in the hands of the government, has just been issued. The annual sales amount to about $1,000,000 gallons and the gross receipts to $1,175,000,000. The retail sale of liquor is restricted to places where food is also furnished. The Russian peasant classes drink vodki, a liquor distilled from rye, which is sold at the average price of $1.45 per gallon.

It is worth noting in connection with the new Russian laws that an English royal commission presided over by Lord Peel recently recommended that drunkenness per se in public places should henceforth be considered an offense against the law.

Rare Book Found.

A very valuable book was accidentally found in an out of the way corner of the Columbia University library by V. G. Simkhovitch of the library staff. It is called the "Rights of Women and Children" and was printed in 1558 for Constable Anne, the first duke of Montmorency, who died in war in 1567. An inferior copy of a "Montmorency" was sold in Paris for 5,000 francs in 1879, while another dilapidated copy brought 18,000 francs in 1886. The present volume is bound in brown morocco and is covered with delicately executed interlacings which are supported by a mosaic treatment in seven colors. The back cover bears the Montmorency monogram stamped in gold, and the edges are gauffered and held by silver clasps. No one seems to know how the book was lost in the library for all these years.

Worst Paved City.

Moscow is probably the worst paved city in the world. Great cobblestones driven by hand into a loose bed of sand form a roadway which is always dusty in summer and muddy in autumn, and in many of the roads there is no attempt at a roadway of any kind. The streets are badly watered and cleaned. The yearly expenditure for these two operations is only about $155,000.

Britain's National Dish.

A wholesale emigration of the American small boy and girl might seem probable if the latest report of James Boyle, United States consul at Liverpool, should be disseminated among the youngsters, for Mr. Boyle makes the following statement: "It is probably a fact that jam and not beef is now the national dish of the Britisher."

WANT TO TRAVEL FAST

Will Try to Make Over Two Hundred Miles an Hour.

GREAT PROJECT OF THE GERMANS.

Herr Ratenau, the Well Known Electrician, Has Plans For Electric Train to Make 210 Miles an Hour—Experimental Line to Be Built—Cars Will Be Hermetically Sealed.

Over in Germany they are going to try the experiment of traveling 210 miles an hour by rail. Herr Ratenau, president of the Berlin Society For Generating Electricity, has laid his plans before the emperor, and an experimental military road has been authorized. This road will run between Berlin and Zossen, a distance of 21 miles. As it will be built immediately, the world will not have long to wait for a demonstration of the success or failure of this attempt to travel at such marvelous speed.

Herr Ratenau's project was for the connecting of all the principal cities of Germany with an electric railroad over which the trains should run at a speed of 210 miles an hour when making schedule time. The emperor said, "Try a little road first, and let us see how the scheme works;" hence the building of the road from Berlin to Zossen.

Eminent electricians declare that there is nothing to prevent such a speed being developed, the only obstacles being the elements and the human organism. The railway cars would have to be of special construction and hermetically sealed while traveling at top speed, for no human being could stand the rush of air which such a terrific pace would cause.

Even in a hermetically sealed car the effect of traveling at the rate of 210 miles an hour might be something which could not be borne by the ordinary man. Then there would be the tendency of the train traveling at such terrific speed to leap from the track. The cars would have to be built with great strength, especially as regards their running gear, and the rails would have to be of more than ideal perfection.

The celebrated Russian electrician, Voynarovski of the Electro Technical Institute of St. Petersburg, has expressed doubts as to the possibility of putting Herr Ratenau's project in practical shape, though he admits that the proposed speed could be obtained theoretically with ease. The question is to find the men and materials to stand the strain of such rapid traveling.

The military railroad which the emperor has authorized to be built between Berlin and Zossen will be equipped with electricity as a motive power anyway, though it may not be that it will become a 210 mile an hour road. Herr Ratenau will simply be allowed to try his experiments upon it. A speed of 90 miles an hour, it is said, has already been made on an electric road, but 210—the world doubts.

DULUTH'S AERIAL BRIDGE.

Traveling Car to Be Swung From Truss 150 Feet High.

Duluth will build a bridge the like of which does not exist in America. Bids were advertised for Feb. 9, and the contract will probably be let in a few days. The bridge will cross the ship canal at the entrance to Duluth harbor.

The conditions are peculiar. About 100 cargo ships pass through the canal daily, besides innumerable tugs, etc. A swing bridge would not be permitted by the government, and the Lake Carriers' association would bring pressure to bear against any kind that would hinder navigation. So the bridge is to be aerial, but is to carry a traveling car that will cross the 300 foot canal at street level every few minutes. This car will be swung from a truss 150 feet high, far enough up to clear the masts of the tallest ships. On the truss will be a carriage running on a track, and suspended from this carriage by wire ropes will be the bridge at the level of the adjoining streets. The carriage will be operated by electricity and will cross very quickly. The car will be covered and comfortable.

The design is the invention of a French engineer, and a bridge similar in general plan is in use in Rouen. That at Duluth will cost about $100,000, and, while it will be erected and owned by private capital, the city is to reserve the right to buy and will operate it as a part of the municipal street system from the first.

No Wonder He Wanted Deportation.

When Minister Wu Ting Fang was in New York recently, a man who served in the congress that passed the Chinese exclusion act told him a story about a countryman of his which pleased him greatly. Shortly after the act was passed the secretary of state received a letter from Pennsylvania signed by a Chinaman. The writer said that he had been interested in this legislation and that he fell within the conditions of this act. He had come to this country under false pretenses, and hence he should be deported to China immediately. The request was so strange that the secretary of state ordered an investigation. The agent reported a few days later that the Chinaman's statement about the way in which he entered this country was correct and that he should be deported. There was just one drawback to this programme, however. The Chinaman had been convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

DONKEY FOUND PAY ROCK.

Few Penniless Barney Murphy Made a Fortune In Arizona Mines.

Barney Murphy, who is but 22 years old, has just sold out an Arizona mining claim for $135,000 and has been offered $40,000 additional for still another claim.

Less than two years ago Murphy was penniless. He worked as a laborer for the Copper Queen company. Like thousands of others, he started out in the Bisbee district grub staking. Thousands of prospectors have searched over the mountains of this region, enduring g[illegible] privations, to return at last destitute.

Murphy bought a meager mining outfit and a mule and started out without any definite plans. He was so poor that he was obliged to find some one to finance his scheme. He joined forces with a man named Freeman, who paid the expenses and agreed to pay Murphy $17 a month for one year while he was searching for gold.

In company with a patient jackass and his pots and kettles, bags of beans and pork, blankets and pickaxes, Murphy wandered for several months.

One day his donkey stumbled over a round rock at the bottom of a gulch, which Murphy at once recognized as "live rock." The stone was cracked in places and revealed particles of gold in the gray quartz. He had made his strike. He examined the rock in every direction, and everywhere the tiny yellow specks abounded.

"I knew I was fixed for life," said Murphy in telling his story, "and I just sat down and smoked all day and all night. It proved to be no trick at all to sell such a property."

STRANGE FISH IN A WELL.

Swim Backward or Forward and Have Neither Eyes Nor Mouths.

Some time ago a driven well was sunk at the Howell creamery, Pine Island, New York, to the depth of 250 feet. The supply of water obtained equaled only one quart of the amount necessary, and in order to obtain a greater supply two charges of jovelite, a new explosive, were discharged by William J. Brown, an expert in its use. Both charges were set off simultaneously by an electric battery, and a column of water was thrown to a height of 300 feet. Many strange things came up from the bottom of the well, including three curious fish. They were about eight inches long and had neither head nor tail, both ends being alike. They could swim as easily backward as forward and were not provided with eyes or mouths.

There were several small orifices at each end of these fish. When they came down with a shower of stones from the top of the column of water, they bounded repeatedly many feet in the air. One was captured by a Pole, who, anxious to see its interior, struck it with a dull hatchet, but made no impression whatever upon the fish, although he killed it. One is still alive in captivity.

Prophecies About Edward VII.

The assumption by the new king of the style and title of Edward VII inevitably brings to mind the old saying, half history, half prophecy, concerning the restoration of the mass in England. A lady, says the London Tablet, in a letter to an evening contemporary, quotes the following curious prophecy referred to by a correspondent of Notes and Queries in 1880 as having been repeated to him before the accession of Queen Victoria:

> In three hundred years and moe
> Sixth Edward's mass shall be laid low;
> When Seventh Edward he shall reign,
> Sixth Edward's mass shall be said again.

A different version of the lines was given by another correspondent in the same year, and their authorship was by him attributed to Cardinal Pole:

> Sixth Edward's mass three hundred years and more shall quiet be,
> But in Seventh Edward's reign again restored shall be.

It is curious how widely diffused was the idea that some religious change should take place in England 300 years after the reformation.

Still another version has been furnished us by a correspondent:

> For three hundred years and moe
> Sixth Edward's mass shall be laid low;
> When Seventh Edward he doth reign,
> Sixth Edward's mass shall be again.

The prophetic side of the ancient saw, adds our correspondent, suggests many hopes and is open to many interpretations. But within the limits of the Catholic church it certainly seems to be in the way of working itself out into a matter of fact, as may be seen by a glance at the map of the Catholic dioceses of England and a reference to the statistical statement as to priests and churches in the current Directory. The latter official record assures us that upward of 2,850 masses are now said daily in England.

A State Without Large Cities.

It is a rather singular fact that North Carolina, with a total population in 1900 of 1,893,810, has no city of considerable size. Of the 347 incorporated places there are but 35 that have a population of more than 2,000. Of these 23 have less than 5,000 inhabitants, and six have more than 5,000, but less than 10,000; six have more than 10,000—namely, Wilmington, with 20,976; Charlotte, with 18,091; Asheville, with 14,694; Raleigh, with 13,643; Greensboro, with 10,035, and Winston, with 10,008 inhabitants.

Idaho Women Elected to Office.

Mrs. Mary A. Wright, a member of the last Idaho legislature, has been unanimously elected chief clerk of the house of representatives. Miss Permeal French has been re-elected state superintendent of public instruction in Idaho, and in 15 counties women have been elected superintendents of public instruction. In six counties women have been elected to the office of county treasurer.

LEGAL NOTICE.

No. 9?2. Marion county, O., Common Pleas Court.

William G. Harvey, Robert M. Harvey and Samuel T. Beerbower, plaintiffs, vs. Heber Allen, Jennie Everett, Georgia A. Watson, Horace N. Allen and Jane M. Allen, defendants.

The defendants above named will take notice that on the 19th day of January, A. D. 1901, the plaintiffs filed in the Common Pleas Court of Marion county, Ohio, in case No. 9?2, their certain petition alleging that plaintiff Robert M. Harvey is the owner in fee simple of the following land situate in the Township of Marion, County of Marion and State of Ohio and being the south half of the northwest quarter of section 13, Township 5, south range 15 east, containing 80 acres more or less. Also four rods in width off of the west end of the north half of the northwest quarter of said Section 13, township and range aforesaid, containing 2 acres; that William G. Harvey is the owner in fee simple of the following situate in the township, county and state aforesaid and being the north half of the northwest quarter of said Section 13, containing 80 acres more or less, except four rods in width off of the west end thereof, leaving in the residue 78 acres more or less; that Samuel T. Beerbower is the owner in fee simple of the following situate in the township, county and state aforesaid and being the southwest quarter of said Section 13, township and range aforesaid, except 9 acres more or less, being that part of said quarter section lying south of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company as now located, leaving in the residue 151 acres; that said plaintiffs are in the actual possession of their respective tracts; that plaintiffs title to their said lands is clouded by a certain mortgage standing as an apparent lien upon the same for the reason that said mortgage has never been released of record. The prayer of said petition is for the quieting of the title of plaintiffs to their respective lands as against said defendants and any and all persons claiming under them, all of whom the plaintiffs pray may be barred in the premises and forever enjoined from interfering with plaintiffs in their said title, and possession. The defendants are required to answer on or before March 2?, 1901, or judgment will be taken accordingly.

WILLIAM G. HARVEY,
ROBERT M. HARVEY,
SAMUEL T. BEERBOWER.
By M. B. Chase and Mouser & Quigley, Attorneys. [illegible]

Petition for Free Turnpike Road.

To the Honorable Board of Commissioners of Marion County, Ohio:

GENTLEMEN—The undersigned land owners, owning lands lying within the bounds of a proposed and hereinafter described route of a Free Turnpike Road, respectfully ask that your honorable body do appoint commissioners to lay out and establish a Free Turnpike Road pursuant to the provisions of the statute under Chapter (7) seven, "One Mile Assessment Pikes," Revised Statute of Ohio, Section 4771 to 4828 inclusive, and all acts amendatory thereof or supplementary thereto, upon the following route and between the following points within the County of Marion, State of Ohio, to-wit:

Beginning at the northwest corner of Section 2, Township 5, south range 15 east, Montgomery township, said county, in the line of a north and south public road at the Marion and Kenton Pike; thence south in said township on the section line between Sections 2, 11 and 14 on the east side, and 3, 10 and 15 on the west side, and on the line of said public road about three miles to the corner of sections 14, 15, 22 and 23, said township; thence west in said township on the section line between Sections 15 and 16 on the north side and 21 and 22 on the south side, and on the line of an east and west public road about two miles to the corner of Sections 16, 17, 20 and 21 and an intersection with the LaRue Pike and there terminate; all in said Montgomery township.

The first hearing will be held at the regular meeting of Commissioners on Monday March 4th.

We would represent that we are residents of Marion county; that we own lands that lie within the bounds of said Free Turnpike Road. We further request that an annual levy be made of extra tax upon all the property within said bounds for the period of not exceeding eight years and in amount not exceeding ten mills upon the dollar valuation, each year, as may be deemed necessary by the Commissioners appointed to construct said road and for such orders in the premises as are authorized by law.

Dated January 31, 1901.

D. H. CLIFTON,
W. L. MORRAL,
S. E. CLEMENTS,
E. E. EVERETT,
3714 and others.

Authorized to Commence Business.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Comptroller of the Currency,
Washington, D. C., December 22, 1900.

Whereas by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned it has been made to appear that "The City National Bank of Marion," in the County of Marion and State of Ohio has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking.

Now therefore, I, Chas. G. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The City National Bank of Marion" in the City of Marion, in the County of Marion and State of Ohio, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in section fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand (SEAL) and seal of office this twenty-second day of December, 1900.

CHARLES G. DAWES,
3110 Comptroller of the Currency.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

THE School Examiners of Marion county Ohio, will meet for the examination of teachers at Central school building Saturday

March 16,
April 13,
June 1.

Examinations will commence at 8 a. m. and no applications will be received after 10 a. m. All examinations will be written and positively no private examination will be granted. A fee of 50 cents will be charged on admission to the examination, and each applicant will furnish an envelope, stamped and addressed to him or herself, in which a certificate or notice of failure will be forwarded. Applicants will be graded on a scale of 100. No certificate will be granted when the grade in any branch falls below 65. An average of 75 with a minimum of 65 secures a certificate for one year. 85 with a minimum of 75 secures a certificate for two years. 95 with a minimum of 85 secures a certificate for three years.

Boxwell examinations,

April 20,
May 18.

Success in the school room will also be taken into consideration in determining the class of certificate.

W. F. JOHNSON,
W. P. MOLONE,
F. A. KENNEDY,
Examiners.

Clearly.

"That defaulting bank clerk was engaged in some other business," said Mr Bellefield impressively.

"What other business?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Steal." — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Fight Would Be Worth It.

Mr. Suburb—My neighbor has a big dog that we are all afraid of. What do you advise?

Lawyer—Get a bigger one. Five dollars, please.—New York Weekly.

One Result.

"Our clergyman plays golf."

"Has it done him good?"

"Well, it has cured him of preaching so often against profanity."—Indianapolis Journal.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In Court of Common Pleas.

The State of Ohio, Marion county, ss.

In the Court of Common Pleas. Joah Bland, plaintiff, against John Bright, et al., defendants. Cause No. [illegible].

The defendants—the unknown children-heirs and devisees of John Bright; First name unknown Bright, wife of John Bright; First name unknown Bright, widow of John Bright; the unknown children-heirs and devisees of William S. Drake; the unknown children-heirs and devisees of William W. Drake; the unknown children-heirs and devisees of Ruben Drake; First name unknown Drake, wife of Ruben Drake; First name unknown Drake, widow of Ruben Drake; First name unknown Mahan, husband of Harriet J. Mahan; the unknown children-heirs and devisees of Rebecca Welsh; First name unknown Welsh, husband of Rebecca Welsh; First name unknown Welsh, relict of Rebecca Welsh; the unknown children-heirs and devisees of Clara Welsh; First name unknown Welsh, husband of Clara Welsh; First name unknown Welsh, relict of Clara Welsh; the unknown children-heirs and devisees of Abbie Coldern; First name unknown Coldern, husband of Abbie Coldern; First name unknown Coldern, relict of Abbie Coldern; the unknown children-heirs and devisees of Daniel S. Drake; the unknown children-heirs and devisees of Daniel W. Drake; the unknown heirs and devisees of Rosa Drake; First name unknown Coldern, wife of Charles Coldern; First name unknown Drake, widow of George Drake; First name unknown Drake, wife of George Drake; and the unknown children-heirs and devisees of George Drake; All of whose names and places of residences are to plaintiff unknown, and cannot with reasonable diligence be ascertained.

And the defendants—John Bright; William S. Drake; Rebecca Drake, wife of William S. Drake; Rebecca Drake, widow of William S. Drake; William W. Drake; Ann Drake, wife of William W. Drake; Ann Drake, widow of William W. Drake; Ruben Drake; Rebecca Welsh; Clara Welsh; Abbie Coldern; Daniel S. Drake; Clara Drake, wife of Daniel S. Drake; Clara Drake, widow of Daniel S. Drake; Daniel W. Drake; Rosa Drake; George Drake; John F. English; Evaline Richardson and Oliver Richardson, husband of Evaline Richardson—all of whose places of residence are to plaintiff unknown and cannot with reasonable diligence be ascertained:

And the defendants—William S. Drake and Elizabeth Drake, wife of William S. Drake, both of whom are supposed to reside at Portland, in the state of Oregon; Thomas E. Drake and Mary E. Drake, wife of said Thos. E. Drake, both of whom are supposed to reside at Washington, in the District of Columbia; Margaret Douglass and Robert Douglass, husband of Margaret Douglass, both of whom are supposed to reside at Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania; Iza Perry and Newton Perry, husband of Iza Perry, both of whom are supposed to reside at St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota; May R. Koons and Wilson W. Koons, husband of May R. Koons, both of whom are supposed to reside at St. Cloud, in the State of Minnesota; Nettie Drake and Carrie Drake, both of whom are supposed to reside at Chicago, in the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois; and George Drake, who is supposed to reside at Cheyenne, in the State of Wyoming—will each and all of them take notice that on the 2nd day of February, A. D., 1901, plaintiff filed his petition in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas within and for the County of Marion and State of Ohio, naming all of said parties as defendants thereto, by which petition and action plaintiff seeks to have quieted his title and possession to the following described premises, to-wit:

Situated in the Township of Waldo, County of Marion and State of Ohio, known as parts of section 36, township 6, south range 15, east, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone in the center of a county road, at the northwest corner of said section; thence north 89½ degrees east, along the center of said road, 106.2 rods, to the center of the Marion and Waldo turnpike; thence south 15¾ degrees east, along the center of said turnpike, 61.8 rods to a stone in the center of said turnpike; thence south 85 degrees west, 125.8 rods to the west line of said section; thence north ½ degree west, 70.12 rods to the place of beginning; containing 48.50 acres, more or less.

Also: Beginning at a stone in the center of said county road, at the northeast corner of said section; thence south 89 1-2 degrees west, along the center of said county road, 61.8 rods to a stone in the center of said county road; thence south 5 degrees east, 51 rods; thence north 89 1-2 degrees east, 50.2 rods, to the east line of said section; thence north 1-2 degree west along said section line, 50 rods to the place of beginning containing 19.37 acres, more or less. Said two tracts above described, containing in the aggregate 67.57 acres, more or less, and being the premises conveyed by John Bland and wife to plaintiff by deed dated February 18, 1883, recorded in volume 72, at page 532, Marion County, Ohio, Deed Records.

ALSO: Part of said Section 36, in Township 6, South Range 15, East, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone in the center of a county road at the northwest corner of said section; thence south ¾ degrees east 70 11 rods to a stone at place of beginning; thence south ½ degree, east 23 rods, 18⅞ links to a stone; thence north 85 degrees, east 104 rods 22 links to stone; thence north parallel with the west line of this description, 23 rods and 18⅞ links to a stone; thence south 85 degrees, west 101 rods and 22 links to the place of beginning; containing 15½ acres, more or less, being the same premises conveyed to plaintiff by John Bland by deed dated December 9, 1885, recorded in volume 85, page 169, Deed Records of Marion County, Ohio.

ALSO: The following, devised to plaintiff by the will of his father, John Bland, deceased: Beginning at the southeast corner of the 15½ acre tract conveyed to the plaintiff by said John Bland by deed dated December 9, 1885, above described; thence east, parallel with the township line road, crossing the Marion and Waldo pike to west line of R. Waddell's land 214 rods, 23⅓ links; thence north along said Waddell's west line to the south west corner of plaintiff's 20 acre tract, 35 rods and 19 links; thence west along said plaintiff's south line to southwest corner of plaintiff's said tract, 64 rods; thence north along the west line of plaintiff's said tract to center of township line road, 50 rods; thence west along the center of said road to center of the Marion and Waldo pike, 148 rods, 11⅓ links; thence south along the center of said pike to the southeast corner of plaintiff's said 48.50 acre tract, 61 rods, 16 2-3 links; thence west along the south line of said 48.50 acre tract to the northeast corner of said 15½ acre tract, 20 rods, 16 2-3 links to a stone; thence south along the east line of said 15½ acre tract, 24 rods and 3⅞ links to place of beginning; containing 89 acres and 56 rods of land; in all 172.97 acres, more or less, and all in Fractional Section No. 36, in Waldo township, in the County of Marion and State of Ohio.

And that unless they make answer or otherwise plead to said petition on or before the 31st day of March, A. D., 1901, the allegations thereof will be taken to be true, and plaintiff's title and possession quieted accordingly.

JOAH BLAND, Plaintiff.
COPELAND & BARTRAM,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
59-6twk-1-6

Legal Notice.

Edward Naylor, whose place of residence is unknown, is hereby notified that on February 15, 1901, May Naylor filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Marion county, Ohio, against him praying that she be divorced from said Edward Naylor on the grounds of extreme cruelty and gross neglect of his marital duty, and that said cause will be for hearing on and after April 5, 1901.

Marion, O., February 15, 1901.
MAY NAYLOR
By Louis E. Myers, her attorney. 99 6

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Thomas R. Griffith, deceased.

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Executrix of the will of Thomas R. Griffith late of Marion county, deceased.

Dated this 18th day of February, A. D. 1901.

ELIZABETH A. GRIFFITH,
328 Prospect, Ohio.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In Court of Common Pleas.

The State of Ohio, Marion county, ss.

Joah Bland, as Executor of the last will and testament of John Bland, deceased, plaintiff, against John Bright, et al., defendants. Cause No. [illegible].

The defendants—the unknown children-heirs and devisees of John Bright; first name unknown Bright, wife of John Bright; first name unknown Bright, widow of John Bright; the unknown children, heirs and devisees of William S. Drake; the unknown children, heirs and devisees of William W. Drake; the unknown children, heirs and devisees of Ruben Drake; first name unknown Drake, wife of Ruben Drake; first name unknown Drake, widow of Ruben Drake; first name unknown Mahan, husband of Harriet J. Mahan; the unknown children, heirs and devisees of Rebecca Welsh; first name unknown Welsh, husband of Rebecca Welsh; first name unknown Welsh, relict of Rebecca Welsh; the unknown children, heirs and devisees of Clara Welsh; first name unknown Welsh, husband of Clara Welsh; first name unknown Welsh, relict of Clara Welsh; the unknown children, heirs and devisees of Abbie Coldern; first name unknown Coldern, husband of Abbie Coldern; first name unknown Coldern, relict of Abbie Coldern; the unknown children, heirs and devisees of Daniel S. Drake; the unknown children, heirs and devisees of Daniel W. Drake; the unknown heirs and devisees of Rosa Drake; first name unknown Coldern, wife of Chas. Coldern; first name unknown Drake, widow of George Drake; first name unknown Drake, wife of George Drake; and the unknown children, heirs and devisees of Geo. Drake. All of whose names and places of residence are to plaintiff unknown, and cannot with reasonable diligence be ascertained.

And the defendants—John Bright, William S. Drake, Rebecca Drake, wife of William S. Drake, Rebecca Drake, widow of William S. Drake, William W. Drake, Ann Drake, wife of William W. Drake, Ann Drake, widow of William W. Drake, Ruben Drake, Rebecca Welsh, Clara Welsh, Abbie Coldern, Daniel S. Drake, Clara Drake wife of Daniel S. Drake, Clara Drake, widow of Daniel S. Drake, Daniel W. Drake, Rosa Drake, George Drake, John F. English, Evaline Richardson and Oliver Richardson, husband of Evaline Richardson, all of whose places of residence are to the plaintiff unknown and cannot with reasonable diligence be ascertained.

And the defendants—William S. Drake and Elizabeth Drake, wife of William S. Drake, both of whom are supposed to reside at Portland, in the State of Oregon; Thomas E. Drake and Mary E. Drake, wife of said Thos. E. Drake, both of whom are supposed to reside at Washington, in the District of Columbia; Margaret Douglass and Robert Douglass, husband of Margaret Douglass, both of whom are supposed to reside at Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania; Iza Perry and Newton Perry, husband of Iza Perry, both of whom are supposed to reside at St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota; May R. Koons and Wilson W. Koons, husband of May R. Koons, both of whom are supposed to reside at St. Cloud, in the State of Minnesota; Nettie Drake and Carrie Drake, both of whom are supposed to reside at Chicago, in the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois; and George Drake, who is supposed to reside at Cheyenne, in the State of Wyoming.

Will each and all of them take notice that on the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1901, plaintiff filed his petition in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas within and for the County of Marion and State of Ohio, naming all of said parties as defendants thereto, by which petition and action plaintiff seeks to have quieted his title and possession to the following described premises, to-wit:

Said premises are described as follows: Situate in the County of Marion and State of Ohio, and in the Township of Waldo, and being the whole of fractional Section 36, in Township 6, South Range 15, East, containing 292.29 acres more or less.

Excepting therefrom however, the following: Situated in the Township of Waldo, County of Marion and State of Ohio, and known as parts of Section 36, Township 6, South Range 15, East, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone in the center of a county road, at the northwest corner of said section; thence north 89½ degrees east, along the center of said road 106.2 rods, to the center of the Marion and Waldo turnpike; thence south 15¾ degrees east along the center of said turnpike, 61.8 rods to a stone in the center of said turnpike; thence south 86 degrees west 125.8 rods, to the west line of said section; thence north ½ degree, west, 70.12 rods to the place of beginning; containing 48.50 acres, more or less.

Also: Beginning at a stone in the center of said county road, at the northeast corner of said section; thence south 89½ degrees west, along the center of said county road, 61.8 rods to a stone in the center of said county road; thence south 5 degrees east, 51 rods; thence north 89½ degrees east, 50.2 rods to the east line of said section; thence north ½ degree west, along said section line, 50 rods to the place of beginning, containing 19.37 acres of land, more or less. Said last two described tracts containing in the aggregate 67.57 acres, more or less, and being the premises conveyed by John Bland and wife to Joah Bland by deed dated February 18, 1883, recorded in volume 72 at page 532, Marion County, Ohio, deed records.

Also excepting the following: Being part of said section 36 in township 6, south range 15, east, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone in the center of a county road at the northwest corner of said section; thence south ¾ degrees east 70.11 rods to a stone at place of beginning; thence south ½ degree east 23 rods and [illegible] links to a stone; thence north 85 degrees east 104 rods 22 links to a stone; thence north parallel with the west line of this description 23 rods and 18 and seven-eighths links to a stone; thence south 85 degrees west 101 rods and 22 links to the place of beginning, containing 15½ acres more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to Joah Bland by John Bland by deed dated December 9, 1885, recorded in Volume 85 Page 169, Deed Records, Marion county, Ohio.

Also excepting the following, being part of said section 36 in township 6, south range 15 east, bounded as follows: First—27.61 acres of land devised by the will of John Bland to Emma Oborn, bounded and described as follows: On the south by lands of Emma Oborn, on the east by the Marion and Waldo Pike, on the west by land of Charles Keller, and wide enough to contain 27.61 acres, more particularly described as follows: Beginning at a post on the northeast corner of Emma Oborn land on the west side of Marion and Waldo Pike; thence north 21 rods 15 links along the west side of Marion and Waldo pike to south line of garden fence; thence south 88 degrees 20 minutes west 20 rods 15 links to a post on line of orchard fence; thence north [illegible] degrees west 5 rods 22 and two-third links to a post; thence south 85 degrees 15 minutes west 115 rods 8 links to a post on line of Charles Keller's land; thence south 31 rods 15 and one-sixth links to northwest corner of Emma Oborn land; thence north 85 degrees 15 minutes east 119 rods 22 links to place of beginning, containing 27.61 acres of land.

Second—The following devised by the will of said John Bland to Joah Bland: Beginning at the southeast corner of the 15½ acre tract conveyed to Joah Bland by John Bland by deed dated December 9, 1885, above described; thence east parallel with the township line road crossing the Marion and Waldo Pike to west line of R. Waddell's land 214 rods 23⅓ links; thence north along said Waddell's west line to the southeast corner of Joah Bland's 20 acre tract, 35 rods and 19 links; thence west along said Joah Bland's south line to southwest corner of said Joah Bland's land 64 rods; thence north along the west line of said Joah Bland's land to center of township line road 50 rods; thence west along the center of said road to center of the Marion and Waldo Pike, 149 rods 11⅓ links; thence south along the center of said pike to the southeast corner of said Joah Bland's 48.50 acre tract, 61 rods 16⅔ links; thence west along the south line of said 48.50 tract to the northeast corner of said 15½ acre tract, 20 rods 16 2-3 links to a stone; thence south along the east line of said 15½ acre tract, 24 rods and 3⅞ links to place of beginning, containing 89 acres and 56 rods of land.

Third—48 rods of land out of the south side of said fractional section 36, conveyed to the Trustees of Waldo township, Marion county, Ohio, for the use as a cemetery or burial ground, with right of way for ingress and egress thereto and therefrom.

Leaving, after all of the foregoing exceptions are deducted, 94 acres of land, more or less.

And that unless they make answer or otherwise plead to said petition on or before the 31st day of March, A. D. 1901, the allegations thereof will be taken to be true, and plaintiff's title and possession quieted accordingly.

JOAH BLAND.
As Executor of the last will and testament of John Bland, deceased, plaintiff.
Copeland & Bartram, plaintiff's attorneys.
59-6t wk-1-6

SPINAL weakness easily cured by Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters.
Monthly Pains cured by Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

THE SELFRIDGE FAMILY RECORD UNPARALLELED IN NAVAL ANNALS.

THE recent appointment by President McKinley of a grandson of our oldest retired rear admiral to a cadetship at the Naval Academy has called attention to the fact that there will soon be four members of the Selfridge family represented in the navy, extending their record back nearly 100 years. There has been a great deal said of late about the so called "Victorian era," which has been made to comprehend almost everything notable in the century past, but it is far excelled by the Selfridgian era, which began the year before Victoria was born, when Midshipman Thomas Oliver Selfridge entered our navy at the age of 14. Born in 1804, during Jefferson's first administration, he carries us back almost to the beginning of our presidential era and, had he been so favored, might have seen all our presidents but one, Washington having died five years before his birth, but John Adams surviving it more than 20 years.

He lived during the times of Decatur, Perry, Bainbridge, Preble, Napoleon, Nelson, Lord Pitt and a host of others whose names have been but a memory the past half century and more. He was in service while Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena, having entered 13 years after the battle of Trafalgar, and so on, having lived through all the greatest events of the nineteenth century. It happened that during all the long period of the first Selfridge's service there were no great naval battles, and his only participation in active operations was on the west coast of Mexico, where he received a wound that incapacitated him from sea duty in the year 1848.

Soon after the outbreak of our civil war he was assigned to the Charlestown and Mare Island navy yards, was promoted to a captaincy in 1855, to commodore in 1862 and retired in April, 1866, being promoted to rear admiral in July of that year. He is now the senior rear admiral on the retired list and, like all his brother heroes "on the shelf," draws an annual salary of $4,900 and emoluments, as he has been doing for the past 35 years.

It would seem, in fact, that if one desires to live a life of comparative ease, see something of the world in his early manhood and attain to a green old age, perhaps within hail of the century mark, he has only to secure a position in our army or navy in line for promotion, behave decently and trust to Providence—and time.

Presidential favor may count for something in the original appointment; but, barring accidents, the "age limit" at 62 does the rest, for on the retired lists of our army and navy registers may be found a vast excess of officers over the number actually in active service. At the beginning of this century there were, for example, 43 rear admirals retired and only 18 in active service, while eight commodores were enjoying the immunities of this veritable "sailors' snug harbor" long after their grade had been abolished.

Rear Admiral T. O. Selfridge, Sr., is now 97 years old, for he and the century were in their teens together. But 22 numbers below him in the list of retired rear admirals is his son, Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., who was born in 1837 and retired "for age" three years ago. Unlike his father, T. O. Selfridge, Jr., had the benefit of technical training, having entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, graduating at the head of his class in 1854. Both, of course, entered the navy with a full appreciation of their responsibilities, but it chanced that of the two the son was the one who saw the fighting. He graduated from the academy in time to participate in the tremendous struggle between the different sections of his country and, as second lieutenant, was on the old Cumberland when she was rammed and sunk by the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. His own account of the affair is mighty interesting reading.

"If the Cumberland," he said, "had had steam, she might have had some sort of show in fighting the Merrimac. We had ten guns to her four, and the hail of big shot we poured at her produced considerable effect, knocking away her smokestacks and making large dents in her armor. As it was, the Merrimac struggled for two or three minutes and then broke free, leaving her ram in the Cumberland, which as she backed away settled steadily as the water poured into her through the great holes in her side. While we were sinking I kept up firing the fire of our guns at the Merrimac. When the word came for every one to save himself as best he could, I [illegible] men, and seeing [illegible] vantage that was, I hastily stripped myself to my shirt and trousers and crawled through a porthole just as the ship went under water. I went down with her, but, being a first rate swimmer, I came to the surface again and succeeded in reaching a boat."

Promoted to lieutenant commander in July, 1862, Selfridge had charge of the ironclad Cairo, which was blown up by a torpedo in the Yazoo. Then he commanded the Osage in the Red river expedition and next the Vindicator and the fifth division of the Mississippi river fleet until 1864. While in command of the steamer Conestoga his boat went to the bottom through coming in contact with a Confederate ram, this making three times that Selfridge met with accidents of that nature. He had command of the steamer Huron in both attacks on Fort Fisher and also of the third division of the landing party of sailors that stormed the fort. He was promoted to a commander in 1869 and during the next three years conducted the survey of a ship canal route across Darien. Later he had commands in the North Atlantic and Asiatic squadrons and in 1896 was tried by court martial for "criminal carelessness" in target practice off the coast of Japan, when four natives were killed by the bursting of an unexploded shell. He was exonerated and acquitted, but the trial gave point to the story that he had been sent to the bottom twice and blown up twice, having suffered from the sinking of his ships when on the Cumberland and Conestoga, having been "blown up" by a torpedo when on the Cairo and also as the result of target practice. As if this were not enough, he had tempted fate by accepting the command of a torpedo station, but when the period arrived for his retirement—January, 1898—he was in European waters.

With two of its members on the retired list as rear admirals, it might seem that any family should be satisfied, but there is yet another son of the old admiral in naval service in the person of Commander J. R. Selfridge, who entered the navy in 1861 and worked valiantly throughout the Spanish-American war and of late has filled the position of lighthouse inspector for the second district, with headquarters in Boston. Like his father and brother, he was Massachusetts born and educated, and he forms the third of the illustrious trio which comprises two rear admirals and a commander of our navy in one family. With the appointment of the younger son of Rear Admiral T. O. Selfridge, Jr., to Annapolis there will be next May four of the family on the register.

The greatest interest, of course, centers about the old admiral as the senior naval officer, now not far from his hundredth year. He has preserved his health remarkably and attributes it to his correct habits of life, especially to retiring early and abstemiousness in eating and drinking. It is related that some time during the first Grant administration he was present at an evening party, at which he was urged to remain after he had announced his determination to retire. He would not be persuaded and remarked as he left the room, "I am a much older man than the oldest of you, and most of you are now in what you regard as the prime of life, but if you keep on eating these late suppers you may not any of you live as long as I shall." Among that company were Garfield, Belknap, Senator Zach Chandler and other prominent men, but today not one remains alive, while the old admiral still is with us, a living monument to temperance in living and the efficacy of the retired list as conducive to longevity.

ADMIRAL THOS. O. SELFRIDGE JR
COMMANDER JAMES R. SELFRIDGE
ADMIRAL THOS. O. SELFRIDGE, SR.

HOW CANADA WAS ENRICHED.

W. J. White, inspector of Canadian immigrant agencies, states that the American settlers who went into the Canadian northwest last year took with them cash and effects valued at $4,000,000. Between 14,000 and 15,000 settlers from the United States crossed the border.

THE FUTURE OF SPAIN.

Her Greatest Hope Lies In the Common People.

THEIR UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT.

Upper Classes Are Like So Much Dead Wood—Possibilities of Another Republic Talked of—Germany the Country's Most Useful Friend. Madrid a Fetid Pool.

In the Escurial, near Madrid, there is a great, round royal coffin chamber in a crypt below the palace. It is here that the bones of the sovereigns of Spain and the queen consorts who have been mothers of kings rest in leaden coffins, one above another, in tiers, like boxes on shelves down cellar.

"Queen Mercedes is buried in a chapel of the palace upstairs because she left no living heir to the throne of Alfonso XII, whose coffin rests in the crypt below. Princes and princesses of the blood royal also have their tombs in a place outside, but here, as if in sinister prophecy, there is now only room for three more coffins," said a guide to an American who was visiting the crypt.

"One of the coffins is for the fat Queen Isabella, whom we make live in Paris because she is too wicked to live in Madrid; one is for the Austrian lady who is the mother of our expensive royal baby, and one is for the baby himself when he is old enough to come to the throne. He will be crowned when he is 16 or so, and then it will be time for him to occupy his place if the Spanish people do not get ready for a republic again before that time."

This speech, says the New York Mail and Express, made by a republican of Spain to a republican of America, was frank to a fault, but it showed something of the temper of the Spanish people. They have had just about all the trouble that they can endure. Poverty and hunger were sufficiently widespread before the last war plunged them into even greater depths of misery. Yes, they are miserable, but it must not be thought they despair. There is a vital quality, a spirit of never say die, in the Spanish people that some think must inevitably lead to their country's final regeneration.

The riots and disturbances from end to end of the peninsula may mean a revolution, or things may quiet down, and Weyler may hold the hand of power or sufficiently strong to secure an interim general a little longer continuance for the queen regent and the tottering throne of Alfonso XIII, or he may gather the reins into his own hands for a season, but the future of Spain, if she is to have any national future, lies with the people, who are everywhere engaged in active and open protest against the Carlist marriage, the Jesuits' power and the imposition of taxes beyond their ability to pay.

The Spanish people throughout the provinces are abstemious, temperate, able to endure great hardships, reasonably industrious for natives of their climate and as proud as those who call themselves their betters. Their poverty is appalling and deplorable, but their country is rich in resources, which the rest of the world is but slowly beginning to see. It is in the development of this national wealth that, next to the virtue of the common people, there lies the greatest hope for Spanish future health and prosperity.

Germans are now everywhere in Spain, managing mines, putting in electric lights and controlling other commercial ventures. Germany paid Spain for the Caroline Islands, and German money and enterprise are doing more for her now than any other influence.

Spain has little to hope from any in her upper classes. National life is dead at the top. Spain is like an old vine—her farreaching branches have been lopped away in the loss of her island possessions, and her effete aristocracy is so much deadwood. But there is life in the old vine at the root—in the character of the honest, gay, proud, temperate people, who are devoid of the worst faults of the cognate Latin races, whatever their own faults may be.

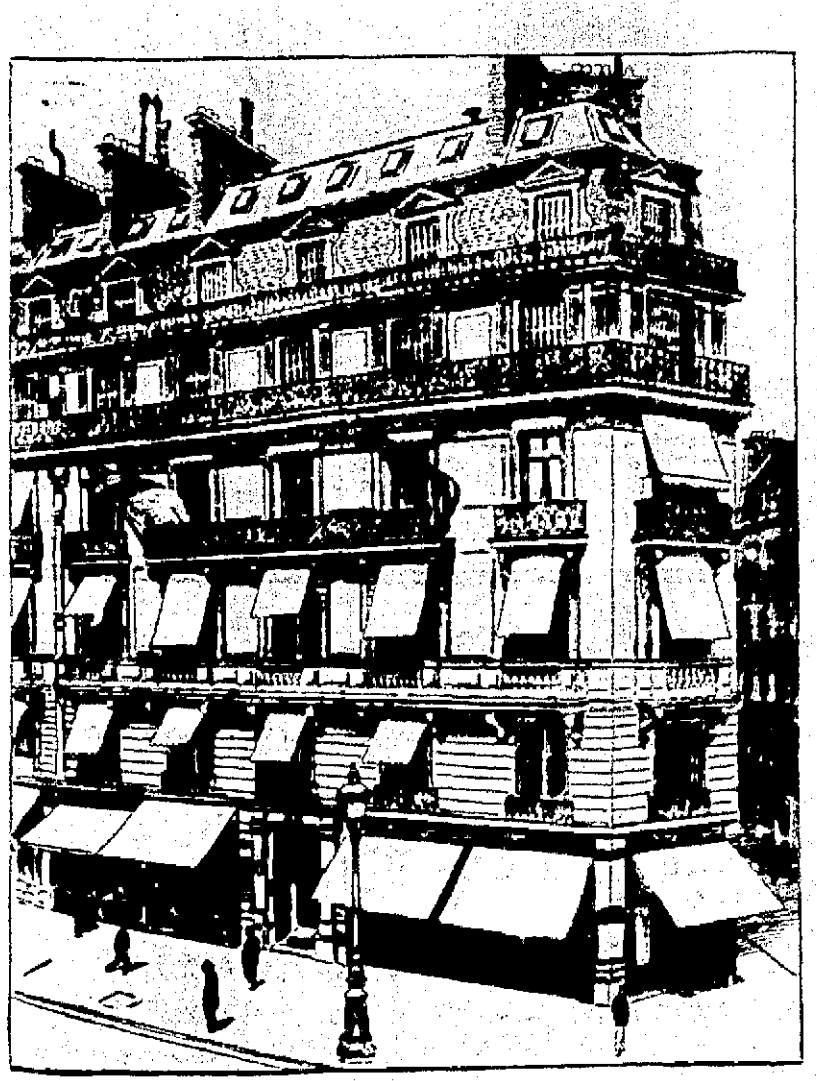
"I am a Christian and a descendant of ancient Christians," you will hear very often in Spain, especially in the south. They want it well understood that there is no Moorish oriental streak in their veins that will lead them to cringe and cower. They never know when they are whipped, and for that reason they deserve the friendly sympathy of Americans, who were the last to whip them. The farmers and artisans, the manufacturers and merchants of Spain are inclined toward friendliness with the people of this country.

There is little of this quality in the upper classes, although there are many admirable individuals in the aristocracy like Admiral Cervera. But "Madrid is a fetid pool," as one of the most popular of Spanish writers says. It will take a good deal to clean it up, even if the attempt to form a republic should again be tried. It was too soon to try the experiment successfully during those brief, brilliant years when Castelar was president of the Spanish republic. Possibly now the time may be coming to try again.

The United States, although not then a world power, was the first to recognize the republic of Spain in those days, when even France and England dared not do so in fear of the wrath of the allied monarchies. The story is told with relish in Madrid by the liberal editors and other hopeful republicans how Mr. Hamlin, then our minister to Madrid, went formally to see the president of Spain and made him a congratulatory speech, in which he said:

"The United States cannot but contemplate with sympathy and interest the kingdom of Ferdinand and Isabella converted into a republic."

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE IN PARIS.



The United States owns very little property in foreign countries, and nearly all its consular residences are in rented quarters, as is the case in France, where the consulat general des Etats Unis occupies the second floor of 36 Avenue de l'Opera, one of the finest business streets of Paris. The rooms are spacious and the private office of the consul general is cozy and elegant. The building itself is fairly typical of the structures in the business centers of Paris, with stores and offices in the lower story and the upper rooms occupied for residential purposes. The consul general, who, by the way, is "Oom Jack" Gowdy of Rush county, Ind., and who was a farmer politician before he went to Paris, points with pride to the great feature of this consulate—an elevator that elevates—which in the French capital is a rarity, differing from other French affairs of its genus inasmuch as it carries passengers both ways.

Consul General Gowdy, however, desires it to be particularly understood that the "lift" is not for the use of his numerous fellow countrymen who so frequently visit the consulate in order to "touch" him for loans to accelerate their return to the United States. One of the chief complaints of our consular representatives abroad is that they are frequently obliged to provide for impecunious Americans stranded for various reasons within their jurisdiction, who assume that they have claims upon them for assistance merely because of the same nationality.

A POET FROM JAMAICA.

England is rejoicing in the possession of a poet, a dramatist, composer, musician, all in one person, and that person the gentleman whose portrait is herewith presented, Mr. Frederic Cowen.

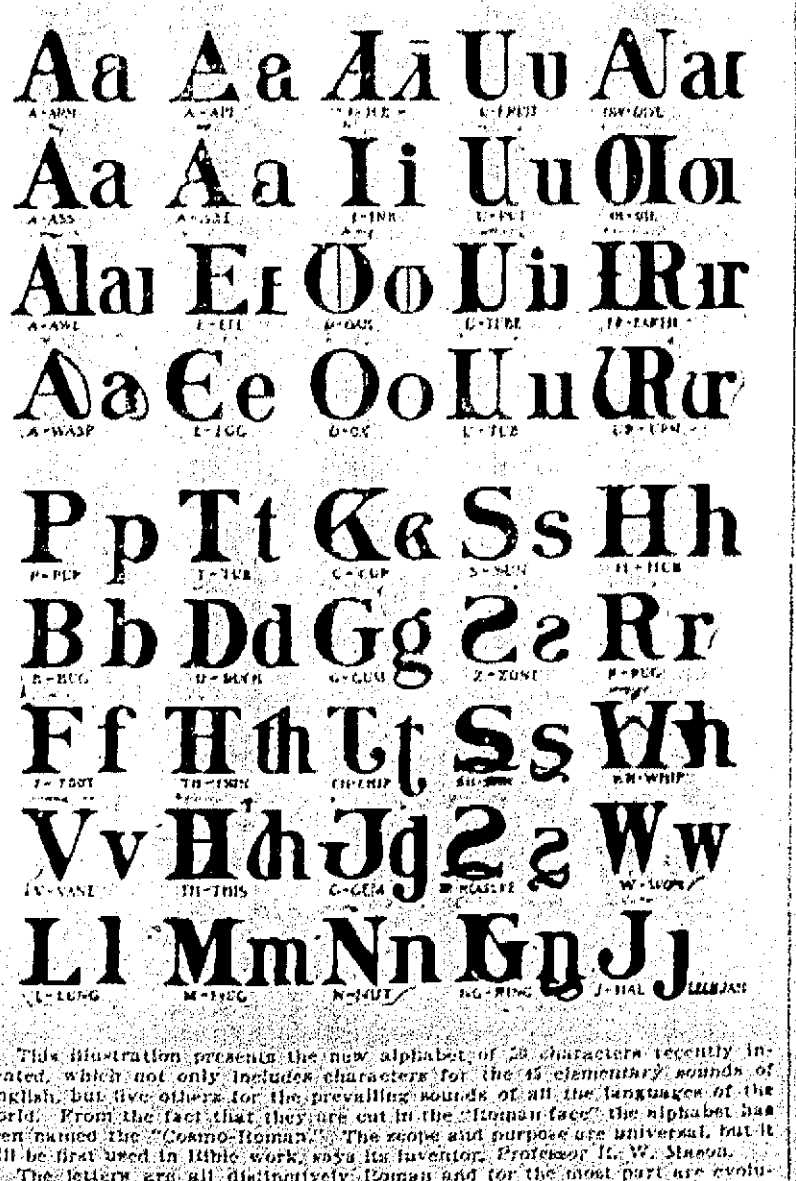
He was born in Jamaica about 49 years ago, but early went to the mother country for instruction and soon surpassed his instructors. He is said to have written more than 250 songs, duets and piano pieces, besides 20 more ambitious compositions, including five cantatas and four operas, of a quality that those who ought to know pronounce superior to much of what has come into the world during the past hundred years. And yet, with all his genius, Mr. Cowen condescends to a pun, as when, not long ago, he was the recipient of a valuable gift and said, "If absence makes the heart grow fonder, presents make the heart grow fonder still." Perhaps, after all, the critics are wrong in their estimate of his work and he has been overrated.

A BRONZE FETICH FROM AFRICA.

The image figured in this illustration was made by the curious Beni people, who were taught the art of manufacturing objects of bronze by the Portuguese 300 years ago. Some knowledge of art and a great deal of skill are displayed in the grouping of the figures. The base shows the carved tusks that are exported from Benin, with one of the country's first kings sitting on them, holding up a juju stick, with intertwined snakes, leaves, paddles, swords and deer heads. Above these, holding a carved tusk in one hand and a knife in the other, sits another king, with a dog by his side. The height of the fetich is 2 feet 6 inches and its weight about 40 pounds.

Thackeray would produce under pressure a novel in six or eight months. He did not like to work and, as he often stated, only did so under compulsion.

THE NEW AND INGENIOUS COSMO-ROMAN ALPHABET.



This illustration presents the new alphabet of 50 characters recently invented, which not only includes characters for the 45 elementary sounds of English, but five others for the prevailing sounds of all the languages of the world. From the fact that they are cut in the "Roman face" the alphabet has been named the "Cosmo-Roman." The scope and purpose are universal, but it will be first used in Bible work, says its inventor, Professor R. W. Mason.

The letters are all distinctively Roman and for the most part are evolutions of their respective original letters or digraphs. Thus the six "A" letters are produced from the original "A," the letters for "th," "dh," "wh," "ng," from their respective digraphs.

The new "k" is of special interest because it is a combination of c, k, q, x, and is intended to serve for all four letters. They do not, therefore, appear in the new alphabet; they are duplicates of "k" or other letters, as in "concern (konsern), quaint (kwaint), extent (ekstent)." The letter "y" is also discarded, being replaced by "j," and a new letter is made for the "j" sound.

The alphabet has been thoroughly examined by linguists and has received the unqualified approval of the highest authorities, being pronounced "an achievement of real scientific importance." Its possibilities for coming into general use are not far distant since typesetting machinery has become universal. In case of such an event an improvement in our printed language would surely follow which in time would cause English to be the "fittest tongue of the world." There can be no two opinions as to the possible improvement of our language, and any approach to a phonetic system that will not only reduce the number of characters, but simplify the spelling, will be hailed with joy, especially by the younger generation. It has been estimated that such a system would reduce the labor of beginners and foreigners learning the language very materially, but its practicability is quite another matter.

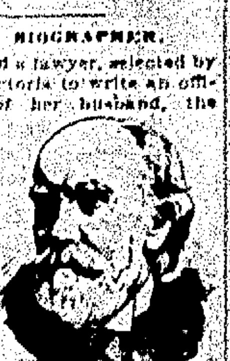
KING EDWARD'S SECRETARY.

Of the gentleman whose portrait is presented herewith, Mr. Francis Knollys, one of the King's daughters, Princess Maude, once remarked that if he were awakened in the middle of the night and asked as to his royal master's engagements a week ahead he would tick them off at his fingers' ends without a moment's hesitation.

As the Prince of Wales King Edward of England had an impression that he was a very much overworked man; but, as he considered the changing of his clothes a real labor, there may be two or more opinions about that. However, all his correspondence passes through Sir Francis Knollys' hands, and it is said that he opens and answers some 500 letters a day, sends off telegrams and altogether is busy all the time, even though he has two assistants and a staff of clerks.

VICTORIA'S BIOGRAPHER.

Born a poet, bred a lawyer, selected by the late Queen Victoria to write an official biography of her husband, the prince consort, and to be her own biographer—this is Sir Theodore Martin, whose portrait appears in the accompanying illustration. He might have been poet laureate when Tennyson died, and the country might have been saved an infliction, but he scorned the paltry honor and the still more paltry salary and cask of wine, kept his independence and denied the soft impeachment. Still it is rumored at court that he can have almost anything he wants for the asking, and as Sir Theodore is not considered a modest man there is no doubt that he will shortly proffer a request for something worth the while.



Here's Bargains

A short list of meritorious offerings that deserves the consideration of all economical buyers.

Ladies' and children's all wool Hose, extra value Pair 19c

Children's Union Suits, regular 40c quality, well made. Suit 34c

Flannelette Gowns. The balance of regular $1.00 Gowns, men's or ladies' 74c

Flannel Waists. Your choice of any Waist in house values as good as $1.50 each 99c

Broken lot $1.00 and $1.25 Corsets, while they last, best makes 74c

ORIGINATORS OF LOW PRICES.

The Fair

THE CASH STORE. SATISFACTORY STORE.

OPEN NIGHTS UNTIL 8:30.

The Warner & Edwards Store.

BLACK TAFFETA SKIRTS

A Special Sale of Taffeta Skirts, trimmed with four rows of one inch rushing, cut with the new flounce, compare with anything at ten dollars, our price..... **$8.75**

Tailor-made Suits . . . . .

Some splendid values in the new Suits, Black, Gray, Military, and Brown, the new flaring Skirts trimmed with braid with a suggestion of gold...... **$10.00**

Warner & Edwards.

FACTS.

If you purchase your goods at the ARK you will always be pleased.

Curtain poles, each 10
Crokinole boards $1.00
Iron wagons, all prices.
10-qt Pails, 3 for 25
Best pipe dampers 10
17-in Galvanized coal bucket. 25
Milk strainer .... 10 and 05
Steel curry combs 05
Cast steel hatchet 35
Cast steel hammer 25
Cast steel hand saw 25
10-qt Chamber bucket 19
Good buggy whips, 75, 50 to .. 10

These are standard goods, not a lot of seconds.

THE ARK.

143 South Main Street.
J. B. LAYTON, - - - - PROP.

The Cincinnati Clothing Store of 235 north Main street is now doing business in the store room formerly run by Oppenheimer, corner Church and Main streets.

Now, I have one thing to say to you. We can't compel you to buy or even to look. If you will compare, you will find my prices at least 25 to 50 per cent below those of other stores, and then you will be glad you came to me for your Clothing, Hats and Furnishings.

Suits for $2.00, $2.50, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50 and $5.00.

Overcoats for $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and $6.00.

A. SCHULMAN, Propr.

Cincinnati Clothing Store

Cor Church and Main Streets.

A SUGGESTION.

A Contributor Has Something To Say About Searching for Oil.

Editor Star:—In your issue of Feb. 27 appears the announcement of a company being organized for the purpose of boring for oil south of Agosta. Let the good work go on, and may it succeed. However, let us recall the advice given by our past state geologist, Professor Orton, who was called upon by a prospecting company some years ago, to suggest a location for an oil or gas well in or about Marion. After a thorough personal investigation, he gave as his opinion that along the Little Scioto river directly west, and south of the Big Four in the low flat land there would be oil, if any place in Marion county.

Regardless of his advice, the well was put down in the north part of Marion and a dry hole was struck. There have been others since. It may be that surface indications stand for naught in the oil business but it was all Lima had to lead her citizens into the oil business which has proven so profitable to that locality. It has made millionaires out of those who were living from hand to mouth.

The surface indications along the Little Scioto are as strong as in any locality in the State. After a trial about Agosta, in my opinion, it would be a good idea to take up the territory suggested by Professor Orton. F. C. B.

REAL ESTATE DEALS.

Alfred Wilson to David Dutton, 28½ acres in Bowling Green township, $1,000.

Frank Leffler and Carrie Leffler to Charles Williams, lot 85 in Green Camp, $150.

Eliza C. Herrin and Edgar W. Herrin to G. F., S. H. and Catherine Gast, part of one lot in Prospect, $11.

John P. Lawrence, and others, to Maggie M. Main, 9.4 acres in Prospect township, and 27.496 acres in Thompson township, Delaware county, quit claim, $1.

Maggie M. Main and others to John P. Lawrence, 13.72 acres in Prospect township and 59.83 acres in Thompson township, Delaware county, quit claim, $1.

F. F. Miller to Francis Marion Carey, 80 acres in Montgomery township, $3500.

Alfred V. Wilson to Daniel Dutton, twelve and one-fourth acres in Bowling Green township, $1,000.

Christian Bondley to E. Isabelle Bondley, part of lot 79 in Prospect, $1,500.

Geo. F. Gast and others to Wm. E. Boyd, ten acres in Prospect township, $1,000.

Isaac Noggle, by Jonathan Bell, administrator, to B. F. Sager, twenty-five acres in Bowling Green township, $775.

C. P. Bishop to Mary E. Sharpless, power of attorney.

Chester B. Gunn and wife to J. H. and Ella Mitchell, lot 423 in John Bain's First addition to Marion, $1,700.

George F. Gast, and others, to W. F. Court, lot 233 in Gast and Davis' addition to Prospect, $800.

Jacob F. Lasch and wife to Bain Brothers, lots 4213, 4214, 4215, 4216 and 4217 in J. H. Dwyer's fifth addition to Marion $500.

George H. Franks and wife to Charles Franks, 63.2 acres in Bowling Green township, $1,400.

T. J. Magruder to E. J. Short, power of attorney.

Peter Finnegan to John Wixtead, 119¾ acres in Big Island township, $6,000.

Silas Uncapher and Rebecca Uncapher to John E. Moore, 13 acres in Marion, $1.

George F. Gast, and others, to Joanna L. Fitch, lot 430 in Gast's second addition to Prospect, $150.

Ferdinand Gabriel and Dora Gabriel to Frank L. Tuttle, lot 150 in Prospect, $650.

Myrtle A. Ullom to J. D. Mitchell, one-half acre in Claridon township, $350.

Frederica Titus, and others, to E. Huber, part of lot 5 and lot 6 in Marion, $1,500.

Lewis H. Wolford and wife to the Fahey Real Estate company, lot 1023 in Hazen & Kling's addition to Marion, $99.

Chicago—The young women of Kelly Hall, at the University of Chengo, are to give a circus March 9. The sanction of the unversity authorties has been obtained, and preparations are under way. Only the young women of the other halls will be invited. No other spectators will be admitted.

OFFICERS CHOSEN

Home Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church Selects New Leaders Wednesday.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE NAMED

To Select a Ticket for Officers of the Foreign Society of Same Church. Ladies' Aid Society Realizes a Nice Sum from the Pythian Supper—A Banquet Enjoyed.

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary societies and the Ladies' Aid society of the First Presbyterian church held their monthly sessions at the church Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. C. C. Fisher was leader for the missionary societies' meetings. The topics were China and the American Indian. Mrs. Wm. Morganthaler read an interesting article on the Indian and Mrs. Josie Yeager read a description of an Indian home. Mrs. E. Hughes read an entertaining letter on the subject of missions, from Hawaii. Mrs. H. True gave a graphic account of the recent persecutions of the missionaries in China. She illustrated the geographical part of her talk by the use of maps. The entire program was interesting and instructive.

The nominating committee of the home society made its report to candidates chosen for election, and on ballot the following officers were elected: Mrs. W. E. Thomas, president; Mrs. W. L. Warner, secretary; Mrs. Fred Schaeffer, treasurer. Mrs. Josie Christian, Mrs. J. E. Crow, Mrs. H. Clark and Mrs. H. Clark, hostesses of class A; Mrs. Jacob Hoberman, Mrs. Wm. H. Hoberman, Mrs. C. H. Felty and Mrs. Carrie Owens, hostesses of class B; Mrs. Wm. Morganthaler, Mrs. Geo. B. Scofield, Mrs. R. F. Waples and Mrs. Josie Yeager, hostesses of class C; Mrs. O. W. Weeks, secretary of literature. The same work and relief committees which have served in the past year were retained. The new officers are to take their seats at once and serve for one year.

The nominating committee, consisting of Mrs. S. E. Barlow, Mrs. R. C. Bowdish and Mrs. Harry True, were appointed to make nominations for the election of officers for the foreign society. The election will be held at the next meeting which does not occur until the last Wednesday in March.

At the conclusion of the missionary societies' business the Ladies' Aid society held a short business meeting. It was reported that the society made a neat sum out of the supper served for the Knights of Pythias, Tuesday evening, something like $40 being netted. The final arrangements for the supper and sale, which the society will give two weeks from today, were made. The aid society is now about out of debt and it is the intention to pay off the last bit of its outstanding indebtedness in a short time.

After the business meeting was concluded an elegant supper was served by the ladies of class B, and a short time passed socially. The meeting was quite well attended and was a profitable one in many respects.

STEP-MOTHER

Is Ordered To Vacate a Property in East Marion.

An action has been brought in 'Squire F. J. Kelleher's court, which will bring out some interesting features. Charles V. Racey deeded a certain property in the east end of the city to his two children, Albert and May Racey. A couple years afterwards Racey married again, and later died.

The property was left in the name of his two children, who now want to oust their step-mother. The first notice to vacate was served on Mrs. Racey last Saturday by Contable Ballantine. Mrs. Racey refuses to leave the house, and will fight the matter through the courts.

FROST IN FLORIDA.

Damage Done the Orange Crop—Very Wet and Cold Weather.

A letter received from one of the Marion colony of nineteen, now at Daytona, Florida, states that it is very wet and cold there, and that the frost of Sunday night did no little damage to the orange crop. However, the Marionites seem to be enjoying their trip and have experienced some lovely weather.

HIGHWAYMEN

Attempt To Hold Up Philip Ebert, Jr., Tuesday Night.

An attempt was made Tuesday evening by a couple of highwaymen to hold up Philip Ebert, Jr., at the corner of Quarry and Greenwood streets. He dodged them, however, and escaped without any injury to his purse or person.

City of Mexico—Secretary Fomento has granted to Jesus Maria Lugo, the concession of a large tract of land in the State of Chihuahua. He will bring back to Mexico hundreds of Mexican families who are now living in the United States. They will be given free land.

New York—Paris advices received here today report that the Count and Countess DeCastellane will sail for New York next Saturday on the steamer La Champagne. Money affairs, it is intimated, is the cause of the visit.

MR. E. HUBER

Purchases the Reiser Property on North State Street.

The transfer of the Reiser property on which the Big Four House is located, was made Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Edward Huber receiving the deed.

There was some little contention over the matter. The Mezger-Court company had an option on the property, and at the same time Mr. Huber had taken an option. Mr. Huber secured his option from an agent, while the Mezger-Court company got its through one of the heirs. However, an option was given to Mr. Huber previous to the time that the one had been given to the grocery company.

All of the heirs have signed up the deed, which was delivered to the new owner Tuesday. Mr. Huber, of course, purchased the property as a good investment. It will not be long, however, until it will be improved. Mr. Huber does not say just now what is to be done with it, but ere long a new building will be erected on the premises. The consideration was $4,500.

MYSTERIOUS DEAL

A Stranger Leaves a Horse at the Ritzler Feed Stable in the Month of December

AND HE NEVER CALLS AFTER IT

Animal Is Advertised and Sold at Auction to a Citizen of Gurley. Uncle George Court Celebrates the Ninety-First Anniversary of His Birth Last Monday.

Green Camp, Feb. 28.—The schools celebrated Washington's birthday with songs and recitations, which were very pleasing to those in attendance.

Mrs. George Ruth accidentally slipped Saturday and fell, receiving injuries which required the attention of a physician.

Miss Helen Simpson of Salamanca, New York, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. D. H. Porter.

There are quite a number sick in the village and surrounding country among whom are Mrs. Jennie Morris, Mrs. Mary J. Lyon, Nellie Wilson, Leota Berry; Oliver Eaton's family, James H. Johnston, George Heghes and Wm. Brady.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sutton spent Tuesday in Prospect with friends.

Dr. J. T. Martin of Marion was called to Green Camp Tuesday to see Mrs. Lyon.

L. V. Uncapher made a business trip here Tuesday.

The horse left at the Ritzler feed stable by an unknown man, and never called for after being advertised the required time, was sold Saturday to a Mr. Needles of Gurley to pay expenses. The horse was left by a stranger on the night of December 22.

Monday the relatives and friends of Uncle George Court gathered at the home of John Bricker to celebrate his ninety-first birthday. An excellent dinner was served, and the day was highly enjoyed and to none more than to Uncle George, who is in good health and loves to meet his friends.

Benjamin B. Moore, who resides in Paulding, came down Tuesday to visit his aged mother and many friends for a few days.

Mrs. Minnie Knickle's sons and some of their friends gathered with their axes at her home one day recently and put up wood enough to do her for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Welch entertained a few friends Tuesday evening with a musical program. Mrs. Bessie Simmon performed on the piano and Mr. Thomas of Pickaway on the violin Refreshments were served.

Miss Minta Patten is visiting a few weeks with her sister in Mansfield.

H. J. Moore came home from Pottersburg Friday noon, giving his school a half holiday.

M. S. Hogan was calling on local friends last Thursday.

The Baptist ladies netted $14.35 by their supper Friday night.

Michael Savidge of Byhalia and George Savidge of Crawford were here on business Wednesday.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

Remaining in the Local Postoffice at This Date.

The following letters remain uncalled for at the postoffice:

Arend, Charlie: Altman, Harry: Campbell, Charles; Heil, Daniel (2); Harris, W. S.; Hoover, M. J.; Laur, W. M.; McGraw, Patrick; Patrick, W. M.; Plat, Robert; Rice, John A.; Rimel, John (2); Sairlers, Mell; Sater, B. F.; Tannehille, J. J.; Walters, Alonzo; Anderson, Mae; Anderson, Mrs. Louisa; Campeon, Genevieve; Desmonde, Doriene; Mitchell, Mrs. Jane; Vanpelt, Florence; "Blair Mfg. Co"; Kemble & Sinclair (3).

J. B. Fisher, P. M.

NEAR CALEDONIA

William Hummer Dies of Dropsy of the Heart Thursday Morning.

Wm. Hummer, aged fifty-nine years, died at his home near Caledonia Thursday at about 5 o'clock. Dropsy of the heart caused death. The deceased leaves a wife and family.

The funeral will occur Saturday morning at 11 o'clock at the house, and the remains will be taken to Caledonia for interment.

—MEET ME AT FRANKS— —MEET ME AT FRANKS—

OUT-OF-THE-ORDINARY OFFERINGS HERE

EVERY WEEK. People who read these notices and investigate are the people who save the most money on their Dry Goods, Ready Made Goods, Carpets, Millinery, &c.

$5.00 Rainy Day Skirts for $2.98.

Oxford Melton Skirts, with nine rows stitching around bottom. All lengths and sizes.

50c and 25c Ribbons for 15c yd.

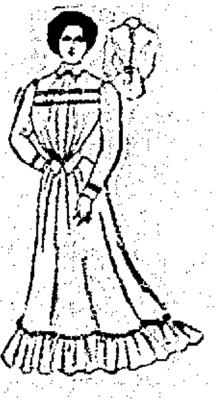
Thousand yards of pretty Plaid, Stripe and Plain Ribbons, all silk goods in wide widths, bright pretty effects in profusion.

The Best 15c Children's Hose, 10c pr

An Extra Heavy Fast Black Hose for children. Sizes 6 to 9½. We bought all the mill had, that's why you save.

Noticeable Savings on Notions.

Shell Hair Pins, 2 for 1c
35c Clothes Brushes 15c
Leather Belts 10c
25c Satin Ribbons .... 10c yd
15c Satin Ribbons .... 5c yd
15c jar Vaseline 5c
15c bottle Almond Cream for hands and face 5c
25c bottle Witch Hazel 10c



WRAPPERS.

The Best Values Ever In the City.

Wrapper like cut made from good Percale, in black and white, blue and white, red and white, for

69c.

All Sizes.

Lowell All-Wool Carpets, 57½c yd.

The same goods actually bring 87c yd. right here in Marion. We will sell 17 patterns in up-to-date designs and colors, while they last, for

57½c Yd.

You can not match them elsewhere.

Dress Goods Values That People Who See Appreciate.

Black Goods Underpriced.

69c For $1.00 Imported German Black Henriettas with beautiful silk finish.

25c For 39c Figured Black Mohairs, in neat designs.

75c Yard for $1.25 Black Pierolа Cloths, a new weave on the order of Crepons.

Colored Dress Goods.

50c Yard for $1.00 mottled and designed Dress Goods, all wool 52 and 54 inches wide.

12½c For 35c Camels Hair Plaids in 5 shades.

$1.19 For $1.75 double faced Plaids in the proper weights and shades.

Interesting News from the Cloak Room.

500 New Dress Skirts on Sale.

$3.98 For New Grey Cheviot Skirts, latest flare shape with three rows satin stitching on the flounce.

Beautiful Skirts at $5.00, $7.50 up to $23.50.

$2.50 For all Wool Homespun Dress Skirts in Blue and Grey, regular $5.00 value.

$3.98 For all Wool Cheviot Dress Skirts, black only, with two rows satin stitching on the flounce.

D. A. FRANK & CO.

ANOTHER EFFORT

Is To Be Made To Find Oil in This Vicinity.

Another effort is to be made to find oil in this county. A company is now being formed and quite an amount of stock has been subscribed.

H. E. Hill's farm, south of Agosta, has been leased and a well is to be put down. If the first hole proves a duster, it is possible that the company will sink other wells.

A gentleman from Spencerville has been employed to look after the work. The Spencerville man has had a great deal of experience in the oil fields, and fully believes that oil can be found in that vicinity.

MARION VETERANS

Are Highly Entertained in the Village of Richwood.

Nine members of Cooper Post, G.A.R., were royally entertained by members of Livingston Post, G. A. R., and the Relief Corps of Richwood Tuesday.

The old soldiers enjoyed a fine supper and a camp-fire and the Marion party returned home on the Erie train No. 8 at 10:30 o'clock in the evening.

The Marionites who went to Richwood were W. H. McClure, J. F. Apt, E. H. Dodge, William Mereness, Merriett Haaver, Thomas Phillips, S. N. Titus and John B. King.

Norfolk—Admiral Farragut's old flagship, Hartford, arrived in Hampton Roads Wednesday enroute to Washington for McKinley's inauguration.

For Sale—Standard bred stallion. Fashionably bred, good sized and fine individual. Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at Star office. 40-wk-t4-p

HARDWARE.

Sand Paper, 2 sheets	01
Taper files	03
Two-foot carpenter rules	05
Screw driver bits	05
Tracing wheels	03
Pruning shears	15
Gimlet bitts	05
Drill bitts, 10c to	25
12-inch steel band saw	10
20-inch steel band saw	25
26-inch steel band saw	35
J. D. Darlington hand saw	98
Plastering trowels	23
Marking gauges	05
Padlocks, 5 and	10
Coat and hat hooks, per doz	10
Dog chains	10
Large heel plates, per pair	01
Carpenters' square	23
Drawing knives	25
Common brace	10
Good, strong brace	25
Ratchet braces	39
$1.50 ball bearing braces	98
Full set Jenuing's pat. bitts	1.58
Try squares	15
Sliding bevel squares	15
Steel calipers	10
3 boxes shoe nails	05
Picture nails	01
Moulding hooks, 2 for	01
Shoe knives, 5 and	10
Hasp and staples	03
Saw vises	48
Small vises	10
Meat saws	23
Butchers' saws	50
Spirit levels	45
Curry combs with mane comb	05
Horse brushes	10
Steel hatchets, 25, 35 and	48
Spring balances	07

Farmers

Read these items,
Look what
The Big
REMOVAL
SALE
Is doing for
Low Prices.

THE
RACKET
STORE.

The Uhler & Phillips Store.

Lansdownes.

The beautiful Silk Warp Lansdownes, guaranteed for service; in shades that are beyond the powers of description. They are bound to be the popular light weight fabrics for Spring wear as they can be trimmed with the delicate bands and allovers that are now in vogue. We have opened fourteen different new shades, and now the selling commences.

BLACK. **WHITE.**

Reseda Green,
Eglantine Pink,
Heliotrope,

Rose Pink,
Castor,
Cadet Blue.

Cedra Green,
Nickle Gray,
Lilac.

Sky Blue
Tobacco Brown,
Mode.

YOU ARE INVITED TO THIS OPENING.

UHLER & PHILLIPS.